

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXIII., NO. 5 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. MAY, 1898

Spain and the President's Message

The President's message, just sent to the Senate and the House of Representatives, is a temperate and dignified statement of facts and causes, which make necessary the practical intervention of the United States between Spain and her revolted colonies. It shows us clearly that for the last fifty years, with brief intervals of complete exhaustion, the Cubans have fought for freedom from Spanish rule, have sacrificed everything that man holds dear in the savage struggle, and are still at bay imbued with the same unconquerable spirit and purpose. It is often said by the complacent onlooker, himself in full enjoyment of political and personal liberty, won by his ancestors, that Cubans are not fit to govern themselves. But this is purely an ex parte statement, and one that time alone can prove. Surely an aspiration so lofty, a passion for liberty so ardent, that thousands not only lay down their own lives, but do so knowing that those dearest to them are dying in the tortures of starvation, argues the possession of qualities that should tend to the establishment of a law-abiding and decent community, their chief ambition to safeguard their dearly-won freedom. It is just here that masterly in many respects as is the President's communication to the American people, it seems to us there is a certain vagueness in expression and purpose. The scales are too evenly balanced, and after the judge has spoken, sentence on the great criminal is suspended. We are not told, though the conviction is deep in our hearts, that Spain must leave Cuba. Instead of this the bare statement is made "that the war in Cuba must stop." Very good, but not, we trust, by imposing our conditions on the weaker side, not by urging or compelling Cuba, already reaching for the goal, to stay her steps and bend her back once more to the burden of the oppressor. That would be an infamy we heartily believe the American people incapable of, and if this is the "rational compromise" hinted at by Mr. McKinley, he may as well abandon the quixotic scheme, for certainly the United States would not support him in it. For the President, as well as every other citizen, knows well that Spanish rule, in any form, is intolerable misrule; that promises, honor, right, and justice are to the Spanish official mind but as sounding phrases and, indeed, as nought and absolutely meaningless when they may inure to the benefit of rebels.

The President adduces good reasons for non-recognition of Cuban independence; these apply equally well to the question of belligerency. There remains therefore intervention, and the responsibility of deciding in what form this shall take place he shrewdly leaves to the Senate and House. Perhaps the concluding paragraphs of the message contain its most pregnant passage which may be taken as a forecast of the probable action of the Executive. "In

view of these facts and these considerations, I ask the Congress to authorize and empower the President to take measures to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the Government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquility, and the security of its citizens as well as our own, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States, as may be necessary for this purpose."

It is just possible that had a commander less prudent, less self-contained, but more pugnacious, than President McKinley been at the helm during these troublous times, the Gordian knot would have been cut within forty-eight hours after the blowing up of the Maine in Havana harbor. That town would have been seized, reparation been demanded, and the "onus probandi" thrown on the Spanish Government of substantiating its innocence of any complicity with that dastardly crime. Furthermore, we should then have been in a position almost without a struggle, to dictate the terms that shall end Spanish dominion in Cuba and bring peace and prosperity to the unhappy island. There is little question that Congress will sooner or later adopt this course, to be carried out now only by far greater expenditure of valuable lives that justifiable and more vigorous action would have saved. That the capture of Havana implies at least a partial paralysis of Spain's fighting power in these waters is self-evident, for cut off from their only considerable coal supply, her navy would be helpless, and her troops hemmed in and without adequate supplies would welcome any mode of transportation back to Spain that might be granted them. It will then be for the Cubans to show that they can establish a stable government, "capable of performing the duties and discharging the functions of a separate nation, and having as a matter of fact proper forms and attributes of nationality." Until that time we should hold Havana, receiving and administering its customs, instituting proper sanitary measures and only relinquishing our possession on satisfactory evidence that our guardianship is no longer needed. If the Cuban people could not so satisfy us, and that time should never come, America, who has taken within her boundaries so many territories and races and yet to-day faces a wrongdoer united and resolute need not make too much ado should an outlying island of her coast be perforce added to the fold.

As Current Literature goes to press, debate is still continued in the Senate and House as to the instructions to be given the President regarding intervention and his future dealings with Spain. It is natural enough that under the weight of responsibility now

thrown on the House, it should move more cautiously than when its members as individuals were striving to hurry the President into immediate action. Should this delay be prolonged for a few days more, it is not improbable that the turmoil and excitement in Spain may culminate in a popular outburst. The political changes that would follow such an upheaval will no doubt place the leadership in Weyler's hands, and in that case it would not be necessary to cavil over the wording of various forms of intervention, for Spain would lose no time in striking the first blow.

The Ever-Faithful Isle

Whether peace or war with Spain be the outcome, it is of interest now to review the various courses of action on the part of our Government that have been proposed and discussed during the last three years. Recognition of Cuban belligerency, recognition of Cuban independence, intervention—what do they mean? Have we had the right, in justice to a friendly nation, to take the action indicated by any or all of them? Have we that right now?

When, in the first quarter of this century, Mexico and Central America, Venezuela, New Granada (U. S. of Columbia), Ecuador, Peru, Chili, and the other Spanish possessions in South America, threw off the Spanish yoke, Cuba remained loyal and gained for herself the title of "The Ever-Faithful Isle." One would naturally suppose that Spain would have rewarded her for her fidelity, instead of curtailing whatever privileges she had before enjoyed. The latter course was taken, however, and the loyalty of Cuba gradually became a thing of the past. Before the present one there have been four insurrections in the last seventy years—1829, 1848-51, 1855, and the bitter ten-years' war, 1868-78. The last was ended with a compromise, and the promise of reforms which were never carried into substantial effect, and the Cubans began their present revolt in February, 1895, a little more than three years ago. During this time, as well as during the '68-'78 war, the United States Government has faithfully observed its obligations as a friendly nation, and except for the moral pressure that has been brought to bear, and official declarations that a time might come when the interests of humanity would force us to interfere, Spain has been permitted, so far as our Government has been concerned, to take absolutely her own course in Cuba.

Our country deserves neither praise nor blame for this; she has simply been doing her duty as one of the family of nations. Many sympathizers with Cuba have been disposed to scoff at international law, but they forget that its principles have been established as the result of the combined experience of the great civilized nations of the world. To observe them is incumbent upon all governments alike, and, in the end, however hard it may be in any special case, to observe them strictly is in the highest interest of all alike.

Recognition of Cuban belligerency was early urged upon our Government. To grant it would have required the further declaration that the Government of the United States would "maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers,"

thus putting the insurgents in their relation to our Government upon a par with Spain. Before such action can be taken without violation of the principles of international law, what is called "public war" must exist. Nobody questions that a war has been going on in Cuba for the last three years, but it has been of the nature of guerrilla warfare. For civil war to become public war "the insurgents must present the aspect of a political community or 'de facto' power, having a certain coherence, and a certain independence of position, in respect of territorial limits, of population, of interests, and of destiny." It has not been proved that the Cuban insurgents have at any time presented this aspect, and both President Grant in the ten-years' war, and President McKinley now have deemed recognition of their belligerency inadmissible. As a matter of fact, recognition, by and of itself, could do the insurgents no practical good. It would have conferred upon both "powers," certain rights of "visit and search on the seas and seizure of vessels and cargoes and contraband of war," etc., but since the insurgents have no navy, to confer them could benefit only Spain. Profit to the insurgents could be derived only from the war with the United States almost sure to come, sooner or later, from the inevitable friction between the two governments arising from the exercise of these rights by Spain.

Recognition of the independence of a new government is recognition of a fact, not an expression of sympathy. It is so generally understood that the essentials of an independent state are lacking in this case that recognition of the independence of Cuba has found comparatively few supporters. President Grant in the ten-years' war pronounced it, in his opinion, "impracticable and indefensible," and President McKinley in his last annual message declared that, in his judgment, that opinion is equally applicable to the situation to-day.

Intervention to end the war remains to be considered. A universally recognized principle of international law, based, we must remember, upon what has been proved to be necessary for self-protection and the maintenance of the peace of the world, rigidly limits the right of military intervention by one nation in the internal affairs of another. With a single exception, such interference is justified only by "the necessary self-defence of a nation's material interests or of the national honor, which is its highest interest. . . . It is too well settled to admit of dispute that the inconvenience and loss suffered by the commerce of neutral states when war exists, though often considerable, constitute no ground for intervention, but must be borne." The high authority whom we have just been quoting, says that the sole exception to the principle stated above, is "where to prevent unjustifiable slaughter and outrage in another country, it [intervention] becomes absolutely necessary." Here, then, if anywhere, we must find justification for forcible interference. What are the facts?

Reports from both sides are exaggerated and false, and it is very hard to learn the truth. But we know that there is no such thing as merciful war. War is necessarily brutal; it implies killing and maiming, and laying waste. All these things, and more, are permitted by the rules of civilized war-

fare, and so long as non-combatants were not interfered with, there was little to choose between the Spaniards and the insurgents. Both sides were guilty of atrocities, but neither to such an extent as to justify outside interference. A change came with the issuance of General Weyler's concentration order towards the end of 1896. This was directed against non-combatants, chiefly old men, women and children. The country regions of the island had been ravaged by both sides alike; industries of every kind, agricultural and other, had been stopped, and the forces of the insurgents had been greatly increased by the consequent lack of employment. Nearly all able-bodied young men had gone to join them, leaving behind chiefly their aged fathers and mothers, helpless wives and sisters and little children. It was against these that General Weyler issued his infamous order: "That all the inhabitants of the country districts, or those who reside outside the lines of fortifications of the towns, shall, within the period of eight days, concentrate themselves in the towns which are occupied by the troops. Any individual found outside in the country at the expiration of this period shall be considered a rebel and shall be dealt with as such." These, then, are the "reconcentrados," whose condition, as he personally saw it in his recent visit to Cuba, we will let United States Senator Proctor describe. He tells us that outside of Havana, where everything seems to go on much as usual, what one sees "is not peace, nor is it war. It is desolation and distress, misery and starvation. Every town and village is surrounded by a trocha (trench) . . . the dirt being thrown up in the inside and a barbed wire fence on the outer side of the trench. These trochas have, at every corner and at frequent intervals along the sides, what are called forts, but which are really small blockhouses, many of them more like a large sentry-box, loopholed for musketry, and with a guard of from two to ten soldiers in each.

"The purpose of these trochas is to keep the reconcentrados in, as well as to keep the insurgents out. From all the surrounding country the people have been driven in to these fortified towns, and held there to subsist as they can. They are virtually prison yards, and not unlike one in general appearance, except that the walls are not so high and strong; but they suffice, where every point is in range of a soldier's rifle, to keep in the poor reconcentrado women and children." When the order was issued, many doubtless did not learn of it within the eight days allowed them. "Others failed to grasp its terrible meaning. Its execution was left to the guerrillas to drive in all that had not obeyed, and I was informed that in many cases a torch was applied to their homes with no notice, and the inmates fled with such clothing as they might have on, their stock and other belongings being appropriated by the guerrillas. When they reached the town they were allowed to build huts of palm leaves in the suburbs and vacant places within the trochas, and left to live if they could. Their huts are about ten by fifteen feet in size, and for want of space are usually crowded together very closely. They have no floor but the ground, and no furniture, and after a year's wear but little clothing, except such stray

substitutes as they can extemporize. With large families or with more than one in this little space, the commonest sanitary provisions are impossible. Conditions are unmentionable in this respect. Torn from their homes, with foul earth, foul air, foul water and foul food, or none, what wonder that one-half have died and that one-quarter of the living are so diseased that they cannot be saved? A form of dropsy is a common disorder resulting from these conditions. Little children are still walking about with arms and chest terribly emaciated, eyes swollen and abdomen bloated to three times its natural size. The physicians say these cases are hopeless.

"Deaths in the streets have not been uncommon. I was told by one of our consuls that people had been found dead about the markets in the morning, where they had crawled, hoping to get some stray bits of food from the early hucksters, and that there had been cases where they had dropped dead inside the market, surrounded by food. These people were independent and self-supporting before Weyler's order."

The character of Senator Proctor is such as to guarantee the truth of his statement of what he saw and heard. Should not the death by starvation of 200,000 non-combatants and the reduction to their present condition of as many more, through the execution of the Spanish general's order, be considered the "unjustifiable slaughter and outrage" which, by international law, makes intervention necessary? And the colonial policy of Spain being what it is and always has been, and her faithlessness to promises made to end the war of '68-'78 being borne in mind, can it be believed that any intervention will be effective which does not result in the complete withdrawal of Spain from the island?

President McKinley probably had the feeling of a majority of the people of the United States with him when he concluded his reply to the address of the foreign ambassadors in Washington on April 7, by a declaration of the determination of our Government "to fulfill a duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable."

Literary Aspects of Music The recent and irreparable loss of Anton Seidl, suggests certain animadversions on music; on certain phases of it that are not always taken into consideration by laymen; for Seidl's relations with music were not directly those of a producer or executant, although he certainly did, in one sense, produce music of the supreme type, with supreme art. But, music is far more than sound, more even than melody and harmony. There is more to music than the ear discovers. To those that know it, one of the most important qualities is its appeal to the eye. Experts read a musical classic as they do a famous poem or a standard novel, and they skim or peruse new music as they skim a newspaper. They claim, indeed, to derive almost as much pleasure from what is literally "reading" music, as from playing it or hearing it played. One learns to read music, as to read books; picking out each note with hesitant deliberation, as a beginner cons the letters of his primer; constructing the chords laboriously as a child groups the letters into a word, and combining the chords into a phrase,

as a child builds up its understanding of a sentence. In time, the reader of books learns to grasp a word as a whole without any conscientious spelling of it. Gradually he is able to take in a whole sentence at a time without pausing to study its separate words. So the practiced musician reads his notes, and such a virtuoso as Liszt is said to have constantly read eighteen measures ahead of the measure he was playing. To the physiological psychologist, one of the most marvelous abilities of the human mind is a trained pianist's rapid performance at first sight of a brilliant composition. We are too sadly accustomed to the ubiquitous piano player either to realize or admire the astounding ingenuity of his mind; but to appreciate it thoroughly, one has only to make a calculation of the myriad messages and the lightning-like volitions required for the playing, at a high rate of speed, of complicated passages; for they are written in two clefs and on a staff which serves for any key, the performer being compelled to alter the significance of every note throughout the piece according to the signature of the key. The necessities for deciding the time to be spent on each note, the quality of tone to be produced, the force of that tone and its relation to everything that follows it or preceded it, or is struck simultaneously with it, are so appalling that one really ought to forgive the average pianist for not adding to the miracle by playing with large intellectuality and emotion.

The reading of a piano composition is wonderful enough, but there is something stupefying about the reading of an orchestral score. The composition is likely to be quite as brilliant as most brilliant piano pieces, and it is scattered among a horde of instruments, the notes for which are written in several different keys and clefs at the same time. The main theme is tossed about from one family of instruments to another, and contra melodies of all sorts and descriptions are thrown in at every crevice. Different instruments must be kept at different degrees of force and they must express different emotions at the same time. The problems presented to an orchestral conductor at the first sight of a score for grand orchestra, would seemingly swamp the most agile intellect in existence; yet the trained student takes up such a score with the lighthearted comfort of a summer girl opening a paper-covered romance to be read in a seaside hammock. The musician sits back in his seat at home or in a street car or a railroad train—or, perhaps, even in a carriage!—and reads rapidly and understandingly till the whole place about him resounds and quivers with music that has no being except in the secret porches of his soul. Many an old musician is brought to tears by this silent reading of page after page of orchestral score. Music that makes no appeal to the eye is not likely to be music of much prominence. Music that does so stir the reader is surely a sort of exalted literature.

A Boycott in the Name of Art It has long been recognized that there are boycotts and boycotts, and that the moral quality of a boycott depends upon the end in view. The Consumers' League, pledged wherever practicable to buy only goods made and sold under wholesome condi-

tions, has the unanimous approval of the most conservative moralists, and similar approval is anticipated for a boycott recently proposed for the advancement of art—or, rather, for the retarding of unsightliness. Just as the Consumers' League looks to the question how goods are made and sold, so the proposed league looks to the question how they are advertised. The advertiser who makes newspapers, street cars, buildings and landscapes unsightly is to receive notice of its custom. This is to be reserved for firms whose advertisements do not offend against public taste. The league is still unformed, and its promoters are not entirely agreed as to what advertisements shall be deemed unsightly. The more radical would refuse patronage to firms whose advertisements contain pictures of their members, or otherwise offend against the canons of refinement. The more moderate, however, aim only at firms whose advertisements are positive eyesores. The use of glaring colors in public places where the eye cannot escape them is universally condemned, and the use of any colors at all—or even of black and white—on private houses is under a ban. There is a feeling that homes should not be prostituted to purposes of advertising, and that advertisers who make even tenement houses more hideous than is their wont should not receive the patronage of public-spirited citizens. This feeling regarding the sacredness of homes attaches, of course, in a still larger measure to the sacredness of persons, and the employment of sandwich men is regarded as a degradation of humanity as offensive to the conscience as it is to the eye. Some of the friends of the movement protest, with considerable vehemence, against the advertisements upon barns, which constitute so striking a feature of American landscape, but this objection has no relation to the dignity of the barn, but is simply a part of the larger protest against anything which disfigures scenery for the traveling public. As to the need of this protest words are superfluous, and this portion of the proposed boycott ought to receive the co-operation of the entire reading public. No firm whose advertisements mar the beauty of any landscape ought to retain the patronage of any one who cares for beauty, and if legislatures cannot be goaded to levy protective taxes against the general nuisance of out-of-door advertisements, the buying public should render such advertisements worse than worthless by boycotting the firms responsible for them.

Languages Within Language The speech of a people is like a garden. It is full of the roots of dead languages, the short-lived weeds of slang, exotic flowers blown over the walls from other gardens and new evolutions to suit the changes of time. But the simile will not stretch, without breaking, to those words of a language which have one significance to the layman and quite another significance to the specialist—unless one might compare—but why work a willing simile to death? It is enough to say plainly and bluntly that one of the curiosities of linguistics is the narrow and technical use of common words. Of course the new and elaborate compounds and derivations from the Greek and Latin which must be manufactured to fill the growing

wants of science and invention are Sanskrit to the uninitiated; but there is a class of words familiar to the public at large and it would seem, easy to understand, yet utterly incomprehensible in the special meanings given them. The business of printing books and magazines, their "manufacture," as it is called, is typical of these technicalities. The paraphrases the new editor, or the author with his first book, is driven to in his attempt to make his wishes and objections known, are irresistibly comical to the printer, who is perhaps the most superior and patronizing being in existence. The words the novice wants to use have, most of them, a very familiar ring when he hears them, but he cannot understand their particular employment or fire them back at the printer correctly. There are, it is true, many exclusively technical words, such as *reglet*, 'em, and the like, which one cannot be expected to know by intuition, but there is something peculiarly humiliating to the new editor, when he visits his printer, and, instead of finding himself bowed down to and looked up at as a demigod bearing the sacred fire of literature, finds himself swamped by their free use of such simple and yet strangely incomprehensible words as "stick," "stone," "form," "chase," "make ready" and "justify."

In the sports, even more than in the trades and professions, the uninitiated find themselves tripped up by familiar words that take on some cabalistic significance in a new context. Each sport has its perverted vocabulary, but none so much as baseball. This is doubtless due to the fact that it has especially been the prey of "newspaper English." Besides, so many games have to be described every day for months that a violent effort at variety of expression is inevitable. A typical "horrible example" of the lengths to which baseball English can go, is the following, quoted verbatim (save for the proper names) from a yellow journal that printed it in red ink:

"FIFTH INNING.—Brown netted two corners. Smith and Jones nipped Robinson, but Thompson crossed the trocha. Johnson caught Green's liner. White banged a home-run. Walker was grazed by a hot one and took his base. McCarthy caught Weber's boost. Two runs.

"Second Half.—A grounder to Walker was the cause of McCarthy's demise. Walker and Green sent Smith to the bench. Hill and Vale settled Brooks. No runs.

"SIXTH INNING.—Mills lifted an easy fly. Smith and Johnson disagreed over Wilson's high and he took two bags. Richardson accounted for Wilkinson's steepler. Bronson flied to Jones. No runs.

"Second Half.—O'Rourke singled. Jones promenaded. Hill pulled in McCarthy's rise. Smith forced Jones. O'Rourke caught at third. Brooks knocked a homer, scoring Jones and Smith. Wilkinson walked. Smith singled and took one more on error. Wilkinson tallied. Bronson stole third. Walker captured McCarthy's lofty foul. Three runs."

There is not a word in this curious atrocity of playing baseball with English that does not suggest an easy meaning, but surely it would look like a message in cipher to an Englishman innocent of our national game.

Novelizing Plays

There has been such a craze for turning all the available novels into plays that one is led to suggest the advisability,

or at least the desirability, of having some of these dramas turned into novels. Many a laborious and hopelessly unsuccessful play might prove a brilliant success in book form, and even the hits of the season could be effectively put between covers. There are one or two firms of publishers that issue the chief dramas of each year in this shape, but the work is for the most part crudely done by disinterested hacks. There should be a market for the careful translation of the skillful plots of the theatres into exciting novels; for they would appeal to the many who are unable or unwilling to attend the performances in the play-houses. But there are other reasons for advocating the novelizing of a greater proportion of the dramas; these might be called internal reasons. For the essential distinctions between a play and a novel are not realized by many of the dramatists.

Now, unless a given plot demands the actual presentation, in the flesh, of its principal characters and scenes, it has manifestly no right to ask people to leave their comfortable homes, and travel across town to sit with cramped elbow and knee for three hours in a stuffy and stuffed play-house. If the tale can be told and the excitement excited quite as well on the printed page, which one can read at leisure and in comfort, then the author is in duty bound so to tell it. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this can be done, and the reader is not incommoded, nor the author compelled to wrench the plausibilities and condense action and dialogue to the degree necessary in any workable drama. The factors of a story that should decide its eligibility for the stage are: that it is not a straightforward chronicle of events covering much time and space; that it contains a constant succession of minor climaxes working toward a grand climax; that it is marked by "situations" and misunderstandings. These latter two are vital.

It is the lack of them that makes so many of the plays of Ibsen & Co. better for the library than for the stage. It is not their excessive gloom and pessimism so much as their essentially undramatic qualities that render them hopelessly unpopular, and consign them eternally to the single performances of Independent Theatres. The public is an almost infallible judge of the dramatic essentials of a play and, often without knowing why, declines to be bullied into patronizing dramas whose details render critics so enthusiastic that they overlook the omission of a dramatic backbone.

In a proper play, characters must be drawn, not by the descriptive dialogue of other people, nor by soliloquies, but by actions. There must be encounters by different persons working at cross-purposes. "The audience must play a part," as Frank Mayo said; it has only a thinking part, but it must be kept thinking and it must see before it an intertangling of ambitions which it can see through the people on the stage grope and err in mutual ignorance. It is the absence of such vital, though not always manifest, attributes that makes many a charmingly literary play a foredoomed failure. Authors of such failures should pause before cursing the public for a fool, and inquire if their work might not have been better presented in the form of a novel, where events and characters can be managed almost "ad libitum."

NEW LETTERS OF NAPOLEON I.*

TO MADAME MÈRE.

Castle of Stupinigi, 2d Floréal, Year XIII.

(22d April, 1805.)

Mons. Jerome Buonaparte has arrived at Lisbon, with the woman with whom he lives. I have ordered this prodigal son to proceed to Milan, passing through Perpignan, Toulouse, Grenoble and Turin. I have informed him that if he diverged from that road he would be arrested. Miss Patterson, who lives with him, has taken the precaution of bringing her brother with her. I have given orders that she is to be sent back to America. If she were to evade the orders I have given, and to come to Bordeaux or Paris, she would be brought back to Amsterdam, and put on board the first American vessel. I shall treat this young man severely if he shows himself unworthy of the name he bears, during the only interview I shall grant him, and if he persists in carrying on his "liaison." If he shows no inclination to wash away the dishonor with which he has stained my name, by forsaking his country's flag on land and sea, for the sake of a wretched woman, I will cast him off forever. I may make him an example which will teach young soldiers the sacredness of their duty, and the enormity of the crime they commit when they forsake their flag for a woman.

Write to him, on the supposition that he will go to Milan. Tell him I have been a father to him, that his duty to me is sacred, and that the only chance of salvation remaining to him, is to obey my instructions. Speak to his sisters, so that they may write to him too. For, once I have pronounced sentence upon him, I shall be inflexible, and his life will be blasted forever.

TO JEROME NAPOLEON, KING OF WEST-PHALIA.

Paris, 6th March, 1808.

I have read the letter you are writing to Beugnot. I thought I had told you you might keep Beugnot and Siméon as long as you needed them; but the idea of making them swear allegiance is ridiculous. None but thoughtless Frenchmen, who had not concerned themselves about the result of such a step, can have taken the oath, and I pardon them, for I believe their heart was not in it. If the oath is one of fidelity to your person, that is included in the allegiance every Frenchman has sworn to me. If it is the oath of a Westphalian subject, you ask a thing which the meanest drummer in my army would not do. Besides, the Senators and Councilors of State who are employed at Naples have taken no oath. The Frenchmen employed in the King's household have sworn allegiance to him as a French Prince. And even if these reasons did not suffice, it is not when you are surrounded by foes and strangers, that you should insist that men, who may be useful to you, shall renounce their own country,

and make themselves criminals. I have met few men with so little circumspection as you. You are perfectly ignorant, and you follow nothing but your own fancy. Reason decides nothing in your case, everything is ruled by impetuosity and passion. I do not desire to have any correspondence with you, beyond what is indispensable as regards foreign courts, because they make you dance steps, and expose your want of harmony before the eyes of Europe; which I am not inclined to permit you to do. As for your household and financial affairs, I have already told you, and now tell you again, that nothing you do accords with my opinion and experience, and that your mode of action will bring you little success. But you would oblige me by using less pomp and ostentation with respect to steps, the consequences of which you do not appreciate. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the audience you gave the Jews. Nothing can be more mischievous than your attempt to ape the French Moniteur. I have undertaken to reform the Jews, but I have not endeavored to draw more of them into my realm. Far from that, I have avoided doing anything which could show any esteem for the most despicable of mankind.

(Postscript in the Emperor's own hand.)—I love you, my dear fellow, but you are terribly young! Keep Siméon and Beugnot, without any oath, for another year at least. All in good time!

TO JEROME NAPOLEON, KING OF WEST-PHALIA.

Schönbrunn, 17th July, 1809.

I have seen an Order of the Day of yours, which makes you the laughing stock of Germany, Austria, and France. Have you not a single friend about you, to tell you a few truths? You are a King, and brother to an Emperor—absurd qualifications in war-time. You should be a soldier, and once more a soldier, and then again a soldier! You should have neither minister, nor diplomatic body, nor display. You should bivouac with your advance guard, be on horseback day and night, march with your advance guard, so as to secure information. Otherwise you had better stop at home in your seraglio.

You make war like a satrap. Did you learn that from me? Good God! from me, who, with my army of 200,000 men, lead my own skirmishers, without allowing even Champagny to follow me, leaving him at Munich or Vienna?

What has happened? That everybody is dissatisfied with you! That Kienmayer, with his 12,000 men, has made game of you and your absurd pretensions, has concealed his movements from you, and has fallen upon Junot! This would not have happened if you had been with your advance guard, and had directed the movements of your army from that position. Then you would have been aware of his movements, and you would have pursued him, either by going into Bohemia, or by following in his rear. You have a great deal of pretension, a certain amount of wit, a few good qualities—all ruined by your conceit. You are extremely pre-

*New Letters of Napoleon I. Omitted from the Edition published under the Auspices of Napoleon III. From the French by Lady Mary Loyd. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers; cloth, \$2.00.

sumptuous, and you have no knowledge whatever. If the armistice had not been concluded at this juncture, Kienmayer would have attacked you, after having driven Junot out of the running.

Cease making yourself ridiculous; send the Diplomatic Body back to Cassel. Have no baggage and no retinue. Keep one table only—your own. Make war like a young soldier, who longs for fame and glory, and try to be worthy of the rank you have gained, and of the esteem of France and of Europe, whose eyes are upon you. And have sense enough, by God! to write and speak after a proper fashion!

TO JEROME NAPOLEON, KING OF WESTPHALIA.

Schönbrunn, 25th July, 1809.

I have your letter of the 20th. The letter you have received from me since that of the 14th will have informed you of my position and intentions. I consider that you have thoroughly misconducted yourself during this campaign.

I am sorry, for your sake, that you give so little proof of talent, or even of good sense, in military matters. It is a far cry from the profession of a soldier to that of a courtier. I was hardly as old as you when I had conquered all Italy, and beaten Austrian armies three times as numerous as mine. But I had no flatterers, and no Diplomatic Body in my train! I made war like a soldier, and there is no other way of making it. I did not set myself up as the Emperor's brother, nor as a King. I did everything that needed doing, to beat the enemy.

As regards the future, I do not desire to disgrace you by relieving you of your command; but, nevertheless, I do not intend to risk the glory of my arms for the sake of any foolish family considerations. One warship more or less was a trifling matter, but 20,000 men, more or less, well handled, may change the fate of Europe. If, therefore, you intend to continue as you have begun, surrounded by men who have never made war, such as d'Albignac, Reubell, and Fürstenstein, without a single good adviser, following your own fancy and not carrying out my orders, you may stop in your seraglio. Be assured that, as a soldier, I have no brother, and that you cannot hide the real motives of your conduct from me, under frivolous and absurd pretexts. I should be glad, so as to save you from the danger of such results, to see you make over the command of your troops to the Duke of Abrantès. You are a spoilt young fellow, although you are full of fine natural qualities. I very much fear it is hopeless to expect anything of you.

If you continue in command of your troops, you are to proceed at once to Dresden. I will send you a Chief of the Staff possessed of common sense. Mass the Saxon and Dutch troops, those of the Grand Duchy of Berg, and all those under your orders, at Dresden. Have the fortress re-armed, and put in a thorough state of defence. The Saxons will reorganize there. Withdraw the Twenty-second Regiment from the Oder fortresses; but have it replaced by the 1,200 French conscripts you have at Cassel. Let the Duke of Abrantès occupy Bayreuth. Let the staff have news of you once every

day. Do away with your court and your retinue, and make war as befits a man of my name, who thirsts for glory more than for any other thing. . . .

The King of Holland's letter is meaningless, and I do not believe a word of it. I receive similar news from my coasts every day. Their having landed 200 men rather leads me to suppose that they do not intend to land in force, for it would be a mistake to show they intended to disembark at any particular point. If I were to pay attention to such signs as these my troops would always be marching and counter-marching, and would have to proceed to every point on the ocean, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. The man who could not read, and weigh the value of reports, and took every molehill for a mountain, would have very little common sense.

TO MARSHAL LEFEBVRE, DUC DE DANTZIG, COMMANDING THE SEVENTH CORPS OF THE ARMY IN GERMANY.

Schönbrunn, 30th July, 1809, 6 P. M.

I have this moment received your letter, dated 5 A. M., of 28th. I see the Communes of the Taufers (in the original draft the word is "Lowfers") have submitted. I am sorry you have not punished them. My intention is, that on receiving this present letter, you shall demand 150 hostages, taken from all the Tyrolese Cantons; that you shall cause at least six large villages, all through the Tyrol, and the ringleaders' houses to be sacked and burned, and that you shall let it be known that I will put the whole country to fire and sword, if all the muskets—18,000 at the very least—are not given up to me, with as many brace of pistols, which I know to be in existence. You will have the 150 hostages taken, under good and safe escort, to the Citadel of Strasburg. When I made my armistice I did it principally with the object of reducing the Tyrol. After what has happened at Taufers, I fear you may allow yourself to be fooled by that rabble, which will be worse than ever, the moment your back is turned. Frenchmen and Bavarians have been massacred in the Tyrol. Vengeance must be taken, and severe examples made there. As for the Austrians, I have already made my intention known to you. They must be aware of the Armistice. They are a most egregiously false set. They are in far too close relations with the Austrian headquarters. No parleying! If they do not evacuate the country promptly, have them arrested. They are mere ruffians; they gave authority for the massacres. Give orders, then, that 150 hostages are to be made over to you; that all the worst characters are to be given up, and all the guns, at all events, until the number reaches 18,000. Make a law that any house in which a gun is found shall be razed to the ground, and that every Tyrolese found with a musket shall be put to death. Mercy and clemency are out of season with these ruffians. You have power in your hands. Strike terror! and act so that a part of your troops may be withdrawn from the Tyrol, without any fear of its breaking out afresh. Six large villages must be sacked and burned, so that not a vestige of them remains, and that they may be a monument of the vengeance wreaked on the mountaineers. My orderly officer, L'Espinay, has taken you my orders. I long to hear that you have not allowed yourself

to be caught, and that you have not rendered my armistice useless; for the chief benefit I desired to draw from it was to take advantage of the six weeks it gave me, to reduce the Tyrol. Send columns to Brixen.

TO MME. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, LADY OF HONOR TO THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Paris, 24th February, 1810.

Madame—I have been satisfied with the manner in which you have performed your duty as Lady of Honor in my palace. I regret, and yet I cannot but approve, the feeling which causes you to desire not to fill the position of Lady of Honor in the new household. But I should be sorry if that inspired you with the smallest doubt of my feeling for you, for I should wish to give you proofs of my satisfaction, and to be especially agreeable to you, on every opportunity.

TO COMTE MOLLIEN, MINISTER OF THE PUBLIC EXCHEQUER.

Wesel, 1st November, 1811.

The Crown Treasury has advanced several hundred thousand francs, which Mons. Pierlot owed the Empress Josephine and Queen Hortense. I desire to know when the liquidation of Mons. Pierlot's property will permit of the reimbursement of the Crown Treasury.

You will do well to send privately for the Empress Josephine's Comptroller, and make him aware that nothing will be paid over to him, unless proof is furnished that there are no debts; and, as I will have no shilly-shallying on the subject, this must be guaranteed on the Comptroller's own property. You will therefore notify the Comptroller that from the 1st of January next, no payment will be made, either in your office, or by the Crown Treasury, until he has given an undertaking that no debts exist, and made his own property responsible for the fact. I have information that the expenditure in that household is exceedingly careless. You will therefore see the Comptroller, and put yourself in possession of all facts regarding money matters; for it is absurd that instead of saving two millions of money, as the Empress should have done, she should have more debts to be paid. It will be easy for you to find out the truth about this, from the Comptroller, and to make him understand that he himself might be seriously compromised.

Take an opportunity of seeing the Empress Josephine yourself, and give her to understand that I trust her household will be managed with more economy, and that if any debts are left outstanding she will incur my sovereign displeasure. The Empress Louise has only 100,000 crowns; she pays everything every week; she does without gowns, and denies herself, so as never to owe money.

My intention is, then, that from the 1st of January, no payment shall be made for the Empress Josephine's household, without a certificate from her Comptroller, to the effect that she has no debts. Look into her budget for 1811, and that prepared for 1812. It should not amount to more than a million. If too many horses are kept, some of them must be put down. The Empress Josephine, who has children and grandchildren, ought to economize

and so be of some use to them, instead of running into debt.

I desire you will not make any more payments to Queen Hortense, either on account of her appanage, or for wood-felling, without asking my permission. Confer with her Comptroller, too, so that her household may be properly managed, and that she may not only keep out of debt, but regulate her expenditure in a fitting manner.

TO MARIE LOUISE, EMPRESS-QUEEN AND REGENT.

Colditz, 6th May, 1813.

Write the inclosed letter to the Minister of Public Worship:

"To the Minister of Public Worship:

"I send you a circular which I desire you will transmit to the Bishops. Be good enough to insure its reaching them without delay."

Circular to the French Bishops.

"The victory won by the Emperor and King, our very dear husband and sovereign, on the field of Lutzen, must be considered a special mark of the Divine protection. We desire you, on receipt of the present letter, to arrange with the proper persons, that a Te Deum may be sung, with thanks offered to the God of Armies, and you will add what prayers you deem most suitable, to call down the Divine protection on our arms, and, above all, for the preservation of the sacred person of the Emperor, whom may God shield from every danger! His safety is as necessary to the welfare of Europe and of the Empire, as to that of religion, which he has raised up, and which he is called upon to confirm and strengthen. He is its sincerest and truest protector."

TO KING JOSEPH.

Philippeville, 19th June, 1815.

All is not lost. I suppose that by collecting all my forces I shall still have a hundred and fifty thousand men remaining. The federated troops, and the best of the National Guard will furnish me a hundred thousand men; and the depot battalions fifty thousand more. Thus I shall have three hundred thousand soldiers, with whom I can at once oppose the enemy. I will horse my artillery with carriage horses. I will raise a hundred thousand conscripts. I will arm them with muskets taken from the Royalists, and from the ill-disposed members of the National Guard. I will raise the whole of Dauphine, the Lyonnais and Burgundy. I will overwhelm the enemy. But the people must help me, and not bewilder me. I am going to Laon. I shall doubtless find people there. I have no news of Grouchy. If he has not been taken, as I fear, I may have fifty thousand men within three days. With them I can keep the enemy engaged, and give France and Paris time to do their duty. The Austrians march slowly, the Prussians are afraid of the peasants, and dare not advance too fast; everything may yet be retrieved. Write me what effect this horrible piece of bad luck has produced in the chamber. I believe the deputies will feel convinced that their duty, in this crowning moment, is to rally around me and save France. Pave the way, so that they may support me worthily. Above all, let them show courage and decision!

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*The Wreck of the Ferndale**.....*Herbert Bashford*.....*Midland Monthly*

Hoarse with calling, pale with anger, from dim dawn till set of sun,
Wind-blown billows crowding landward shook the shores of Washington.
Stalwart seas tramped down the beaches, giant seas, each thunder-toned,
Lunched against the frowning headlands while the mighty caverns groaned.
Roared along the sandy reaches, foaming, panting in the race,
Struck the cliff's opposing ledges, leaped to smite its rugged face;
Leaped and flung their white arms wildly; then all baffled backward fled,
Moaning, sobbing on the shingle, like a mother o'er her dead.

Night fell black upon the waters, night with no star throbbing through;
Fiercer yet the billows battled, stronger still the west wind blew.
Every pine upon the hilltop cried in anguish, cried in vain,
And the ranchman's wife peered seaward with her face against the pane;
Heard the waves loud cannonading, saw at times a lifting light—
Fiery soul of sky-tossed breaker burning through the raven night;
Listened sadly at the window, thinking of the ships at sea,
Of wrecked sailors, drifting, helpless, and the Storm King's fiendish glee.

Hark! What sound above the breakers? Was it but the sudden shock
Of a seething sea bombarding towering battlements of rock?
Was it but the crashing thunder of a fir tree's massive form,
Of a fir tree that had fallen as it wrestled with the storm?
No, ah no! Again the gun spoke and the ranchman's wife grew pale;
"God have mercy on a vessel driven shoreward by the gale!"
"God above have mercy on them!" "He alone can still the waves!"
"Hear them calling?" "They will perish!" "How the ocean roars and raves!"
Thus spake trembling, careworn women, sturdy ranchmen, young and old,
As they gathered on the North Beach in the darkness and the cold.

All the night their lanterns glimmered in the west wind's icy breath,
While the surf grew thick with cordage and the breakers talked with Death.
All the night they watched and waited where the heavy foam-flakes flew,
One by one along the North Beach drifted in the Ferndale's crew;
One by one they drifted, lifeless, to the bleak Pacific sands,
Salt tears on their pallid faces, seaweeds in their hardened hands.
Eyes of pity looked upon them, looked upon them where they lay,
As the morn came softly stealing, saddened morn in robe of gray.

Cuba...A. F. Bridges...Poems (*Straus' Printing Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.*)

Unhappy Cuba prone and bleeding lies,
Spain's helpless victim and her ruthless spoil.
Her martyr-blood cries from her trampled soil!
Unto her prayer as brass the burning skies!
How long, O Lord, how long the piteous cries
Of this lone slave in Freedom's fair domain?
Break thou the haughty tyrant's strong-linked chain,
And bid our hapless sister-land arise.
Drive from the shores of this New World of thine
This Old World night-bird, last of all its line.
Build thou within these boundless Western seas,
As thou has built throughout four hundred years,
In answer to thy people's prayers and tears,
Time's last, best empire, thine—and Liberty's.

The Question.....*Lloyd Mifflin*.....*At the Gates of Song* (*Estes & Lauriat*)

With folded wings we paced the gorge alone,
The shining nimbus round the angel there
Lighted my feet. Black in the zenith air
Rose th' immeasurable mountain throne,
Peak above peak of everlasting stone—
"What is Eternity? O guide, declare,"
"Conceive" said he, "an angel flying where

Rises aloft yon peak's Cimmerian cone,
And that his pinion's soft extremity
Should brush those walls of adamant and wear
One grain away; then every thousandth year
Again his wing should touch it, flying by,
Till all the cliff, at last, should disappear—
Then only would begin Eternity."

The Sphinx.....*Andrew Downing*....*The Trumpeters and Other Poemst*

There is in Egypt, near the Pyramids,
Fronting the placid Nile, a monolith,—
A sculptured legacy from aeons, old
Ere yet the Pharaohs lived, or Carthage was,
Or Caesar wore the purple.

Grim and vast,
In hermit loneliness, it sits and broods
Above the Nubian desert. Its dull eyes,
Stony and lidless, stare across the sands;
And the colossal, parted, marble lips
Are marble-mute, and marble-cold, as when
The gnawing chisel of the sculptur wrought
Their curving outlines; and they answer not
The immemorial question: "What art thou?"

*The Ferndale was an English barkentine laden with coal, which, during a heavy storm in the early spring of 1892, was wrecked on the North Beach above Gray's Harbor, off the coast of Washington. A number of the crew were drowned and were buried near the scene of the wreck. Those that were saved were insane for a time, owing to the terrible ordeal through which they had passed. The Ferndale was on its first voyage. At low tide one of its masts may yet be seen. † Hayworth Publishing House, Washington, D. C.

Its origin, or meaning, no man knows;
Inscription there is none, nor hieroglyph,
On wood, or stone, or gray papyrus-roll,
In all the mouldy crypts, and mummy cells,
And buried temples of the antique world,—
Nor any word of Chaldean seer, or sage,
That ever may the mystery unfold.

So, fronting every man that lives, there is
A dark enigma that he may not solve,—
A mute and stony Sphinx whose riddle deep
Is never wholly guessed, though all the lore,
And wisdom of the ages, help the quest.

It is the Future, wide and limitless,
Of life that is, and that which is to be.

Whence came we? Whither do our footsteps tend?
And what shall be the life that follows this
When we shall pass beyond the sunset hills
Into the land of shadows? Who can make
Unto himself an answer,—honest, true,
Sufficient, not conjectural alone?
The unreturning dead send back no word
Of greeting from that unseen, distant world,
Nor babble of its secrets.

It is Faith

Alone, that gives us aught of warrant here
To wear the badge of immortality.
And Faith, not Knowledge, builds for every man,
In his own spiritual consciousness,
The ultimate, bright Heaven of his hope,
The realm of joy, the goal of his desire.
No weaker hand can lead the errant soul
From Doubt's dark labyrinth into the light,
And up the starry heights whereon is God.
All else,—amid the strife of sects diverse,
The ceaseless dissonance of warring creeds,
The blight of superstitions, centuries old,—
Is vain—uncertain as the shifting sands
That drift forever round the rocky base
Of that old image on the Gizeh plain.

Fleurs-de-Lys.....Nora Hopper.....Black and White

I am the Fleur-de-Lys, and I am France;
Against the rains I lift a lawless lance.

Near me my kin in white and purple weed,
Masterless spearsmen all, but good at need,
Await the day when yonder westering sun,
Red with defeat, a winning race shall run

And set his children free—the rose to love
The briar that armed her, garden pink and clove

To kiss and wed: the pea amid her rings
To net the wild bee and to steal his wings.

Then shall the sunflower go the sun's own road,
And the white lily travel back to God,

Homing to Mary's bower. Then too shall we
The captive lances, we the Fleurs-de-Lys,

Level our spears and ride in close array
Against the lawless woodbine-folk that stray

Into our garden exile, and defy
Lances and laws, and give the sun the lie:
Closing when he unfolds his perfect flower,
And opening gaily in his passing hour.

Against that day, steadfast as knights should be,
We keep our watch, France and the Fleurs-de-Lys.

The Unnamed Lake... Frederick George Scott... Poems (Wm. Briggs, Toronto)

It sleeps among the thousand hills
Where no man ever trod,
And only nature's music fills
The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,
Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast for evermore
The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun
Go there in spring to weep,
And there, when Autumn days are done,
White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold
The peaks of ageless stone,
Where winds have thundered from of old
And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar
Disturb it night or day,
But sun and shadow, noon and star,
Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the grey of early dawn,
When first the lake we spied,
And fragments of a cloud were drawn
Half down the mountain side.

Along the shore a heron flew,
And from a speck on high,
That hovered in the deepening blue,
We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,
No sound the silence broke,
Save when, in whispers down the wood,
The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,
Returning whence we came,
We passed in silence, and the lake
We left without a name.

The Song of the Spanish Main.....John Bennett.....Chap Book

Out in the south, when the day is done,
And the gathered winds go free,
Where golden-sanded rivers run,
Fair islands fade in the setting sun,
And the great ships stagger, one by one,
Up from the windy sea.

Out in the south, when a twilight shroud
Hangs over the ocean's rim,
Sail on sail, like a floating cloud,
Galleon, brigantine, cannon-browed,
Rich from the Indies homeward crowd,
Singing a Spanish hymn.

Out in the south, when the sun has set,
And the lightning flickers pale,
The cannon bellow their deadly threat,
The ships grind, all in a crimson sweat,
And hoarse throats call, "Have you stricken yet?"
Across the quarter-rail.

Out in the south, in the dead of night,
When I hear the thunder speak,
'Tis the Englishmen in their pride and might,
Mad with glory and blind with fight,
Locked with the Spaniards, left and right,
Fighting them cheek to cheek.

Out in the south, when the dawn's pale light,
Walks cold on the beaten shore,
And the mists of the night like clouds of fight,
Silvery violet, blinding bright,
Drift in glory from height to height
Where the white-tailed eagles soar;

There comes a song through the salt and spray,
Blood-kin to the ocean's roar,
"All day long down Florez way
Richard Grenville stands at bay.
Come and take him if ye may!"
Then hush, forevermore.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

A Protest Against Low Fiction.....T. M. Hopkins.....Westminster Review

Many years of compulsory education have at length empowered every English man and woman to read; with few exceptions, the man or woman unable to do so is now practically extinct. Arrived at this satisfactory result, valuable as it is in the superlative degree, placing within the reach of all a power of immense proportions which was formerly a privilege of a limited number, it is matter for great regret that many people put their power to read to base use. This is proved by the immense demand, unhappily increasing at a great pace, for books and periodicals which display imaginary vice and immorality, which the majority of readers to-day appear to revel in. Whether the tastes of readers or the aims of writers were above those of the present time in Cowper's day, it is difficult to conjecture; the following lines of his are, however, very true to-day:

"Ye writers of what none with safety reads,
Footing it in the dance that fancy leads;
Ye novelists, who mar what ye would mend,
Snivelling and drivelling folly without end,
Whose corresponding misses fill the ream
With sentimental frippery and dream,
Caught in a delicate soft silken net
By some lewd earl or rakehell baronet;
Ye pimps, who, under virtue's fair pretence,
Steal to the closet of young innocence; . . .

Howe'er disguised the inflammatory tale,
And covered with a fine-spun specious veil,
Such writers, and such readers, owe the gust
And relish of their pleasure all to lust."

Thus being able to read is, to those who read mischievous and pernicious books, a channel which conveys to the mind pollution, and those who read such literature imbibe evil thoughts and ideas which propagate in the mind irreparable damage. Such, however, is the taste of the majority of people who read, whose object in reading is to amuse, occupy the mind, or to fathom the obscene—all bad motives, all detrimental to morals, all opposed to the culture of the intellect. . . .

Books have been called companions; no better description could be employed; and as bad company with foul minds, bad books with foul contents damage irreparably the thoughts of their readers, impregnate them with vile ideas, and put trash in the place which should be occupied by valuable knowledge. It is well known that an inebriate perpetually indulging in an excess of strong alcohol destroys his taste, and can appreciate no other than strong drink, for which he always craves; this is similar to the reader of vile books; his taste is destroyed, and he can appreciate no others after he has accustomed his taste to, and saturated his mind with, abominable publications. Further, pernicious literature appears to consume the very intellect of its readers, as opium-smoking destroys the intellect of the smoker; for such readers appear to possess no knowledge of matters which directly or indirectly affect themselves or their fellow-creatures; they take but little, if any, interest in matters which rightly claim the attention of all members of the

human race, but concentrate their attention upon what is called by the far too mild name, sensational literature. When this is remembered it need occasion no surprise that so many people are to be found in all grades of society who are upon political and social matters most ignorant. Men having the power to vote for members of Parliament, and women in influential positions, are to be found in large numbers professing to be members of a party or a school, who know not even the principles of such, and appear not anxious in the least to acquire the knowledge, though they are longing with almost mental anguish to know what the end may be of a hero or a villain in some story which they have commenced to read in a third-rate publication. The newspaper is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, secondary educational power at the disposal of the public; now it is duty free, it is possible for sixpence a week to read in it news of interest, matters political and social which concern all classes of men and women, and high-class articles written by men of great intellectual power; a knowledge of these subjects can alone raise a man or woman from great depths of ignorance, but how large a number of men and women of all classes resolutely refuse to grasp this helping hand which is held out to them, in favor of most degrading works of fiction! Readers of this class also, as a rule, entirely discard sound literature; they scarcely know that such writers as Shakespeare or Milton ever lived, or if they ever heard of their names, they know not who they were, what they were, or what they wrote. If the works of high-class writers are upon the shelves of those who make a practice of reading rubbish, those works remain unlooked at, while the low novel is sought with keen anxiety, and time is occupied in its perusal always at the expense of the intellect, and often to the neglect of duties of vast importance. People pay visits to libraries, procure books, and spend hours daily in reading, and often speak of it with apparent pride, but, as a rule, they only read what may be called pastimes. Such readers are consequently never in any way improved by their reading, though well up in the details of imagined murders and acts of immorality, which authors have put before them to amuse and gratify their shallow minds. Demoralizing literature does not find its patrons in any one class of society; on the contrary, such is read by the lady in the drawing-room as well as by the domestic servant in the kitchen; by the man of good position down to the office boy, who has often been induced to become a thief or a forger in consequence of examples set before him in works of fiction. The only means of grappling in any way with the evil would appear to be by urging parents and guardians of boys and girls, and schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, to lose no opportunity of making an onslaught on all literature calculated to corrupt the morals, for the taste for such is generally acquired when the reader is young. It is stated that the Princess of Wales at one time made a practice of reading all books which her family wished to read, to ascertain if such were suitable; this is an example which par-

ents would do well to follow. The power of the pulpit should also be directed against the reading of all literature which is in any way unwholesome, impure, or irreligious. Ministers of religion have a great opportunity of doing a good work in this direction, for members of their congregations are often to be found who are devoted readers of books of a demoralizing species. Free libraries should entirely discard books of bad influence, and educate and elevate the taste of the reading public by putting before it only those works which are calculated to effect these objects.

This truly is a novel-reading age; the English, at the present time, at all events, are a novel-reading people; they delight in having their minds occupied with the imagination of others, put before them in an attractive and interesting shape and color. Novel-reading in its true sense, as pursued by the average reader of the average book, is, however, a direct detriment to society, and it would be good for all if the great rage for works of fiction were to spend itself and decay; unfortunately there are no signs of any such revolution in the tastes of the people; it is, however, much to be hoped that the standard of books may be raised from its present very low level, and that the passion of readers for books of infamy may be at least mitigated, if not brought absolutely into subjection.

Passion in Poetry.....London Spectator

Passion is not the only quality needed for poetry, but it is the greatest, because it is essential. Verse may be without true melody, may be rude, may be formless, but yet if it has passion it is poetry, actual or potential. If there is no passion the most perfect workmanship, the subtlest use of words, the deepest thoughts, the utmost refinement of metrical structure, will be of no avail to support the claim to poetry. Passion is the "ultima ratio," and though not the only thing necessary, it is the ultimate foundation on which poetry rests. Wanting this, verse wants all. Thus, though passion may be conveyed with so little discretion and with such want of form as to exclude the description of poetry, that in which it resides must always be recognized as the raw material out of which poetry could be made were the workmanship more skillful or the artistic intention stronger and more coherent. But though it is easy enough to state this truism, it is by no means easy to say of what passion in poetry consists. We may recognize it by the glow in the blood, or by the light that quickens in the eye as we read, but this physical test is too vague to be satisfactory. We want, if possible, a more conscious understanding of what constitutes passion in poetry. But before we attempt to reach a definition it is well to make it clear that by passion in poetry we do not in any sense mean merely the lyric cry, or the note which is directly or indirectly connected with the emotion of love. That is but a branch or arm of the sea which is passion. Passion can burn quite as fiercely and as freely in comic or satiric verse, in a theological argument, in a moral dissertation, or in a description of Nature, as in the most ardent love-scene. No doubt more people will recognize it in the love-scene, for their sympathies are there more keen and quick; but if a writer has the gift of pas-

sion he can, and does, apply it to any theme he likes. A very few quotations will support this contention to the letter—the contention that passion does not belong only to this or that selected subject, but is a fire which the poet brings with him and infuses into his verse. Gray did not speak without warrant of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn"; but what makes them breathe and burn is passion. . . . Wordsworth is perhaps the best example of what passion does for the poet-writer. Had Wordsworth not been most richly endowed with passion he would have been the very worst instead of one of the greatest of poets. His pedantic and doctrinaire theories as to fitting subjects for verse, his preposterous and utterly unworkable theories as to what ought to constitute poetic diction, and his general desire to play the schoolmaster, must have sunk him by the heels but for the passion in his verse. That it is in the last resort which saves him. So great was his store of poetic passion that he could not keep it out of his verse, even when he was obviously trying hard. Take the two exquisite poems on the Beggars. In the first poem the poet meets two little vagrants and their tramp-mother, and lectures them on the naughtiness of begging; and in the second he recalls that remarkable occurrence after an interval of some fifteen years. Yet almost from the first line the true poetic passion sweeps through both poems and makes the words burn with a hidden fire. It is in the first of these poems that occur, as a description of the beggar boys, the enchanting lines:

"Wings let them have, and they might flit,
Precursors to Aurora's car."

In the second poem, Wordsworth considers what has become of the boys, and he naturally enough hopes they have not gone to the bad. But expressed without passion, that would be a most hopelessly commonplace though very natural wish. Wordsworth, by the help of the poet's passion, raises us at once into the very highest heaven of human emotion:

"Soft clouds the whitest of the year
Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran clear;
The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;
With songs the budded groves resounding;
And to my heart are still endeared
The thoughts with which it then was cheered;
The faith which saw that gladsome pair
Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.
Or, if such faith must needs deceive—
Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,
Associates in that eager chase;
Ye, who within the blameless mind
Your favorite seat of empire find—
Kind Spirits! may we not believe
That they, so happy and so fair
Through your sweet influence, and the care
Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
From touch of *deadly* injury?
Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom!"

Here passion has set the commonplace on fire and made it immortal—a fire ever ready to kindle noble and beautiful and helpful thoughts in thousands of human hearts. . . .

Style may be the antiseptic of poetry, but unless there is passion there is nothing to preserve. To show how universal and all-penetrating is this quality of passion it is worth remembering that it may be found quite as much in poetry which is purely critical as in the poetry of the primary emotions.

We have written at length of passion in poetry, and yet said no word to describe its nature. Perhaps it can only be felt and not defined. After all, no one is likely to mistake it. When the plain man says he likes poetry with "go" in it—something which compels you to like it, and does not want to be written about by a third party—he really means that he instinctively feels that poetry wants passion. When there is no passion there is no "go," no life, no movement, be the words and rhythm never so melodious. Take the majority of modern sonnets. They are perfect as works of art, but since they have no passion they are dead things. But what produces passion in the poet? The answer is, we believe, simple enough—thought and feeling. The poet must have a clear, a definite, and an illuminating thought, and he must, as it were, throw himself upon his thought with feeling, that is, with zest, with exaltation, with ardor, with the power born of that *afflatus* which is, and must remain, the poet's mystery. Out of this union of thought and feeling is born the poetic passion, of which we have endeavored to write. Possibly this description of the origin of passion does not advance us much; but at least what we have said may help our readers to bear in mind the fact that the poetic passion is not a matter of one set of emotions only, but belongs to every form of poetry. The satirist, the critic, the humorist, the describer of Nature, the philosopher, if he is to use poetry to convey his message to the world, needs passion quite as much as the lyrict, or the writer of epics and tragedies. Without passion no poetry can live. That quality withdrawn, it is but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Shakespeare knew well the meaning of passion in poetry. Hamlet asks the players for a passionate speech, and then calls for a description of the Sack of Troy, interspersed with didactic reflections.

Tolstoi and De Maupassant.....L. F. Austin.....London Academy

It is easy to see that Tolstoi's remarkable article on Guy de Maupassant, translated in Chapman's Magazine, has little to do with literary criticism. It is an exposition not so much of Maupassant's qualities as of the great Russian's attitude towards life and morals. Tolstoi's judgment on Maupassant is that, with all his defects, he was a great writer, that he had a piercing vision of the contradictions and the tragedy of human passions, that his talent was injured by the low moral standards of his Parisian circle, from which he was emancipating himself when madness and death ended his career. Had the emancipation been achieved, whither would Maupassant have been led? He was beginning to weary of those artistic variations of debauchery to which, at the bidding of Paris, he had dedicated many of his stories. *Sur L'Eau*, which Tolstoi calls the best of his books, breathes the passion for solitude, a dangerous symptom, for solitude, if it is to bring peace, must be loved not with passion, but

with serenity. Maupassant was no contented chronicler of lubricity like Catulle Mendès; he had fitful glimpses of an ideal humanity purged from grossness, selfishness and perfidy. Tolstoi sees this in *Le Horla*, that appalling fantasy of an ulterior stage of our physical evolution. To most of us this story is interesting simply as a delirium of imagination. To Tolstoi, the idea of a being who is an active intelligence without a carnal envelope is a symbol of Christian perfection. In the best of Maupassant's short stories he sees nothing but this half-conscious revolt against the carnal. They deal with "all the phases of woman and of her love; and there has hardly ever been a writer who has shown with such clearness and precision all the awful aspects of that very thing which seemed to him to afford the supreme welfare of existence."

This is really what endears Maupassant to Tolstoi, this presentment of the "awful aspects" of woman. The early Fathers regarded her as the chief instrument of evil, and Tolstoi, who is the reincarnation of a Christian Father, hails Maupassant as a disciple struggling towards the light, and savagely attacks Renan for having darkened the good counsel with the exasperating urbanity of paganism. It is queer to find the author of *Bel Ami* tenderly criticised as a possible champion of Christian ethics, while the author of Marcus Aurelius is held up to scorn and loathing, as if his vindication of woman's beauty as "one aspect of the divine plan" were an atrocity to be expected from the man who wrote *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*. For every writer there is, in Tolstoi's mind, but one test: is he for or against the ascetic ideal? Renan had left the Church; he was not indifferent to cookery; his lectures at the Sorbonne drew the most ravishing toilettes in Paris, though, as Mme. Darmesteter has told us, he put them to flight on one occasion by proposing that the audience should join him in reading Hebrew in the original. It is natural that Tolstoi should judge that unlucky drama about the imprisoned abbess and her lover as if it represented the whole spirit of Renan's teaching. It is equally natural that he should argue as if long and desperate contemplations of woman in her "awful aspects" drove Maupassant to suicide because he was not sufficiently enlightened to seek refuge in Tolstoi's ideal of ascetic Christianity. This is the bond of sympathy between the author of the Kreutzer Sonata and the greatest master of the short story. I daresay Tolstoi has sometimes reflected that if he had lived in Paris, like Turgéneff, when Maupassant's brief career was beginning, he would have reclaimed this pupil of Flaubert, and made him an apostle of those doctrines which, were they capable of practical application, would moralize the human race off the face of the earth.

Thus it is that Tolstoi's judgment in this article is somewhat too rarefied for poor average mortals. We cannot all be hermits, who write down marriage and mortify the affections (in old age) for the sake of some amiable hypothesis that Nature, if we only scold her enough, will turn ascetic too, and grow babies on the gooseberry bush! If Turgéneff, who foresaw, even in *Anna Karenina*, the unfortunate twist in Tolstoi's intellect, can read the article on Maupassant in the shades, he must smile at some

of the illustrations of Tolstoi's point—that no artist can divorce himself from the moral relation of his work. A painter exhibited a marvelous picture of a religious procession. Tolstoi was distressed because he could not tell from the picture whether the artist believed in religious processions or not. He put the question, and was told, probably with some irony, that the painter had no views on the subject. So Tolstoi describes him as one who "represented life without understanding its meaning." It would be as reasonable to say that an artist who paints a portrait without believing in the moral character of the sitter cannot seize the significance of the human countenance. This is like Mr. Ruskin's theory that no agnostic can paint a landscape. Such confusion of thought generates an intolerance more irrational than that of any advocate of "art for art's sake." After all, that formula answers itself, because it is impossible for any truthful art in literature to be disengaged from a moral standpoint. The unflinching blackguardism of Duroy in *Bel Ami*, as Tolstoi admits, is the most convincing moral. But when your moralist insists that a religious procession shall be painted only by a man who yearns to carry a banner, and that a story of depravity is best told by a novelist who perceives that the "awful aspects" of woman demand the crucifixion of our fundamental instincts, the plea of art for morality's sake becomes an excuse for eccentric fanaticism.

But no student of Maupassant's writings can fail to see that, despite any excess of moral prepossession, Tolstoi has the keenest appreciation of the art of this great story-teller, and of his insight into the depth and variety of life. Such an appreciation ought to abash those critics who have lightly dismissed him as a mere "raconteur," a contriver of droll anecdotes. There are anecdotes, no doubt; we can all regale one another with *Le Signe* and *Les Epingles*; but readers who recall only these things do not know their Maupassant. In his twenty volumes live such stores of penetrating irony, pathos and tragedy, that for some years now I have rarely heard of a sombre truth rising abruptly from the deeps that has not reminded me of a story from the hand which wrote *Une Vie*. And what a style! In *Une Vie*, says Tolstoi, it is "wrought to such perfection that it surpasses, in my opinion, the performance of any French writer of prose." I read every day grave discussions of that anaemic product called the English short story, made without blood or bones, a pulpy mass of commonplace streaked with humor (save the mark!) or sickly sentiment. You would not expect a critic of European fame to say of such fiction that it surpassed the performance of any writer of English prose.

The Mission of Literature.....Theodore W. Hunt.....Forum

The mission of literature is a distinct one; and the mission of the man of letters is correspondingly clear: To hold literature to its original purpose as one of the liberal arts, expressed in the form of a fine art, so as to secure, at the same time, what is most needed—the union of strength and beauty.

If the facts be fairly stated, it must be conceded, that modern tendencies are in the main unliterary, though, perhaps, not in any hostile sense anti-

literary. The attitude of the modern mind toward letters may be expressed as one of unconcern—the absence of any keen and inquisitive interest in the development of national taste in letters. The great majority of writers themselves, whatever their preferences may be, are, of necessity, working on the lower planes of literature rather than the higher. Instead of an epic or a philosophic age, the age is one of lighter miscellany, produced in forms the most manageable and marketable. This has its place and purpose; but it is not the ideal type as embodied in the great productions of the older peoples, pagan and Christian.

One of the deteriorating influences of modern times flows from the fact that quantity, rather than quality, is so often accepted as a measure of merit. The voluminousness of modern authorship is one of its greatest dangers; and we are living, more than ever, in the age of books. Publishers are besieged by authors; and their shelves are burdened with the rapidly increasing issues of the press. Libraries are multiplying and enlarging; and bibliography—the mere collection of volumes—has become a science, a separate department of study and investigation. All this tends somewhat to modify and lower the original standard of letters, and it makes it appear a comparatively easy matter for one to pen his thoughts and secure for them a general reading. It is only the emphasis of the qualitative in literature that will save it, at this point, from rapid and permanent degeneracy.

Possnett, in his Comparative Literature, draws an interesting picture of what he calls The World Literature, as distinct from that of any separate class or nation; embracing the best efforts of all civilized peoples as well as the fundamental principles of Christian doctrine and faith. Just as church historians speak of the possible unity and federation of all religions on some broad basis of common agreement, and as Max Müller writes of the possible reduction of all languages to a few of the great historic languages of the world, so it is contended by some that the mission of literature will not be and cannot be fulfilled till this principle of federation or confederation is to some extent realized. Goethe, in some of his works, seems to be looking forward to it, as does Herder also. "Let us conceive," says Matthew Arnold, "the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working toward a common result"—"an ideal," he adds, "which will impose itself more and more upon the thoughts of our modern writers." In a word, what is here meant is the spirit of fraternity in letters—the recognition, on the part of authors as a class, of common relationships, common interests and aims, whereby literature, as a great world-force and civilizer, might more effectually do its beneficent work. We speak of the brotherhood of letters. This is not confined to one people, but may have a range as wide as the brotherhood of men.

Of the four great offices of literature mentioned, all but one are, in fact, of this cosmopolitan character. Great ideas, human nature, and great ideals are universal in application, and serve, at once, to show that, in these respects at least, all literatures deal

with common principles and have common purposes, as true in Homer as in Milton, and in Emerson as in Lucretius and Pascal.

It was thus that Shakespeare wrote his dramas, not simply as an exponent of the Elizabethan age or even of the English people, but as an author—within the province of general literature and the specific province of the drama—depicting character in Macbeth and Lear and Othello and Imogen as character for all peoples and all time, so that when translated from English into the language of any other people, they seem to that people to be the masterpieces of one of their own authors. There is in these works that “one touch of nature” that “makes the whole world kin,” and the presence of which in any work marks it as the work of genius.

No master-spirit in any literature has ever written prose or verse purely from the local or national point of view; and herein lies the difference between genius and talent or mediocrity in letters. Chaucer wrote for all men and for all time. His contemporaries, such as John Gower, wrote for the England of their day. Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and Tennyson wrote for all men and for all time. Prior and Thomson and Campbell and Crabbe wrote for the England of their own generation. There is a contemporaneous literature, the product of literary talent, and one that is permanent and intellectual, the product of genius; and it is he only who produces the latter who has a due conception of the mission of letters, and is gifted of God for its realization.

Hence, literature has, as its highest mission, in common with every noble science and art, the conception and expression of the truth for the truth's sake, if so be the thought and life of man may be perfected and enlarged. Herein lies the unity of all truth; and herein is literature, in its final purpose, the artistic embodiment of the “best that is known and thought in the world.”

The Love Element in the Novel.....New York Home Journal

One cannot help noticing with much satisfaction that the modern novel is departing more and more widely from what was long conceived to be its special function—that of the portrayal of love's agonies and wrestlings and love's final reward. The old-fashioned novel was little more, in fact, than the epic or idyll of two very self-centred beings who caused other people an immense amount of trouble and anxiety, and who, although they triumphed as far as final marriage was concerned, very possibly dug their nails into each other's faces before the honeymoon was over. The smug complacency with which marriage was assumed as the consummation of life was about as infantile in its way as that other old-fashioned heresy of the American people which until very recent years has presupposed that all married people rank as on the retired list, and must make way for the candidate. It is very true that in business young men have an increasingly better chance, especially in the great cities, and that dire threats are leveled nowadays against men who have the bad taste to grow old. But even in business it still holds good that experience and increasing acquaintance must count alongside with vital energy, and, outside of the

prize ring and athletic sports, men are not yet rated “stale” because they have passed, say the thirtieth or even the fortieth milestone. In romance pure and simple—that intended to catch the fancy of the very young and impressionable—we suppose the lover must still be left “tall, dark, and handsome,” and the loved one petite, fair-haired, and still in her teens. But in the serious portraiture of the living manners the mere preference of this piping swain for that winsome miss must every year become of less moment in our increasingly fastidious literature.

It may be questioned whether the old-fashioned novel has not countless divorce cases and other domestic disarrangements to answer for. The complacency with which young and untried natures were invested with every imaginable excellence impressed itself upon the millions of young readers as an index of what they might claim to be in each other's eyes, pair by pair. The drop down from this absurd height of self-complacency as candidates for holy matrimony was very abrupt. They soon ceased to see each other as they had seen each other in the ideal light of written and printed romance. The dull, every-day media somehow showed things dim and distorted. Women were unwilling to believe that their husbands were unlikely to graduate in the battle of life as colonels, judges, or members of Congress; and men who had previously bent over their heart's desire at pianos, or talked love on vine-wreathed verandas, found the daily nagging call for this and that household necessity decidedly unromantic and destructive of ideals. The happiest of couples, even those around whom the memories of the silver or golden wedding day throng, are generally a little sensitive about being interviewed as to whether they have always kept the peace. The crucible of matrimony may bring out some superfine gold; but it is inevitable that some dross of selfishness, it may be of positive bitterness, however transient, however repented of, shall also appear.

Under all these circumstances the critical world will, we think, be well disposed to see the issue of ante-nuptial love novels called in. There is not only a vast surplus, but much of it is counterfeit. It may be that this is a cynical age—that we repress enthusiasm and chill sentiment. But marriage in particular, as the very foundation of society, is too precious an institution to be entrusted to the high priests of sentimentality to regulate. The golden film through which youthful affection is presented is too quickly tarnished. And, even if it is all right as regards the sentiment, there is some egotism, after all, in asking that the world shall hang breathless on the dénouement of what may be really a very tame love affair. We shall not counsel the novelist of the future to exclude “love, love, beautiful love,” from his plot. Love must insinuate itself somewhere. Still, the age demands strong meat, and imperatively demands that, if lovers are still to have the first place, they must be lovers of exceptionally interesting character or destiny. Mere vows and tears and quarrels and palinodes will not answer. There must be a “raison d'être” for the lover and the room he takes up, as well as for every character in the cast.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: FRANK L. STANTON

BY F. M. HOPKINS

Perhaps no living American poet is more widely known on this side of the Atlantic than Mr. Frank L. Stanton, of Atlanta, Ga. The lines of none of our verse writers have been more persistently reprinted by the daily and weekly press. While the general newspaper editor is a good judge of what is popular, he cares much less for literary qualities, especially in poetry. This has been particularly true in Mr. Stanton's case, and has unintentionally worked no small injustice. His lighter and more catchy verse has been given the widest circulation, while some of his poems of real beauty are almost unknown.

Mr. Stanton is a versatile singer. Aside from his lighter verse, which needs no comment here, he has written songs and lyrics of unsurpassed beauty and melody. Sometimes his inspiration comes from nature, sometimes from child life, sometimes from a great moral truth. He is always, however, the poet of hope and good cheer. It is no exaggeration to say that he has never written a despairing or pessimistic line. While his best songs and lyrics show an unusual mastery of rhythm, rhyme and form they are the product of a true and natural singer. As Mr. Joel Chandler Harris says, there is not an "artificial note" to be found in them. "Sincerity and simplicity prevail throughout. Surely there is a touch of originality in the fact that the poet, with such remarkable facility for rhyme and metre and in the outward forms of his art, should cling so persistently to what is simple and true."

All of the selections printed here, except the last two, are taken from the second edition of *Songs of a Day*, published by D. Appleton & Co., in 1893. Memories of Him first appeared in the Boston Journal, and What the Wood Fire Said to the Little Boy, in the Atlanta Constitution. Neither has been published in book form.

SAINT MICHAEL'S BELLS.

I wonder if the bells ring now, as in the days of old,
From the solemn star-crowned tower with the glittering
cross of gold;
The tower that overlooks the sea whose shining bosom
swells
To the ringing and the singing of sweet Saint Michael's
bells?

I have heard them in the morning when the mists gloomed
cold and grey
O'er the distant walls of Sumter looking seaward from the
bay,
And at twilight I have listened to the musical farewells
That came flying, sighing, dying from sweet Saint Mi-
chael's bells.

Great joy it was to hear them, for they sang sweet songs
to me
Where the sheltered ships rocked gently in the haven—
safe from sea,
And the captains and the sailors heard no more the ocean's
knells,
But thanked God for home and loved ones and sweet Saint
Michael's bells.

They seemed to wait a welcome across the ocean's foam
To all the lost and lonely: "Come home—come home—
come home!
Come home, where skies are brighter—where love still
yearning dwells!"
So sang the bells in music—the sweet Saint Michael's
bells!

They are ringing now as ever. But I know that not for
me
Shall the bells of sweet St. Michael's ring welcome o'er
the sea;
I have knelt within their shadow, where my heart still
dreams and dwells,
But I'll hear no more the music of sweet Saint Michael's
bells.

O ring, sweet bells, forever, an echo in my breast
Soft as a mother's voice that lulls a loved one into rest!
Ring welcome to the hearts at home—to me your sad fare-
wells
When I sleep the last sleep, dreaming of sweet Saint
Michael's bells!

SUMMER-TIME IN GEORGIA.

O summer-time in Georgy, I love to sing your praise,
When the green is on the melon an' the sun is on the
blaze;
When the birds are pantin', chanțin', an' jes' rантin' round
the rills
With the juice of ripe blackberries jes' a-drippin' from
their bills!

O summer-time in Georgy, when through leaves of green
an' brown
The bright and violet-scented dews jes' rain their richness
down
On the cool an' clingin' grasses where the fickle sunbeam
slips,
An' the famished lily puckers up its white resplendent lips!

O summer-time in Georgy, with the glory in the dells,
Where the rare an' rainy incense from the fresh'nin'
shower swells,
An' o'er the bars to twinklin' stars float twilight's sad fare-
wells
In the lowin' of the cattle an' the tinklin' o' the bells!

O summer-time in Georgy, when 'neath the listenin' vine,
Where the purple mornin' glory an' the honey-suckle
twine
The whippoorwills were singin' their notes o' love and
bliss,
An' to my lips were clingin' the lips I used to kiss.

Stay, like a dream eternal, while dearest dreams depart,
An' rain your honey sweetness in showers round my heart.
Pshaw! I'm gettin' so pathetic my eyes can hardly see:
O summer-time in Georgy! You're the best o' times to
me.

THE LAST INN.

This is the inn that I
Have dreamed of all my days;
I enter—close the door—good-by!
And the world may go its ways.
The soft, cool shadows round me creep;
I lay me down to rest—to sleep.

There is no reckoning here:
Not any noise or strife;
Nor shall one murmur at the fare
When Death is host to Life.
Clean bed and board for ye that come,
But sightless eyes and lips made dumb.

Cold ice at head and feet,
But flowers of colors grand
To make the air above you sweet
And paint the roof of sand.
What more? And when the keen winds blow,
Sweet dreams in daisies 'neath the snow.

Good-night, friends, and farewell!
Our lives must parted be.
Grieve not that I with Death must dwell,
For Death is kind to me.
Tired, I lay me down to rest,
A child lulled on a mother's breast.

A LOVE SONG.

Sweetheart, there is no splendor
In all God's splendid skies
Bright as the love-light tender
That dwells in your dear eyes!

Sweetheart, there are no blisses
Like those thy lips distill,
Of all the world's sweet kisses
Thy kiss is sweetest still!

Sweetheart, no white dove flying
Had e'er as soft a breast
As this sweet hand that's lying
Clasped in my own—at rest.

Sweetheart, there is no glory
That clusters 'round my life
Bright as this bright, sweet story:
"My sweetheart and my wife."

WHAT THE WOOD FIRE SAID TO THE LITTLE BOY.

What said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said: "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree!
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast.

"From the blossomy dells
Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their clanking bells
And nestled under my shadows sweet,
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat,
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet!

"And the wild wind's caresses
Oft ruffled my tresses
But, sometimes, as soft as a mother's lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid:
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the nests that their mothers had made.

"And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places,
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses, the little ones played
And the sunshine in showers
Through all the bright hours
Bound their flowery ringlets with silvery braid.

"And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze,
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas;
But they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest
While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my knees.

"But how soon," said the wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
For the forester came with his axe gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might.
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me;
For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night?"

So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

A LITTLE WAY.

A little way to walk with you, my own—
Only a little way,
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With your heart far from mine,
Twould be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine!

MEMORIES OF HIM.

There are such memories of him
About the place, my eyes grow dim
With sudden tears whene'er I see
The mischief that he made for me—
The band torn from my newest hat,
And leaves from Shakespeare on the mat.

Such memories of him abound!
With tears and smiles I glance around
The littered room, strewn with his toys,
But no more echoing with the noise
Of his dear feet. Where was the art
Wherewith he climbed straight to my heart?

His mother's sweet geraniums tossed
And tumbled, all their beauty lost,
And here an album out of place,
And there a sadly broken vase,
And there the sorrowing sunlight shines
Through tousled morning-glory vines.

Would he were here, with his sweet looks!
He might have all my dearest books
To tear in tatters—Shakespeare, all,
For just his lightest footstep's fall;
For what is Shakespeare to the kiss
And clinging of the one I miss?

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

W. D. Howells at Home

The New York Times prints the following interview with the novelist, W. D. Howells:

William Dean Howells lives on West Fifty-ninth street, in an apartment facing and overlooking Central Park. An impression that Mr. Howells leaves with one, we have found recently, is that he does not in the least meet the traditional conception of the man of letters. This may be due to a popular misconception of what a real author should look like, or to the fact that authorship, as everything else, has become a business, and that the successful writer is merely a successful man of affairs who studies literary "markets" and "demands," and sets himself to work to supply them. Be this as it may, the only immemorial signs of authorship that are visible in Mr. Howells' personal appearance are a tendency of the thin hair to fall over the brow and the studious inclination of the head. Surely a naturalistic writer need not be otherwise than natural; and it has been demonstrated by many "modern instances" that long hair and eccentricity cannot make genius or even a good minor poet.

The workshop is also businesslike, and fitted up for earnest tasks, not for brooding. Does it look out upon that charming corner of the park? No! The view might prove too alluring; and then the whir of traffic is distractingly noisy. The study is in the rear of the apartment, opening upon a noiseless court, and in clear days is flooded by sunlight in the morning hours, when the author does most of his writing. His working library, consisting of three modest cases, is drawn close about him, with the volumes he most cherishes within easy reach of his hand, and at one side stands that most unideal of devices for putting into words the figments of the brain—a typewriter. Mr. Howells explains that the bulk of his library has not been taken out of storage, as it is so much trouble to move books from house to house; and he feels constrained to offer a timid apology for the presence of the writing machine.

"I find," said he, "that I can get along quite nicely with a few cases of books. I have selected all that I absolutely need, the volumes that I want to read over and over again, and the works that I most frequently consult, and have found that three cases can hold them. They are my necessary tools."

"I may as well confess that I use the typewriter," he continued. "Nearly every one who sees it in my study asks, with ill-concealed skepticism, if I can compose on it. I can. It is my friend, and it would be my dearest friend if it would only write in sight. I want to see the last word written. If I can't see that, it is of no use to see anything else. All my difficult work is therefore done with the pencil or pen. When I come to a place where it is easy sailing, I turn to the typewriter and dash away with a good sense of dispatch and bodily comfort."

In response to an inquiry as to his method of writing, Mr. Howells said: "I don't believe in inspiration, nor do I wait for the mood. If we are writing as a business, we can't afford to be idle while the mood delays its coming; and, if we did

wait, the mood might come at a time when we could not write. I find it a perfectly practicable thing to sit down at my desk and go to work as regularly as if I were in a mercantile or banking office. More, I think, can be accomplished in this way than is possible by sporadic effort. I believe in the inspiration of hard work. If the thing is in you, you can work it out by patient and methodical application."

"Is the result as good? Why, yes. I should say it is generally better. It is certainly more even, and has a higher general level. As for occasional soarings, the muse may come just as often, probably more often, to the man who is toiling always than to him who dreams and waits to be aroused. My plan is to choose my topics, select the characters I want for the story, choose my locality and time, and then go to work, and do the best I can. I was once so far the victim of the mood habit that, like most writers, I thought I could compose best at night. This habit I had acquired in my newspaper experience, and it stuck to me. When I went to Venice as consul, however, I found that I had more leisure in the mornings, and so I gradually got to doing my literary work in the early part of the day. I was somewhat astonished to find that the quality of my work was fully as good as any I had been able to do at night. Since then I have given up the mornings to my regular tasks. In the afternoon I do a little, and now and then some work at night."

"Do you find that the work that has cost you most is the best?"

"Not always. This may not seem to fit altogether my theory of the inspiration of hard work, but it is true that what seems to have required little effort is frequently better than that which demanded a great deal. I believe, however, that good, conscientious work costs more, and is, in the main, the best, as it should be."

"I think," said Mr. Howells, in answer to a question as to how far an author's estimate of his own work coincides with that of the public, "that, as a rule, public opinion agrees with the author upon the merit of his work. There are, of course, many notable exceptions, which every one can recall. In my own experience I have found that the comparative estimate I had set upon my work has been confirmed by my readers. Sometimes we like certain of our own books overmuch, but our real judgments are rarely far astray. I am too fond, perhaps, of *A Modern Instance*, but I do not consider it my best book. I took great pleasure in writing it, and it aroused a sharp interest that was stimulating. The book I consider as probably my best has also been the most popular one—*A Hazard of New Fortunes*. I strove hard over that story, and felt that I was doing as good work as I was capable of, but the public received it when it was coming out as a serial with quiet indifference. When it appeared in book form, I felt that it would fall still-born, but it soon became popular, and twice as many copies of it have been sold as of any one of my other novels."

"Do you work out your stories completely before beginning to write them?"

"Not unless the story is a very short one. I generally content myself with choosing the phase of life or the subject that I wish to illustrate, select the scene where the plot is to be developed, sketch out in mind the principal characters, and then plunge into the work. Most books write themselves when you are once fairly started, and I trust to the plot unfolding itself as there may be need. With the portraiture of character it is quite otherwise, and a good deal of reflection is necessary, or at least advisable. Novel-writing now is an entirely different thing from what it was even a few years ago. It is no longer a story that we want to read, but a strong and suggestive delineation of character or a portrayal of life. Look at the books that have succeeded best in recent years—*Tess*, *The Christian*, Barrie's delicious works, the stories of Zola, Anna Karenina, and all of the creations of the titanic mind of Tolstoi. They are not novels according to the old traditions. They vividly portray a certain kind of life, or sketch in enduring lineaments the picture of certain types. The modern reader no longer looks at the end of a book to see if 'they live happily forever.' We read novels now for the matter in them, and, since we do not care so much for the story, we can read them twice and thrice if they are worthy, just as we do books on history or philosophy.

"America is rich in material which needs only skilled workmen. It is admitted that our genius for short story-telling is equal to that of the French, who were long supposed to be the best writers of the 'conte.' We have done some work that will bear comparison with that of Daudet, Coppée, or De Maupassant. I do not know if there will be a well-defined school of American writers. There is room for a number of such schools. Our country is so extensive and our national life so diverse that the writers of each section could form a school for the portrayal of its characteristic social traits. The field is already occupied by a large number of meritorious workers. It might seem invidious to single out one or two, but I may mention such writers as Fuller, who wrote *The Cliff Dwellers*; Owen Wister, who is doing excellent work in the West; Cahan, who has written so instructively and appreciatively of the east-side life in this city, and Allen, Fox, Page, and Harris, who are utilizing some of the exhaustless treasures of the Southern field. Many will follow, and I see no reason for doubting that in fiction America will have as rich a literature as any country in the world.

"I shall add another novel to my list next year. It will be published in serial form, and I am now engaged on it. This method of publication makes a writer seem much more prolific than he is. However, a friend who made a bibliography of me last year counted up as many as seventy-two titles."

Grant Allen

A writer in London *Tit-Bits*
gives this sketch of Mr. Grant

Allen, the distinguished novelist and scientist:

It is not at all a rare occurrence to find men, working hard at other pursuits, who resort to scientific study as a recreation, but, if the writer is not mistaken, Mr. Grant Allen would have no objection to being described as a scientist first, and a novelist

ist afterwards. Yet, one may safely add that Mr. Grant Allen fully maintains the place which he has so rapidly secured in the front rank of authorship, and although it is true that his writings cover an exceptionally wide area, his work always bears the hall-mark of sterling ability, whilst he is foremost among those writers who have done so much to entertain—and educate the taste of—the great reading public, during the past dozen years.

Readers of *Tit-Bits* will not have forgotten that the subject of this sketch was the winner of the £1,000 prize story, entitled *What's Bred in the Bone*, whilst his series of articles, *Glimpses of Nature*, now running through *The Strand Magazine*, are exciting widespread attention, and are the better appreciated in that scientific accuracy is not sacrificed, although the subjects are treated in that imaginative and luminous method which is characteristic of all Mr. Grant Allen's work.

Notwithstanding the well-merited popularity of his books and short stories, there are few writers of whom less is known personally. His home is at Hindhead, Haslemere, and not only is Mr. Grant Allen somewhat averse to the "interviewer" and his ways, but has a horror of "society"—popularly so-called—his visits to town being brief and infrequent. Mr. Grant Allen is barely fifty years of age, but the already silvered hair would give one the impression of greater age were it not that the virility of the strong face, and the attitude towards life which is revealed to you in conversation, are that of youthfulness in the flattering sense of the word. Born in Canada, and educated in the States, and afterwards in France and at Birmingham, Mr. Grant Allen went up to Oxford before he was twenty, and, after taking a good degree, he left college in 1870 to take up a position as schoolmaster. The teaching of Greek and Latin verse at various schools proved however, anything but congenial to the soul of the man who was burning to pursue his researches in natural history and philosophy, but it happened that three years after leaving Oxford, the young schoolmaster had the good fortune to be sent out in charge of a new Government College at Spanish Town, Jamaica. How this indirectly led to the first putting of "pen to paper"—though fiction was a later development—can best be described in Mr. Grant Allen's own words:

"I had always been psychological, and in the space and leisure of the lazy tropics I began to ex-cogitate by slow degrees various expansive works on the science of mind, the greater number of which still remain unwritten! Returning to England in '76 I found myself 'out of work,' and so committed to paper some of my views on the origin of the higher pleasure we derive from natural or artistic products; and I called my book *Physiological Ästhetics*. It was not my very first attempt at literature; already I had produced about a hundred or more magazine articles on various philosophical and scientific subjects, every one of which I sent to the editors of leading reviews, and every one of which was punctually 'declined with thanks,' or committed, without even that polite formality, to the editorial waste-paper basket. Nothing daunted by failure, however, I wrote on and on, and made

up my mind, in my interval of forced idleness, to print a book of my own at all hazards."

The "hazards" in this case amounted to the author being called upon to pay down about a hundred guineas before publication, but, according to Mr. Grant Allen's account of it, "I paid it without a murmur and got my money's worth. The book appeared in a stately green cover, and looked very philosophical, and learned, and psychological." The loss on this little venture was not very great, so that it almost amounted to encouragement. It certainly brought the writer a great many friends, for Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and others "tried the book—and liked it." "Not only did it bring me into immediate contact with several among the leaders of thought in London, but it also made my name known in a very modest way, and induced editors to give a second glance at my unfortunate manuscripts."

Two articles were accepted for the *Cornhill*. Carving a Cocoanut was the first, and it brought in the sum of twelve guineas. That was the very first money earned by literary work, but other magazine articles followed in due course. Another scientific work on Color Sense was then published, of which book Mr. Grant Allen once said that it brought him, during the course of ten years, about £25 or £30, and satirically added: "As it only took me eighteen months to write, and involved little more than five or six thousand references, this result may be regarded as very fair pay for an educated man's time and labor. I have sometimes been reproached by thoughtless critics for deserting the noble pursuit of science in favor of fiction and filthy lucre. If those critics think twenty pounds a year a sufficient income for a scientific writer to support himself and a growing family upon—well, they are perfectly at liberty to devote their own pens to the instruction of their kind, without the slightest remonstrance or interference on my part!"

The incident which marked the cleavage between the scientific writings and the writing of fiction was marked by one of those strange coincidences which sometimes occur, and which should be mentioned here.

Mr. Grant Allen thought it advisable to publish his short stories over the pseudonym of J. Arbuthnot Wilson, so that the mere fictionist should not be confounded with Grant Allen the scientist, and one of these short stories attracted the attention of Mr. James Payn, who had just succeeded to the editorship of *Cornhill*, to which Mr. Grant Allen had been contributing a series of science articles under the previous editorship. By the same post came two letters from Mr. Payn, one addressed to "Wilson," the other to "Grant Allen," asking the latter to discontinue the scientific writings, and asking the former to send in a story after the manner of the tale which had attracted editorial attention! It thus came to pass that the pseudonym was abandoned, and the scientist was merged into the writer of fiction.

Soon after, in 1884, came the publication of Mr. Grant Allen's first novel, *Philistia*. It proved a considerable success, and Mr. Grant Allen has written and published a great number of books—some scientific, but mostly fiction—since that date. In

the course of the chat which the writer had with him in regard to the taste of the novel-reading public and other points, Mr. Grant Allen said:

"Yes, on the one hand we have the purely literary novel, written by men like Meredith and Hardy, and which is, I think, the highest type of novel yet written. It is psychological and analytical, and deals very much with real life. It is the highest and truest form of realism. Novels of that kind have now a much larger public than they could ever have had before. Then, on the other hand, there is a novel of a quite opposite tendency. The vast public which has been educated during the last thirty years by school boards and secondary schools is beginning to demand a type of novel which goes back essentially to the age of *Gil Blas*—novels of episode and incident, and the public that reads them cares very little for character-studies and very little for probability. What it wants is plenty of movement, a string of adventures, essentially like the novel of the seventeenth century. From that type in its earlier form sprang the higher novels of to-day. I think there is bound to be a certain amount of improbability with the adventurous novel. For example, people would not have liked *Sherlock Holmes* if he had been baffled, say, two out of three times, which would probably have been the case in real life. . . .

"My advice to the young writer," Mr. Grant Allen exclaimed, "remains the same. I should still say, 'brain for brain, in no market can you sell your abilities to such poor advantage. Don't take to literature if you have capital enough to buy a good broom and energy enough to annex a vacant crossing.' But, then, it must be remembered that my word of advice applies to literature as a profession and not to journalism, wherein young men can earn and are earning very good incomes. Good incomes in literature are the rare exceptions, and even in those exceptional cases the result is trifling compared to the result of the same energy applied in any other profession or trade, and is never commensurate with the time, labor and education, to say nothing of ability, employed."

"Birch Arnold"

In a letter to *Current Literature*, the subject of the following sketch, whose verses, reproduced in these pages from time to time, have attracted deservedly favorable notice, writes thus of her work: "My literary work has always been badly handicapped by illness, and many of my poems have been written in bed with a portfolio held against the breast for a writing desk. My last novel, *A New Aristocracy*, was written among the pillows in a lonely farmhouse." In the *Banner of Gold* Mate Palmer has this to say of "Birch Arnold":

"Birch Arnold" is only a nom-de-plume, but it has become so well known that one almost forgets it is not the real name of the brilliant writer who has made it famous. Throughout the weary years of retirement enforced by ill health her work was characterized by a forcefulness and vigor which gave little indication of the suffering she endured. But there was also an earnestness of purpose, a genuine sympathy that made it seem as if she had used her own trials as suggestions of helpfulness to others.

Portraits and biographical sketches of this popular writer have appeared in Poets of America, Women of the Century, and other biographical dictionaries in New York and Cleveland. A native of Wisconsin, but descended from sturdy New England patriots—a great-grandfather having fought in the Revolution, and a grandfather in the War of 1812, with Scott at Lundy's Lane—Birch Arnold, though still in early middle life, has had a long and varied literary experience. She began writing when quite young, most of her early productions being in the line of verse, her first published poems and sketches appearing in the Toledo Blade more than twenty years ago. Since that time she has been a regular contributor to the Chicago Herald, Chicago Chronicle, Chicago Graphic, Current Literary Life, Congregationalist, Golden Rule, Woman's Home Journal, and various other papers and magazines.

Her first important prose work was a novel entitled *Until the Day Break*, a story of American life and society, which was published in 1877. It had a wide sale and will remain a favorite on account of the faithful delineations of character. It is a love story of intense and absorbing interest dealing with real persons in a realistic manner and portraying the strength as well as the weakness of our social fabric. This was followed a few years later by *A New Aristocracy*, a book which achieved an instantaneous success, the first edition having been exhausted in less than a month from the date of issue, while advance orders of 500 copies awaited the publication of the second edition—a warm welcome for a new book; but the permanence of its popularity is evidenced by a continued demand, which has resulted in a third edition issued recently by F. T. Neely, of New York. This book has been reviewed in England, Australia, Germany, Denmark and Japan, and is now being translated into Danish.

"Birch Arnold" lives in Detroit, where she is a favorite in society, and a leader and organizer in club life. She is vice-president and director of the Science and Literary Department of the Marcella Club—a literary and philanthropic organization, and she also possesses a decided talent for public speaking. But notwithstanding her social and literary prominence this busy worker is a most unpretending and unassuming little woman and a devoted mother, who finds her highest enjoyment in the guidance of the two beloved children who are being educated according to their respective talents.

Paul, Leicester Ford

Brooklyn Life gives the following information concerning the author of that popular book, *The Honorable Peter Sterling*:

Paul Leicester Ford, was born in Brooklyn in 1865, and is a son of Gordon L. Ford, for many years publisher of the New York Tribune, and of Emily Ellsworth Fowler Ford, a descendant of President Chauncey, of Harvard, and herself a writer. Ill-health in his childhood prevented him from receiving any regular education, but from a large amateur printing outfit he taught himself the elements of knowledge, and this was added to by much time and work in his father's library—one of the largest and most valuable private

collections of books and autographs in this country. Even more educational to him in a literary sense was the social circle of his parents, which included many of the leading writers and thinkers of their generation. Yet another form of cultivation was gained by travel; and he has not only spent much time in the chief libraries of both America and Europe, pursuing his special studies, but has traveled for pleasure through the Southwest, Newfoundland, the West Indies, South America and most of Europe. In 1876 he partly set up a revised edition of Noah Webster's Genealogy, and his name appeared on the title page as the editor. Since that time he has edited many books and pamphlets, chiefly relating to American history and bibliography, the most important of which are elaborate editions of the Writings of Thomas Jefferson and the Writings of John Dickinson, still in course of publication, and to be completed in ten and three volumes, respectively. In 1894 he published *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, a book designed to set forth a theory of politics derived from the author's active political work in his own ward, and which is now in its sixteenth edition. His more recent fiction comprises a short story of adventure, called *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, written originally to amuse some friends with whom he was traveling, but which subsequently appeared in Lippincott's Magazine, and a new novel entitled *The Story of an Untold Love*, which ran serially in the Atlantic in 1897, and was then published in book form. Another work is entitled *The True George Washington*, and is a careful investigation of the human or private side of the great American, written in a popular manner. He is also the author of the comedy, *Honors Are Easy*, which was staged by Charles Frohman, and had a week's run in Brooklyn a year ago last autumn.

Ambrose Bierce

Writing to Current Literature about Ambrose Bierce, Elizabeth A. Vore says:

Ambrose Bierce lives at Los Gatos, a pleasant little town in Northern California, near San Francisco. He is about as little like the idea one gains of him from reading his stories and his famous Prattle in the San Francisco Examiner as one can imagine. It will always be an enigma to the majority of people how a man so thoroughly kindly, generous and even gentle—for he is singularly so, as those who know him best can vouch for—can hold his victims upon the point of his pen and dissect them in broad daylight for the enjoyment of the public. How the writer can be so cold-blooded and the man so warm-hearted and generous must, with many, remain an unsolvable problem. Mr. Bierce is a student of human nature, and having the ability to write nearly anything under the sun, he chose the style that would be most successful, knowing full well that the majority of people are delighted to see their neighbors squirm so long as their own individual corns are not trodden upon. His scathing sarcasm and satirical humor are too well known to need comment, and it is difficult to realize that they are simply "style" and not in the least malicious. Everybody knows his dislike for conventional society, which is illustrated by the following incident: A

friend mentioned being society editor on a journal in a Southern California town: "Have you really society down there?" asked Mr. Bierce. "That is good news, for I have friends there, and it is pleasant to know that their environment is less primitive and savage than it would be without the five o'clock tea. God save the town without that elevating function!" Was he in fun? Of course, he was in fun—fun as honest as the sunshine. Clever, too, for he gave a good-natured dig at Southern California, a thing a North California man can never resist, and at the same time had his joke at the expense of one of society's pet customs. Mr. Bierce's most famous works are *Black Beetles in Amber*, and *Soldiers and Civilians*. He is undoubtedly the most brilliant literary genius in the State of California—probably upon the Pacific Coast.

London's Omar Khayyám Club Readers of the editorial on The Omar Khayyám Cult in Current Literature's April issue, as well as other admirers of the Persian poet-philosopher, should be interested in the following account by Clement King Shorter, in Great Thoughts, of the origin of this one of London's most famous literary clubs:

In its origin the Omar Khayyám Club was unpretentious enough. Three friends of many years standing, two of them lawyers, the third a journalist, wanted an excuse for dining together now and again, and a common interest in Fitz-Gerald's translation, or paraphrase, of Omar Khayyám seemed to offer that excuse. Why not discuss Omar over the red wine that he loved?

Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday;
What matter for them if To-day be sweet?

In any case, the Omar Khayyám Club came into being on the 14th of October, 1892, when Mr. George Whale, of Woolwich, Mr. Frederic Hudson and the present writer, with some three or four others—one of whom was Mr. Arthur Hacker, the distinguished artist—invited between us about a dozen of our friends well-known for their interest in the astronomer-poet of Persia, to dine at Pagan's restaurant in Great Portland street. Mr. Whale was voted to the chair, and after we had dined we all talked a great deal. Mr. William Simpson, for example, the special artist of the Illustrated London News, told of his visit to Omar's tomb at Naishapur, and that he had brought rose-pips from that sanctuary, which he had handed over to Mr. Thistleton Dyer at Kew Gardens, and that Mr. Dyer had cultivated them in some measure ever since. Then Mr. William Watson made a speech concluding with a couple of quatrains:

And with his praises while this roof doth ring,
Another scarce less pious wish we bring:
Long may the pictured page of London be
Ruled by the sceptre of our Clement King.

Long live the lyrst of the four-line lay!
Fitz-Gerald and McCarthy, long live they!
Long let their memory with the Master's twined,
Be verdant with the shadow of his bay!

Well, we decided to dine again three months later, and we there and then elected Mr. Justin

Hunty McCarthy, in honor of his version of Omar, as our first president, while Mr. Frederic Hudson—one of the three founders of the club—was elected secretary—an office which he has held ever since with infinite advantage to the club; and, indeed, I must say here that the club has been brought to its present importance mainly by Mr. Hudson's untiring exertions. One rule of the club has been that its membership should not exceed fifty-nine, a number hit upon because Fitz-Gerald first published his poem in the year 1859. Quite unexpected were the applications for membership, and the thing "caught on." One friend of much eminence in prose broke into verse for the occasion because he had not been invited to our first gathering:

I hold it truth with them who sling
Eternal ink in divers prints,
That wasted are the hardest hints
On him whom bards call Clement King.

I care not for the Pagan feast
For those who eat Italian meats
And listen to the vain conceits
Of rhymes which ape the Wizard East.

But give me Omar at a board
Where Hudson, Shorter, Whale are wits,
And with those great Triumvirs sits
The scribe who strikes this friendly chord.

Needless to say we elected the bard on the spot. We further elected Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Max Pemberton, and Mr. Henry Norman. Mr. Arthur Hacker drew the first menu card, and brother artists whom he introduced to the club—Mr. Solomon J. Solomon and Mr. Shannon—afterwards gave us menus. Under Mr. McCarthy's presidency the club flourished, as it suffered no decline under those of Mr. George Whale, Mr. Edward Clodd, and the present writer. Perhaps the most significant gathering was that held at Burford Bridge Hotel, a few yards from Mr. George Meredith's residence. Mr. Edward Clodd was the president who engineered this entertainment, and he was rewarded by seeing Mr. Meredith on his right and Mr. Thomas Hardy on his left at the dinner, both the great novelists making excellent speeches. The other great or rather superlative function of the club was the visit to Woodbridge to plant a rose-tree upon Fitz-Gerald's grave—a rose from Omar's tomb grafted upon an English stem, or, as Mr. Gosse poetically put it:

Reign here, triumphant Rose from Omar's grave,
Borne by a fakir o'er the Persian wave;
Reign with fresh pride since here a heart is sleeping
That double glory to your Master gave.

Hither let many a pilgrim step be bent
To greet the rose re-risen in banishment;
Here richer crimson may its cup be keeping
Than brimmed it ere from Naishapur it went.

The club, from an unpretentious gathering of a few friends with a taste for literature, has become a meeting place for all the most distinguished men of letters of the day. Mr. Edmund Gosse is the president of the present year, and Mr. Henry Norman the vice-president.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Paris. By M. Zola. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 volumes; \$2.00.

Zola's New Novel

"The publication of M. Zola's Paris, completing the trilogy of *Les Trois Villes*, is not only an event in the literary sense," says *The Dial*, "but derives much adventitious importance from the author's recent championship of a cause unpopular with his fellow-countrymen. However his part in that unfortunate affair may have aroused the animosity of social and official France, there is no doubt that it has compelled the admiration of the disinterested public outside, and that he has won for himself a new and enthusiastic following among lovers of justice and fair play everywhere, whether given to the reading of books or not. If not, many of them will make an exception in favor of a novel published at just this time by M. Zola, and the fortunes of the book are assured, as far as the general European and American public is concerned. Report comes from Paris that the hatred of this writer is so widespread as to lessen the probable sale of the new novel. But we doubt if human nature in Paris is so unlike what it is elsewhere as to have this effect. Even those who dislike the author the most will have a natural curiosity to become acquainted with his final deliberate verdict upon the civilization which he has so taken to task in his defense of Captain Dreyfus. That verdict is embodied in the earnest and passionate pages of Paris, and must be reckoned with as the pronouncement of one of the most acute and vigorous intellects of the time. It is a many-hued picture with which the book presents us, a canvas with strong effects of chiaroscuro and lurid coloring, with startling contrasts between the base and the heroic, between social shams and social realities, between the heartless indifference of the wealthy and the desperate frenzy of the proletariat. There is much bitterness of feeling in the criticism of the existing order, and a note of fine indignation rings through the whole work. Yet the purport is not pessimism, although many will no doubt dismiss the book with that easy epithet; it is rather the impatient and passionate idealism of the clear-sighted philosophical observer, who says to society 'Thou ailest here and here,' and does not shrink from laying bare the plague-spots of the present, knowing that by such service the permanent interests of society are best to be furthered. No; M. Zola is as distinctly an idealist as is Dr. Ibsen; to charge such men with pessimism is to display ignorance of the very meaning of that term. We wish it might be said that the art of M. Zola was commensurate with his idealism. But the fact is indisputable that most of the literary graces are denied him; there is in the best of his work little animation or brilliancy, little of the lightness of touch to which art owes most of its effects, little of the calm that is so much more persuasive than the most turbulent display of emotion. Paris is not as dull as Lourdes, or even as Rome, but it is nevertheless dull, except in episodes, and much conscientiousness is needed to read it without omission. The intellectual evolution of the Abbé Froment is the

thread which unites the three sections of the trilogy, and in the end we leave him, ennobled and strengthened by much suffering, brought to full acknowledgment of the claims of the intellect, and prepared to substitute a rational theory of conduct for the incoherent fabric, now hopelessly shattered, of his long-cherished illusions. The introduction of his brother Guillaume, a chemist who has invented a new explosive of extraordinary power, makes it possible for the author to give to anarchism of the bomb-throwing type a conspicuous place in this Paris section of the work, and the destruction, planned but not executed, of a great basilica, is one of the most exciting episodes to which our attention is directed. In this book we doubtless have the final word of M. Zola's philosophy and of M. Zola's art. And the fundamental questions raised by his total activity are these two:

"Is the philosophy that toward which the currents of enlightened thought are irresistibly flowing? Is the art of such a nature that to the future observer, looking back upon our epoch, the books that bear the name of Zola will appear as the books of Balzac now appear to us, as the lasting embodiment of the life and thought of their age? To the first question we may, with some degree of confidence, make an affirmative answer, but to the second the reply must be in the negative. The future historian of literature will not be able to neglect the immense work of M. Zola, but will be constrained to deal with it as we now deal with the work of Voltaire. In other words, it will be dealt with not as a permanent possession of literary art, but as a literary force for the most part spent in the period that was responsible for its generation."

France. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. Two volumes. Volume I.—Introduction. Book I.—The Revolution and Modern France. Book II.—The Constitution and the Chief of the State. Volume II. Book III.—The Parliamentary System. Book IV.—Political Parties. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

Mr. Bodley's France

"Many Englishmen from the time of Arthur Young to that of Mr. Hamerton have studied the institutions, the political and social life of France," says the London Times, "but none with more care and industry than Mr. Bodley in this work. It embodies years of uninterrupted labor, the results of converse with men of all parties and ranks, residence in many parts of that country, including provincial France, wide reading, and, we do not doubt, a resolution to seek and speak the truth in matters as to which impartiality does not come without effort. No one can read a chapter of Mr. Bodley's volumes without recognizing the solidity of the workmanship and the pains taken to be accurate in things small and great. He has received from many distinguished Frenchmen much aid in his researches, and we can detect more than once the influence of his friends, M. Taine and the modern Montalembert, M. de Mun. The result is a work instructive to those who agree with Mr. Bodley and to those who do not—a work to be consulted by all who would

understand the forces and movements in French life. Though not containing a reference to the Dreyfus trial or the agitation now going on, the book throws dry light, and much of it, on the present situation.

"We shall not be misunderstood if we mention as a little curious and unexpected that one who is saturated with French literature has not caught all of its most pleasing traits. Here and there the style is a trifle pompous and ponderous, and the author's phrases have too much drapery and ruffles. He makes a visit; it is a 'memorable sojourn.' His book is a 'treatise.' More than one excellent epigram is to be met with; but we miss the luminous, living phrase which tells all, and tells it briefly. There are elegant passages; there is also over-emphasis, the staccato phrase of the pamphleteer rather than the natural tone of the tranquil historian. We might also hint that occasionally there is an air of dogmatism pardonable only if Mr. Bodley had discovered modern France. These defects, which lie on the surface, do not lessen appreciably the value of a work which is the worthy outcome of well-spent years and which will take rank with Mr. Bryce's *America* and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's *Russia*, among the few books which enable nations to understand nations.

"A note of despondency which is almost despair is sounded in many chapters, and is repeated in the last sentence of the first volume, which sums up many gloomy reflections. 'Signs are not wanting that the French nation may need as strong a hand to guide it out of the nineteenth century as that of the First Consul which brought it thither.' Two contrasts recur again and again in these pages—the splendid administrative system which Napoleon created and the ignoble failure of parliamentary government; the grand fabric which Napoleon reared and the incapacity of the French to use parliamentary institutions. If one proposition more than another is enforced in the first volume, it is that, though tried under favoring circumstances, 'the parliamentary system has emerged irretrievably discredited,' and that the Third Republic has revealed the incompatibility of representative institutions with 'a centralized administration constructed to be manipulated by one strong hand.'

"Nowhere is Mr. Bodley more impressive than in describing certain classes of Frenchmen who, with the words 'liberty, equality, and fraternity' always on their lips, practice intolerance toward their countrymen.

"The second volume deals somewhat discursively but always intelligently with the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies, the electoral and parliamentary systems, and the various political parties. All of the essays—for some of the chapters are unconnected—are instructive as the conclusions of a careful observer placed in a good position to observe the working of the government. Many of them are lighted up by interesting personal sketches and episodes.

"It does not affect our recognition of the value of Mr. Bodley's work to observe that, as a philosophic study of French society since the Revolution, it has three not unimportant defects. Silence is preserved, little interest appears to exist, in re-

gard to the economical causes which lie at the roots of many of the questions he elucidates. For anything that he tells us, Frenchmen are wholly outside the range of material facts which shape the destinies of other men. He has little to say of the growth and distribution of wealth and the stagnation of population—matters not to be separated from some problems which he discusses. A second blemish is the assumption that all the faults which he describes are peculiar to French public affairs; half his shots ricochet and strike English or American public life. Perhaps, too, we miss a sense of proportion in the clever criticisms of the present order of things; too much prominence is given to evils which pass, there is too much oblivion of the fact that 'saviours of society' have been tried with doubtful benefit. In spite of these blemishes the work is so instructive, so varied in interest, so full of promise that we shall welcome the study on the French Church which Mr. Bodley proposes to write."

The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.

Mr. Wells' Successful Story

Few novels on either side of the Atlantic are receiving stronger words of praise than this story by Mr. Wells. "When a novelist projects his imagination into the next century," says the New York Tribune, "or combines his observations of life on this planet with speculations on the inhabitants of Mars, the reader feels he must grant his author impossible premises at the start, and 'play' at believing. We speak of the average novelist. When he is a writer who gets as far above the average as Mr. Wells, when he lends to an incredible tale all the weight of a narrative of actual, familiar life, there is no question of stretching credulity. One believes spontaneously and unqualifiedly. At the end one refuses to admit that one has been taken in. On relinquishing *The War of the Worlds* it is not unnatural to feel that if the events described in the book do not some day take place it will be merely a mistake of the forces of nature. Briefly, we may say that the Martians, as Mr. Wells portrays them, are as plausible as the most commonplace types in the latest 'slum' novel. He preserves the illusion by not talking about it. He takes these monstrous beings for granted. Their descent upon this earth is described not only as though it might have happened, as though it had been witnessed by Mr. Wells, but as something which would naturally happen in just the way that he sets forth. The arrival of the first Martians has just such an effect upon the people of London and the surrounding counties as might be expected. 'Suppose you yourself were to be murdered,' says Matthew Arnold, to a portly Englishman, in a famous passage; 'the great mundane movement would still go on, there would still be the same crush at the corner of Fenchurch street, the graveled walks of your villa would still be rolled.' Mr. Wells shows the same understanding of the British nature. He paints the social movement as quite undisturbed by the first massacres accomplished by the Martians, and it is only by the time the operations of those tremendous creatures are in full swing that England wakes

up to a sense of its peril and that mighty panic begins which in this novel is pictured with almost appalling effect. Not one fragment of the story Mr. Wells unfolds shall we remove from his pages. That would be to spoil the pleasure of the reader. For there is a great deal of pleasure to be derived from this book, along with sensations of terror; there is the pleasure of following an author on a marvelous flight of imagination without ever experiencing the faintest lapse from that level of verisimilitude which is his highest aim. Mr. Wells will have to work hard if he is ever to write a better, more impressive book than *The War of the Worlds*."

The Interest of the United States in Sea Power, Present and Future. By Captain A. T. Mahan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo., \$2.00.

"In Captain Mahan's new book," says J. D. Jerrold Kelley, in *The Book Buyer*, "all the characteristics of his earlier works are preserved, and we find the same vividness of narrative, the same telling directness of style, the same orderly array of illustration and that same clearness of vision which has created a new philosophy of history. The eight chapters, or detached papers, were originally published in some one of four American magazines, and on their appearance received a very general public acclaim, which has lucklessly been allowed to expend itself, it would seem, upon their literary side."

"In *The United States Looking Outward* he enters a plea for closer relations with Great Britain. While she is the most formidable of our possible enemies, 'both by her great navy and by the strong position she holds near our coasts, it must be added that a cordial understanding with that country is one of the first of our external interests. Both nations doubtless and properly seek their own advantage; but both also are controlled by a sense of law and justice, drawn from the same sources and deep-rooted in their instincts. Whatever temporary aberration may occur, a return to mutual standards of right will certainly follow. Formal alliance between the two is out of the question, but a cordial recognition of the similarity of character and idea will give birth to sympathy which in turn will facilitate a co-operation beneficial to both; for if sentimentality is weak, sentiment is strong.' These are very timely words just now, when Washington's warning to avoid entangling alliances and in lieu thereof to cultivate international respect and sympathy, are forgotten by many who should know better.

"In each of the other chapters some pregnant truth is taught, and in one notably, *A Twentieth Century Outlook*, the review unites the precision of the scientist to the knowledge of the statesman and of the seaman skilled in his profession. Probabilities are faced, not put aside because they are disagreeable or discouraging, and with a calm serenity of conviction the outcome is stated. Like all sailors and soldiers who know the horrors of war and the real worth of personal military glory, Captain Mahan is arrayed on the side of honorable peace, and sees in naval and military efficiency the highest guarantee of its security. 'Let us worship peace,' he writes, 'as the goal at which humanity

must hope to arrive; but let us not fancy that peace is to be had as a boy wrenches an unripe fruit from a tree. Nor will peace be reached by ignoring the conditions that confront us or by exaggerating the charms of quiet, of prosperity, of ease, and by contrasting these exclusively with the alarms and horrors of war. Merely utilitarian arguments have never convinced nor converted mankind and they never will; for mankind knows that there is something better. Its homage will never be commanded by peace, presented as the tutelary deity of the stock-market."

Emerson and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A Notable Volume of Essays

In this collection of essays Mr. Chapman has written "The most scholarly volume of criticisms—at any rate, of American origin—that we have read for years," says Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard in the *New York Mail and Express*, "and one which exhibits more varieties of appreciation than the best American critics have hitherto shown, more even than Lowell, whose range was wider than most of his countrymen. That Mr. Chapman is more than a specialist is evident from the subjects of these essays of his, only two of which, Emerson and Walt Whitman, really demand an American point of view, a Shakespearean point of view being sufficient for *A Study of Romeo*, the causes of whose ineffectiveness as a stage hero are strikingly manifested in the character of his speeches and the amount of by-play by which the intervals between them have to be filled. A wider range of sympathies and a very different kind of scholarship was necessary for Michael Angelo's Sonnets and *The Fourth Canto of the Inferno*, and other faculties for Robert Browning and Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Chapman says some noble things about Browning, upon the ethical quality of whose verse he dwells too much, we think, but he makes some admissions which will not be acceptable to Browning's out and out admirers, and the justness of which is almost fatal to his claim to be considered among the great English poets. 'His language makes no compromise of any sort. It is not subdued to form. The emphasis demanded by the sense is very often not the emphasis demanded by the meter. He cuts off his words and forces them ruthlessly into lines, as a giant might force his limbs into the armor of a mortal. The joints and members of the speech fall in the wrong places, and have no relation to the joints and members of the meter. . . . Rhyme is generally so used by Browning as not to subserve the true functions of rhyme. It is forced into a sort of superficial conformity, but marks no epoch in the verse. The clusters of rhyme are clusters only to the eye and not to the ear. The necessity of rhyming leads Browning into inversions—into expansions of sentences beyond the natural close of the form—into every sort of contortion. The rhymes clog and distress the sentences. As to grammar, Browning is negligent. Some of his most eloquent and wonderful passages have no grammar whatever. In Sordello grammar does not exist; and the want of it, the strain upon the mind caused by an effort to make coherent sentences out

of a fleeting, ever-changing, iridescent maze of talk wearies and exasperates the reader. Of course, no one but a schoolmaster desires that poetry shall be capable of being parsed; but every one has a right to expect that he shall be left without a sense of grammatical deficiency.'

"A passage from Mr. Chapman's essay on Emerson is a finer example of his critical insight into the poetical methods of his author than his obvious skit at the rhythmical and ungrammatical faults of Browning. 'Emerson's passion for nature,' he says, 'was not like the passion of Keats or of Burns, of Coleridge or of Robert Browning; compared with these men he is cold. His temperature is below blood-heat, and his volume of poems stands on the shelf of English poets like the icy fish which in Caliban upon Setebos is described as finding himself thrust into the warm ooze of an ocean not his own. But Emerson is a poet, nevertheless, a very extraordinary and rare man of genius, whose verses carry a world of their own within them. They are overshadowed by the greatness of his prose, but they are authentic. He is the chief poet of that school of which Emily Dickinson is a minor poet. His poetry is a successful spiritual deliverance of great interest. His worship of the New England landscape amounts to a religion. His poems do that most wonderful thing, make us feel that we are alone in the fields and with the trees—not English fields, nor French lanes, but New England meadows and uplands. There is no human creature in sight, not even Emerson is there, but the wind and the flowers, the wild birds, the fences, the transparent atmosphere, the breath of nature. There is a deep and true relation between the intellectual and almost dry brilliancy of Emerson's feelings and the landscape itself. Here is no defective English poet, no Shelley without the charm, but an American poet, a New England poet with two hundred years of New England culture and New England landscape in him.' If any American has written more justly about Emerson than Mr. Chapman we have yet to see, and shall be glad to see, what he has written."

Marching with Gomez: A War Correspondent's Field Note-Book, kept during Four Months with the Cuban Army. By Grover Flint. Illustrated by the Author. With an Historical Introduction by John Fiske. Boston: Lanson, Wolffe & Co. \$1.50.

Marching with Gomez "It is just two years since Mr. Flint joined the Cuban insurgents," says *The Nation*, "but he could have chosen no time when the account of his adventures with them would have found a more interested audience. He gives us not only the most novel and entertaining relation of the insurrection yet written, but, so far as it goes, the most authentic. Mr. Flint was peculiarly fitted for his task. He had lived for two years in Spain, and spoke the language. He had served for two years more in the United States cavalry, and, as to matters of drill and discipline, was a competent military critic. In addition, he writes with naturalness and (though the story is in the first person) with an entire suppression of self. His numerous illustrations have a similar sincerity, that makes them much more

interesting than the many vague 'kodaks' that find their way from the field.

"The value of the book lies in the fact that the author understood what he saw, and does not profess to describe much else. He uses hearsay sparingly, giving the sources of his information and the grounds of his belief in its authenticity. For instance, he saw nothing of the 'reconcentrados' of the western cities, having landed at Cardenas and worked eastward to Nuevitas. A note by way of appendix is, therefore, all he has to say on that feature of the Cuban question in which we are now most interested, and which a less exact writer might have been tempted to embroider on. Spanish atrocities upon the 'pacíficos' of the country, he speaks of without exaggeration, recounting in some detail a few he had knowledge of, and the general reports prevalent concerning similar ones. For the greater part, the book is about the life of a Cuban column on the march, in camp, and in battle, and about the insurgent military and civil organizations. Mr. Flint was, first, with a small force under Andarje, then with Lacret, who made him a brevet major; and lastly with Gomez himself. Of the civil leaders, he saw Cisneros, then President; Maso, his successor; Hernandez, and others. He followed Gomez into two small battles, and was under fire at other times.

"His conclusions are that the Spanish officers invariably act on the defensive, and even then with poor judgment; instancing a three days' fight where an inferior force of insurgents occupied rising ground about a Spanish camp and forced the Spaniards to retreat without any effort to take the offensive, though they had artillery and the weight of numbers. To this policy, which the insurgents well understand, he attributes the absence of Spanish military success, as continuous attacks by light irregulars on columns in close formation (as in the fights at Concord and Bennington) ultimately tell against superior force. For the plan of campaign, Mr. Flint gives all the credit to Gomez, of whom he presents an attractive picture—a fearless, high-tempered old man, fierce of speech, a rigid disciplinarian, and a despiser of the pretentious, holding 'the old-fashioned theory of the moral responsibility of journalism,' and distrusting Americans, in the sincerity of whose sympathy he disbelieved. Throughout the eastern country Mr. Flint found the insurgent civil government collecting taxes, maintaining schools, printing a newspaper and small books, and manufacturing a certain amount of war material. Both it and the military government suppressed crime ruthlessly. He bears testimony to the peaceable character of the peasant population, and, without moralizing on it, to the destructiveness of the war.

"Professor Fiske's historical sketch of Cuba is slight, but exceedingly suggestive, like everything he writes. The book is well arranged, except that it lacks an index; and calls for little criticism, except from the proof-reader."

— "One of the most brilliant and effective books of the season," says *The Outlook*, "is the Book of Old English Love Songs (The Macmillan Company, \$2.00), selected by Mr. Hamilton W.

Mabie, with an introduction from his hand, and with accompaniment of decorative drawings by Mr. George Wharton Edwards. The verse is taken from the great English singers from Drummond of Hawthornden to Campion, and draws, therefore, on the richest and most beautiful purely poetic material in English literature. Such poetry, characterized above all else by freshness, sweetness, melody, charm, needs the hand of a generous illustrator, and that hand it has found in Mr. Edwards, who has supplied the book with a series of full-page illustrations and with a profusion of minor decorations. Mr. Edwards has entered into the spirit of these lovely old-time songs, and has given his pictorial work variety, freedom, and freshness, while the publishers have done their part in printing it on an open page, from clear type, and in giving it a brilliant binding."

—A very beautiful new edition of *The Spectator* (8 vols., \$12.00), has been begun in London, and is introduced to American readers by Charles Scribner's Sons. The form is a narrow 12mo, the type a heavy-faced old style; the edges are uncut; the top is gilt; the binding is severely plain in brown linen backs and bluish buckram sides. The text is edited and annotated by Mr. G. Gregory Smith, and Mr. Austin Dobson furnishes the introduction, which is appropriately printed in italic type, as was the custom years ago.

—The Cambridge edition of Burns (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00), just issued, draws by permission on the Centenary Burns of Messrs. Henley and Henderson. That is, Mr. Henley's essay on the poet is taken over entire, together with all Burns' and his editor's explanatory notes, but the variorum notes are omitted. There is a full glossarial index, one of persons and places, one of first lines, and one of titles. The volume is compact, without too minute a type, and is equally desirable for reading or reference.

—It is "refreshing," says the *Outlook*, "in these times of the psychological and sexual society novel to turn to such a collection of stories as Octave Thanet's *A Book of True Lovers* (Way & Williams, Chicago, \$1.25), for here is not only literary workmanship of a very high quality, but a healthful and hopeful interpretation of the unpowdered, unpainted, and unspoiled 'common people,' full of genuine humor, pathos, sentiment, and feeling. Such stories as *The Strike at Glasscock's*, *The Judgment on Mrs. Swift*, and *Abbylonia's Surrender* are good tonics for the reader who sometimes wonders whether common honesty and the plain virtues are going to decay. It is characteristic of Octave Thanet's work that it confirms the judgment of such straightforward philosophers as Abraham Lincoln, who believed that the American nation derives its energy, vitality, and power, not from the 'smart set,' but from the plain people."

—The report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1895-96, just completed in two volumes, "combines, as usual," says the *New York Evening Post*, "much statistical matter, with historical information and discussions of new tendencies and current questions, not chosen at random, as might seem to be the case to the uninitiated, but printed for some good reason and with a purpose. We find again chapters on early education in

some of the states (New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the Southern States); and as the last report contained critical discussions of American schools by some eminent Germans, so we have this time the views of that well-known French authority, M. Compayré. From among several articles relating to foreign lands we can mention only the one on the English education bill of 1896, and a first presentation of the state of education in Iceland. This notice of a compilation of more than 2,000 pages should not pass over in silence, however, the Commissioner's own brief estimate of the labors of Horace Mann (at the end of Vol. I.), followed by a bibliography prepared by the son of the latter."

—Mr. William D. P. Bliss has edited an Encyclopedia of Social Reform (Funk & Wagnalls Company, \$7.50) which will be of great value to the student of political economy and of social science. "It will stand for years," says the *Review of Reviews*, "as an epitome of the social and economic conditions and the state of human progress in the last decade of the nineteenth century, with particular reference to the United States. Its name scarcely suggests its scope and fullness. Under one alphabet it includes many brief articles which might be culled from it and printed as a dictionary of political economy and sociology. Further than that, it includes brief biographical sketches of a great number of writers and reformers whose work has had to do with social progress. Besides the brief articles, there are many elaborate monographic papers on special subjects, such as agriculture, anarchism, arbitration and conciliation, Australia and social reform, under the letter A; banks and banking, bimetallism, building associations, under the letter B; capital, charity organization, Chicago anarchists, child labor, Christianity and social reform, Christian socialism, church and social reform, city and social reform, civil-service reform, coal industry, communism, competition, contraction of currency, contract labor, convict labor, co-operation, crime, criminal anthropology, criminology, crises, currency, under the letter C. The articles we have thus cited are nearly all of them not only elaborate and of a high grade of thoroughness and timeliness, but the whole volume is a perfect mine of information, so arranged under one alphabet as to be almost instantly available."

—"Hardly since the memorable success of the *Prisoner of Zenda*," says *The Outlook*, "has there been published such a stirring, brilliant, and dashing story as *The Pride of Jennico* (The Macmillan Company, \$1.50), by Agnes and Egerton Castle. It is, moreover, carefully written, neat in style, and often witty. So long as the world lasts, the romantic passion of young lovers, the tale of true love crossed and at last triumphant, the record of thrilling adventure by field and flood—all will thrill the blood and stir the imagination. There are some excellent single scenes in the book—among others, a quarrel in an English coffee-house of a century ago, a duel and a wild midnight ride for escape. The story shows narrative skill of a very high order, and has that quality of imagination which carries the reader as sails help a ship even on a strong current. *The Pride of Jennico* is a distinct success, both from the standpoint of popular interest and literary quality."

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Wilhelmina of Holland.....Leroy Phillips.....Illustrated American

Wilhelmina, the Queen Prospective of the Netherlands, is the idol of her subjects. Her youth, good sense, charming ways and rare beauty have won completely the sympathies of all the Low Country provinces, and inspire a more kindly regard for the House of Orange than has been felt since the days of her grandfather, William II., possibly since those of William the Silent.

Among the royalties of Europe, Queen Wilhelmina's position is unique, being the last surviving bond that unites the Dutch nation—small in area, great in renown—to the famous and truly noble ancient house of Nassau, in past time the valiant and constant champion of political and religious freedom, both against Philip II. of Spain and Louis XIV. of France. Expressions of the same bitter hatred for Spanish tyranny have come from Queen Wilhelmina of late, in connection with the war in Cuba. The Queen mother and present Regent, Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, a descendant of one of the most faithful of the allies of the Dutch Republic two centuries ago, though but nineteen years of age at the time of her marriage to William III. when he was sixty-two, has proved a noble wife and faithful Queen Regent.

The pleasing anticipations of the illustrious and happy reign of the prospective Queen are, above all, due to an excellent mother's influence. All of the sweet nature of Queen Emma is inherited by the youthful sovereign, with none of the evil qualities which marred her father's name and occasioned disrespect among his people. William III., after the death of his two sons by his first wife, Queen Sophia, set aside the Salic law of the Netherlands and caused the Senate and Chamber of Deputies to confirm the title of his only living child, the baby Princess, Wilhelmine Hélène Pauline Marie, to the throne of Holland and name her mother as Queen Regent. This was a few years before the death of William III. in 1890, and little Wilhelmina, then a very girlish and independent chit of a child, became the pet of her people. Having watched her from infancy, and knowing her unique position as the last in the line of descent from William, Prince of Orange, the whole nation regards Wilhelmina as its child. As they knit interminable stockings over omnipresent foot-stoves, the wives of the Low Country peasants delight in relating the stories of their Queen's childhood. One of these characteristic anecdotes shows how human, how like other children she must have been in her desire for the companionship of friends of her own age.

Although the entire precincts of the summer palace at Soestdijk were available for the little Queen, her position did not make it possible to choose for playmates any of the happy children she met with in drives or walks in the neighborhood. Being told on one occasion, after she had ventured to make overtures of friendship to an unknown child she happened upon, that it was not queenly etiquette to chose friends indiscriminately outside of those she saw at the Soestdijk palace, Wilhelmina expressed herself as ready to surrender all claim to

the crown of the Netherlands in order to enjoy the freedom and companionship of the happy children she saw beyond the park gates. She confided her royal trials to her numerous dolls. A particular doll, however, was not sufficiently sympathetic, indeed was quite naughty in saying that Wilhelmina's restrictions were just. For this misdemeanor the doll was prescribed the most grievous penalty imaginable. "For punishment," said Wilhelmina, "I shall call you 'the Queen of Holland,' and treat you just as I am treated, so that you shall not have nice times with other boys and girls." Another story of Wilhelmina's girlhood indicates the spirit and influence of her mother's training. The child, having some matter to propose to the Queen Regent, proceeded to her mother's apartment and, assuming a manner of authority, knocked loudly. "Who raps at my door?" inquired a voice from within. "The Queen of Holland," was the august answer. "I am not at home," in the mother's voice. Not until there was a change of manner and the humble reply, "I am your little daughter Wilhelmina and I wish to speak to my mamma," was she invited to enter.

But such reprimands were seldom necessary, and the charming personality of the young Queen finds equal favor in the neat kitchens of the Dutch peasantry and the grand mansions of the rich East India merchants of The Hague. There is scarcely a home in the Low Countries where her portrait is not seen and her rare beauty admired. All watch Wilhelmina's future with the same loving anxiety a parent shows for a daughter on the very entrance of womanhood.

Besides her mother, among the others who have helped to mould the beautiful character of Holland's Queen are her instructors. Until the age of four Wilhelmina had a French governess, Mlle. Loitard, and spoke only French. But later, besides the language of her people, as with all well-educated children in Holland, she became familiar with German and English. An Englishwoman, Miss Winter, has for several years had charge of her education, being with the young Queen constantly as teacher and companion.

Besides the usual woman's accomplishments, Wilhelmina is a well-skilled musician and clever artist. But the course of study generally pursued by girls of her age is but a tiny part of the young Queen's education. Wilhelmina has carefully studied statecraft, the law of nations, constitutional government, history and the legal and moral relations of a sovereign to her people. These studies, which would cause most girls to shudder, the young Queen has pursued diligently, realizing her duty and their necessity to the proper equipment of the ruler of a nation. Wilhelmina is especially fond of out-of-door sports and recreations, and is an expert horsewoman in the saddle and with reins in hand driving a trap. The crisp winters and abundant waterways of Holland encourage skating, and the Queen joins her people in the enjoyment of this national pastime. An aviary and menagerie contain many pets of which she is especially fond. A modesty and almost bashfulness has led Wilhelmina to

prefer the royal country houses Het Loo, in Gelderland, Soestdijk, or the "house in the woods" just out of The Hague, to the court life at either of the capital cities, Amsterdam or The Hague. Yet that the young Queen has a mind quite her own, and is ready to express it, was demonstrated quite recently.

Her probable husband has been a matter of conjecture in every royal household in Europe. Eligible suitors have been numerous, and, as is the custom in Europe, the Ministers of State took a hand in selecting, as they supposed, the future companion of their Queen. For State reasons it seemed desirable that her husband should come from Germany. A seemingly desirable princeling from one of the German States was found anxious to become the consort of the Sovereign of Holland. Matters, however, were not concluded as the Ministers of State had arranged. Wilhelmina—the sixteen-year-old Queen of the Netherlands—promptly and emphatically refused to marry the princeling, and announced to those who were interesting themselves in choosing a husband for her, that she should first wait until she was of age, had received the crown of Holland, and then select for herself, without assistance, a husband after her own heart.

In September next, Queen Wilhelmina will become eighteen years old and legally of age to wear the crown—the same age as Queen Victoria when she was called to England's throne. The formal coronation ceremonies will take place at Amsterdam amid three days of pomp and splendor. The people of Holland are already preparing for great rejoicings upon the occasion of their young Queen taking in her own hands the reins of government. That this coronation will attract a large throng of travellers cannot be doubted. As a woman's capacity to rule as Queen contains the political principle of the fitness and justice of her possessing full citizen's rights and powers, the coronation of little Wilhelmina may be regarded as an object lesson in woman suffrage.

The Sculptor of the "Rogers' Groups".....New York Tribune

John Rogers, whose name became well-known to the people of the United States in the days of the civil war as the sculptor of the "Rogers groups," is living in retirement at New Canaan, Conn. A nervous difficulty makes it impossible for him to pursue his work of modeling, and his ambition now is to have his works preserved so that they may live after the plaster casts have been destroyed.

The term "Rogers group" suggests haircloth furniture, wax flowers, plush albums and old-fashioned parlor furniture, and even the friends of the scheme, which has for its object the purchase of the original bronze statuettes, do not deny the homely character of the works. Francis Le Baron, who has been the close friend of John Rogers for many years, said that if it is true that the Rogers groups recall the days of old-fashioned furniture and inartistic decoration they are reminiscent also of the days of slavery and the time of the war and the acts of patriotism and bravery which they called forth. His greatest admirers say that the works of John Rogers must not be compared with those of the men who go to Europe and return with

ideas fertilized by foreign study, and there is nothing in them by which they may be compared with the Greek masters or the works of the Renaissance. When they were made and placed on sale it was not intended that the "groups" should become the property of judges of art works. They were popular in subject and in price, and each group told a story which it required no artistic education to read.

The sculptor was born in Salem, Mass., and received his education in the public schools of Boston. By family environment and education he was a typical young American when he went to Europe in 1858, and although he studied abroad for a short time he did not lose his American ideas, and made no efforts to shape his course after other artists who were content to follow a beaten path along with the great majority. He returned as good an American as when he departed, and his first work, *Checkers at the Farm*, which he modeled in Chicago for a charity fair, was so thoroughly Yankee in its composition that it attracted immediate attention. Then came his war scenes, each representing some incident with which the people were familiar and each appealing to a patriotic instinct. Mothers whose sons were at the front bought the soldier groups and saw their sons glorified in them; wives and sisters and loving parents decorated their homes with the Rogers war scenes, in memory of those who had gone to defend the flag and would never return; and when a stage or platform was decorated for a patriotic meeting Rogers groups were never forgotten. The Slave's Story, with its portraits of Whittier, Garrison and Beecher; the Council of War, showing President Lincoln seated and holding before him a map, Secretary Stanton standing behind his chair listening to General Grant, who is explaining the plan; the statues of Lincoln and Henry Ward Beecher, and the portrait bust of Bryant; all appealed strongly to the public when they appeared, and did much to impress the features of the subjects in the minds of the people. One of Rogers' best war scenes, according to his own judgment, is known as *Taking the Oath*. This represents a young woman with a child, presumably the widow and child of a Confederate soldier, standing by the side of a handsome Union officer, who, with cap in hand and a look of kindness in his strong face, administers the oath of allegiance, while a typical half-clad negro boy looks on.

Another favorite of the sculptor is the group which represents the first steps in the direction of educating the Southern negroes, known as Uncle Ned's School. The returned volunteer telling the village blacksmith his adventures is another of the war groups which needed no explanation when it was sent from the artist's workshop. It shows a soldier who has built a fortification with some of the blacksmith's tools and also an opposing battery with a horseshoe and some nails, and the old blacksmith, with a heavy hammer in one hand and fondling the hand of a tiny child with the other, hears the story of "how the fort was taken." These works all tell the story of the days of the war. They are as purely American as Plymouth Rock, and for that reason the movement to acquire the bronze casts of the Rogers groups for preservation in some museum has been started. Of the thirty-six

bronzes, one—The Landing of the Norsemen—is in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, seven are at the home of Mr. Le Baron in Gramercy Park, and the others are at Mr. Rogers' home in New Canaan. In the collection are a few groups representing scenes from Shakespeare, but American subjects predominate also in this division of the sculptor's work, and The Headless Horseman, Rip Van Winkle and the scene from Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish, entitled Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, John? are the most characteristic.

Mr. Le Baron said: "The plaster casts will all be broken in time and the sculptured history of the war days will be lost forever unless the bronze casts of the Rogers groups are preserved in some public institution. They were all made in New York, and there could be no better place for them than the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where they might become the nucleus of a collection of strictly American works of art. What would we not give for a series of works like those of John Rogers illustrative of the Revolutionary War? The collection would be invaluable, and so will this be if it can be kept intact."

Mr. Rogers has an interesting collection of letters which he received from well-known men in war times, in which his "groups" are highly commended. Among these are letters from Lincoln, Grant, Stanton and Beecher. In a letter dated Roslyn, October 18, 1869, William Cullen Bryant says: "I thank you for your beautiful and expressive group of the Fugitive's Story. You have succeeded in a higher degree than almost any artist of any age in making sculpture a narrative art, and giving to motionless and speechless figures the power to relate their own adventures." Edwin M. Stanton wrote on May 5, 1868, about the Council of War: "I think you were especially fortunate in your execution of the figure of President Lincoln. In form and in feature it surpasses any effort to embody the expression of that great man which I have seen. The whole group is very natural and the work, like others from the same hand, will represent interesting incidents of the time."

Anton Seidl and His Dogs.....New York Herald

Mime was the spoiled child of the family and the sweetest, cleverest and most devoted dachshund that ever came across the water. To be sure, he wasn't very musical, but he could do things that no "Dackel" ever did before. When he saw other "Dackels" showing off, by sitting for a moment on their hind legs, Mime would bark in derision, for Mime always sat on his hind legs. It was as easy to him as is the G minor Mendelssohn concerto to a modern piano virtuoso.

There were other and finer things that Mime could do. Thus, when Frau Seidl would say "Wie spricht der Hund" (let me hear the dog speak), this canine prodigy would actually talk. What he said was, of course, intelligible to Herr and Frau Seidl only; also, perhaps, to the faithful Bertha, who would obligingly translate to the visitor the wise remarks of Mime. But even the man who was not up in dachshund lore could understand the sapient Mime the moment the lid of the grand piano was

opened. He would growl and snarl and retire to the dining room, for music made his breast savage, and neither Bach nor Wagner would soothe him in the least. As soon as all had become quiet again Mime would reappear in the drawing room to exhibit to the astounded guests his most artistic feat. Walking on his hind legs, he would approach Herr Seidl and "speak" in most ingratiating tones. Mime's master would refuse to listen until the dog whined and begged and implored. Then, and not until then, would Herr Seidl lower the hand which held his burning cigar, from which Mime, with his left paw, would knock off the ashes. To describe the amazement of the uninitiated visitor, the delight of Herr and Frau Seidl, and the haughty pride with which Mime—his feat once accomplished—would take himself off to bed is really quite impossible. . . . At their country place in the Catskills, Mime no longer ruled as autocrat in the house of Seidl. He had nearly been dethroned by Wotan, a huge St. Bernard who knew a trick or two himself. And besides there were eight other little dachshunde, such as Froh and Freia and Valla and other crooked-legged creatures with Wagnerian names. Whenever Herr Seidl was away for a time it was a sight to witness this regiment of canines scamper down the hills to greet him upon his return. They were all tricked out in ribbons of the gaudiest colors; some of them, I do believe, carried little flags in their collars, and when the train came in, down would they rush, toward the station, making noises that were surely never heard even in Dante's Inferno. But to Anton Seidl's ears it sounded like the music of the spheres.

Never were dogs so petted and spoiled and pampered, and never were dogs so shrewd, so foxy. When Christmas came around they knew it as well as any one, and the man that would have dared to make Herr Mime believe that it was Easter would have run a good chance of leaving a piece of his leg and his trousers behind him. Upon my word, I do also believe that these dogs hung up their stockings on the night of December 24, just like other children. For they had a Christmas tree; not a puny, measly tuppenny Christmas tree, but a great big splendid Christmas tree, and for each dog there was suspended from various branches a huge sausage, and each sausage had a label on it, such as "For Wotan," "For Mime," etc., for those dogs could read.

And to think of it! In that happy dog family murder most foul was done in the end. For it is only a month ago that Wotan, whose name should have been Hagen, caught Mime by the throat, crushing the life out of the poor, dear, faithful brute then and there.

To poor Herr Seidl this was in all seriousness a fearful blow. He could not bear the sight of the big, treacherous St. Bernard after that, and when he spoke of the murdered Mime, which he did to his intimates only, he did not mind showing his grief.

A man that was as fond as Anton Seidl of the dumb brute was a good, lovable man, depend upon it. The music he made often transported the listener to heaven. His goodness to his dogs must have made them think they were in Paradise.

IN HIS WAY A HERO: THE ARMY SURGEON'S TALE*

BY EDWIN PUGH

He was in the Thirty-first.

It was during the Soudanese war. I remember him well—a full private, with the blackest of records, a red-eyed, loose-lipped little cockney, with an inordinate thirst and the filthiest vocabulary. He was pugnacious as a bull-terrier. He had stood up to one-third of the men in his regiment and been thrashed every time. He was grubby, he was mean, he was vulgar. But he was a hero, too, in his way. In these decadent days we can't be too particular about our heroes. It is sweet to know that Bettles was one.

The fight was virtually over, and our troops were moving northward in the valley of the Nile. It was bad weather—hot, dry, demoralizing. There wasn't a sound pair of shoes in the whole camp, and no man had any skin left on his nose or neck.

Once I heard Bettles say, as he surveyed his tattered breeches: "We shall walk into Cay-airo like bloomin' Adams, from the look of it."

"Yus," said one Bander, who was the last man to thrash Bettles, "an' without the fig-leaves, neither."

We were in hopes that the "Fuzzies" would trouble us no more, but they did.

One morning, as we were breaking up camp, a hard scream that we knew well rose on the heavy air, and a black, rapidly moving mass swept over the ridge of a line of hills half a mile away. The outposts had ridden in an hour before, so we were not altogether unprepared. In an instant the camp was in a state of upheaval. The Tommies grabbed their guns and scrambled to their feet, officers shouted, corporals swore; camels were kicked on to their legs; on all sides sounded the rattle of accoutrements.

The enemy had halted at the base of the hills, and one of them, a chief presumably, began to make a speech.

"The bloomin' mugs!" said Bettles, with large contempt. "They always fool about like that instead o' getting one home quick. 'Ere they come!"

There was a moment of tense silence, broken only by the heavy tread of the on-coming horses' hoofs and the busy patter-patter of bare feet. Then, as the poor black wretches hurled themselves against our bristling front, the guns spoke, and a pandemonium of yells, shrieks and curses rent the air.

A few of the enemy had muskets—old-fashioned, long-stocked affairs, with pin-triggers and chased butts. A bullet from one of them took Bettles under the chin. He fell back through our shivering line of infantry, and we picked him up and laid him among the baggage behind the camels.

He asked me: "Is it domino, doctor?"

"Shut up, you young fool!" I said, for I was very busy, and his talking hindered me, besides being precious bad for him.

"Can't I have jest one more cut at 'em, doc?" he said.

*From Bettles, a Cockney Ishmael, in King Circumstance, a collection of short stories by Edwin Pugh. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., publishers; cloth, 16mo, \$1.25.

"If you stand up, you'll die!" I told him. "Close your head and be still! Do you think I can waste all my time on you?"

He grinned at me, spat out a mouthful of blood, and fainted.

I was too much occupied to notice, but it seems that the enemy beat us back almost to the baggage camels before they were fully repulsed. When Bettles opened his eyes again the battle was raging close upon him. He could smell the powder and the blood. Where the Fuzzies struck the line it caved in and thinned. He could see, over the shoulders of the dirty-red coats, the glistening, infuriated faces of the enemy. He became excited. "Go it, you cripples!" he was shouting. He was rolling over and beating the sand with his clenched fist.

Two men broke through the disordered line and fell across Bettles' feet. One of the men was a long-limbed Arab, the other was Bander. Bander's hair was stiff with gore and sweat, and blinding blood was bubbling from a gash across his forehead. It was a bad moment for Bander. The Arab had thrown him over and was kneeling on his stomach, throttling the life out of him. He heard Bettles yelling at the Arab, and sobbing and shouting out: "Bander's done! poor ole Bander's done! Hi! somebody come an' kill the Fuzzy!"

But there was no one to heed Bettles' appeal. I was over on the other side of the camp; and the correspondents were there, too, unfortunately for their "copy." One poor, half-decapitated wretch and Bettles were all who knew what was happening. Bander's eyes began to bulge. The Arab felt for his knife.

"Oh, Gawd! I can't stick this no 'ow!" said Bettles.

He got up dizzily and stretched out his hand and clutched a broken bayonet. The curling steel cut his hand to the bone. He leaned forward, seized the Arab by the nape of the neck, and drove the impromptu weapon deep into his leathery back. Bander said, "Thanks, ole man!" and then they both fainted, and fell across each other on the hot red sand.

We did what we could for him, but it was no good, of course. We made him a rough bed out of some old canvas, and delayed the breaking-up of the camp until the end came. He lay there raving, and we stood looking at him and listening.

"Fine stewing mussels!" he was shouting thickly. "And they're like wine here! Six a pennay-ee! Blowters, mem? 'Alf peck for a lady, 'Ria!"

"He did a bit o' costermongering once," Bander explained to us. He was blubbering like a school-girl. "I often uster see 'im coming up from Coving Garden wi' sacks o' spuds, pore feller!"

Bettles heard Bander's voice. "Take yer 'ands off the barrer, can't yer?" he snarled. "You, Bander! take yer 'ands off the barrer, or'll I put you in your hat, mighty quick!"

And that is how he died. It was not quite a lime-light effect, I admit. But, then, real heroes don't go in for limelight effects!

A DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH LETTERS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY MRS. WM. D. CABELL.

*The Founder of the Red Cross.....Maurice Muret.....Journal des Débats**

The battle of Solferino, June 24, 1859, was one of the most sanguinary of modern times. Forty thousand dead were left upon the field, and each of the two opposing armies numbered more than 20,000 wounded. The military nurses, despite their best efforts, were unequal to their task, and a great number of wounded men were left to die in agony upon the field of battle. Timely attention might have saved them, but it was impossible to succor so vast a number.

A Geneva philanthropist, M. Henry Dunant, who had long interested himself passionately in the question of ameliorating the fate of the wounded in times of war, followed the Franco-Italian army during this campaign of 1859. He did his best at the battle of Solferino to supply by private enterprise the deficiencies of the military establishment. With the aid of the inhabitants and of a few charitable travelers, he organized, in some fashion, infirmaries in which a great number of wounded men were treated and relieved. But the horrible spectacle of the field of battle had deeply moved M. Dunant, and at the close of the war he began an active campaign, in order to secure the organization in all countries of associations of volunteer nurses, wearing one distinctive badge, who should follow armies in action, and give succor to all the wounded indiscriminately. The celebrated pamphlet in which M. Dunant unfolded his noble plan, was entitled *The Souvenir of Solferino*. This pamphlet brought about the Convention of Geneva. A German writer, M. R. Muller, of Stuttgart, has just published an interesting volume containing, besides a reprint of *The Souvenir of Solferino*, and of the principal incidents relating to the forming of the compact of Geneva, some fragments of the personal recollections of M. Dunant. These recollections, hitherto unpublished, were communicated to M. Muller by the author in person; we give the synopsis of M. Dunant's idea and of the encouragements that were most valuable to him.

M. Dunant foresaw that he could accomplish the realization of his project—the formation of associations of volunteer nurses—only by securing public opinion in its favor, and by inducing the governments of the principal European powers to send delegates to a conference that should meet in Geneva and lay the foundations for this philanthropic institution. But how and where should he begin? He was not long in deciding. "It is in Paris," he wrote, "that ideas are consecrated; it is from there that new principles shed their light upon the world." He came, therefore, to Paris.

M. Dunant found the field well prepared for him. The *Souvenir de Solferino* had favorably impressed many minds. The *Journal des Débats*, first of the Parisian press, set forth and advocated the work in an article signed Saint-Marc Girardin. Parisian society almost universally energetically sustained the generous philanthropist. Madame Gasparin,

and M. Firim Marbeau, the founder of the infant asylums, were among his most zealous partisans. Among the society people who labored in behalf of his views, should be named Madame de Staël, the sister of the Duc de Broglie. The day after the publication of the *Souvenir*, this lady had a quantity of badges of the Red Cross made after the proposed model, which she exhibited conspicuously in her drawing room. The first impulse of her visitors was very naturally to ask the significance of these badges, and Mme. de Staël was eager to explain, and to earnestly advocate the cause of M. Dunant. The latter received cordial encouragement from thinkers and men of letters. Ernest Renan congratulated him warmly in these words: "Your work is the grandest of the century; Europe will perhaps have all too soon an opportunity to appreciate its blessings." Elie de Beaumont, secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Guizot and Roger-Collard all urged the adoption of M. Dunant's idea.

M. de Lesseps, congratulating the author of *The Souvenir de Solferino* upon the success he had already achieved, added these words which cannot be read to-day without a pang: "In my moments of discouragement, I think of you and of the great work you are in the way of accomplishing; your example commands me to persevere." . . . Indeed, in the whole world of culture but one discordant note was heard, and it proceeded from M. Elisée Reclus. When M. Dunant asked his co-operation the intrepid parlor traveler replied: "What would my friends say on finding my name in a list among so many Legitimists and Bonapartists, so many dukes and marquises?" The prolific geographer was almost alone in giving such a proof of pettiness. A few persons, influenced by religious opinions, also appeared at first unfavorably disposed towards Dunant, whose Protestantism inspired them with distrust. L'Univers, by the pen of Veuillot, indicated several times how suspicious and also how illogical an institution a Geneva Cross appeared to be. . . . But M. Dunant went boldly into explanations with the fiery pamphleteer, and assured him that the object he pursued could have no sectarian character. The author of *Les Odeurs de Paris* ceased his attacks, and the clergy thenceforward gave M. Dunant valuable support. Mgr. Dupanloup even declared in this connection that "he who does good has the right to a universal passport."

Public opinion was therefore won for the Red Cross. But the most necessary thing remained to be done; the co-operation of the Emperor was indispensable. The military organizations were ill-disposed towards M. Dunant. Certain officers had erroneously deduced from *The Souvenir of Solferino* condemnation of the sanitary forces and those who commanded them. M. Dunant had testified only to their inadequacy. The Minister of War, Marshal Randon, declared to all who approached him, that he should oppose to the extent of his power the sending by France of a delegate to the International Conference, which it was proposed to convoke at Geneva. M. Dunant, informed

of these hostile intentions, greatly feared a refusal from Napoleon III. But by a happy chance, the Emperor—when only a Swiss officer—had served under the Genevese General, Dufour, a zealous advocate of the project, who now wrote to him personally and warmly implored his assistance. In consequence, Napoleon III. decided that France should be represented in the conference at Geneva.

The acquiescence of the principal states of Europe was not delayed. England accepted M. Dunant's proposition with enthusiasm. To win this country to the good cause, four articles published by Charles Dickens in *All the Year Round*, sufficed. Russia, Saxony, Holland, alike signified their adherence. In Prussia, the Queen (afterward the Empress Augusta) actively influenced opinions around her. She subsequently related to M. Dunant how she first became interested in his project by reading *The Souvenir of Solferino*, which she found upon her table. Who had placed it there she knew not, but suspected her chamberlain, Count Pourtalis. A few days later she read in the *Journal des Débats* the eloquent article by Saint-Marc Girardin, and her opinion was finally and favorably formed.

The International Conference met at Geneva October 26, 1863, in a hall of the Athenaeum, lent by Mme. Eynard-Lullin, the widow of the philohellenist, Jean Gabriel Eynard. Italy alone, among the European states of importance, had neglected to send a representative. The tenor of the decisions reached by the Geneva assembly is well known, and equally so the sanction they received from the Diplomatic Congress assembled in the same city in 1864.

M. Dunant's triumph was complete and surprising. He had never ventured to hope that a few months of travel through Europe, of public lectures and of audiences with the great would suffice to establish the Geneva compact.

This was the culmination of the life of this good man. Unhappily, his personal triumph was short. By unfortunate financial enterprises M. Dunant lost his whole fortune. This man, endowed with marvelous practical sense in the affairs of others, lacked ordinary prudence in conducting his own. In Paris he underwent frightful destitution which seemed to associate him yet more closely with his fellow sufferers. "Like so many others," he wrote, "it has been my experience to breakfast upon the value of a penny found by chance in my pocket; to blacken my coat seams with ink, to whiten my collar with chalk, and to stuff my wornout hat with paper in order to prevent it from slipping over my eyes." It is hard to realize that the founder of what Ernest Renan called "the greatest work of the century," should have found no one in his hour of distress to show him a little of the compassion which, in his prosperity, he had given in unstinted measure to the unfortunate.

Finally, M. Dunant returned to his own country where he still lives, very quietly, in the asylum of Heiden, Canton d'Appenzell. Through the bounty of a foreign sovereign, he is fortunately relieved from the painful destitution of the past. The dowager Empress of Russia, Marie Feodorowna, has given M. Dunant a yearly pension putting him be-

yond the reach of want. Moreover, a committee founded at Stuttgart, under the benevolent auspices of Professor Muller has also collected a considerable sum, sufficient to secure some privileges to the noble philanthropist during the rest of his days, and, finally, the Swiss Federal Council has recently decreed for his benefit a considerable pecuniary compensation, the Alfred Binet Prize. Unfortunately, this succor has come very late. The deprivations that M. Dunant had to endure so long have seriously impaired his health. In truth, the melancholy decline of this life wholly devoted to the relief of others is a sad spectacle. When a man has done good with as much disinterestedness and enthusiasm as this man, surely he merits to end his days in a more comfortable spot than a furnished chamber in a hospital. Ah, if M. Dunant had been some Bohemian, associated even slightly with art or with literature, he would have been fostered, relieved. But the founder of the Red Cross is only a friend of the unfortunate, a genuine benefactor of mankind. Such people do not make stir enough in the world to arouse much interest in their fate.

A New Letter of Victor Hugo.

[A new volume of the letters of Victor Hugo, recently issued by Calmann-Lévy, contains several of particular interest. A letter to Lamartine, of May 14, 1838, in acknowledgment of "*La Chute d'un Ange*," is very pleasing; one to Théophile Gautier, apropos of "the romantic beard," exhibits some of Hugo's fantastic humor; we quote one letter to the editor of the "*Phare de la Loire*."]

1845.

You think me rich, Monsieur? Judge.

I have been working twenty-eight years, for I began to work at twenty. In these twenty-eight years I have made by my pen about five hundred and fifty thousand francs. I inherited nothing from my father; my step-mother and the agents kept the inheritance. I could have had a lawsuit, but with whom? With one that bore my father's name. I preferred to be despoiled. In twenty-eight years I have not given myself two months of rest consecutively. I have brought up my four children. M. Villemain offered me scholarships in college for my sons, and the house of Saint-Denis for my daughters. I refused, having the means to educate my children at my own expense, and being unwilling to devolve upon the State what I was able to pay.

To-day, of the five hundred and fifty thousand francs, I retain three hundred thousand. I have invested these three hundred thousand francs, and I do not touch them, because I have worked too hard to live to be old, and I do not wish my wife and children to receive pensions after my death. I live on the income. I am always working, which adds a little, and I maintain eleven persons around me, all charges and taxes included. Add eighty-three francs per month as a member of the Institute, which I forgot. I owe nothing to any one. I have never traded in anything. I give a little in charity; as much as I can. No one around me lacks anything. As for myself, I wear overcoats costing twenty-five francs; I wear my hats a little too long; I work without fire in the winter, and I go on foot to the Chamber of Peers. Moreover, I thank God, I have always had the two blessings without which

I could not live—a tranquil conscience and complete independence.

VICTOR HUGO.

Dramatic Notes.

[Adapted from the critique of M. Jules Lemaitre on "Les Transatlantiques"; "Catherine;" "Le Nouveau Jeu;" "L'Afranche" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, March 1, 1898.]

In analyzing French plays as they are presented we must note the opinions of the French writers who have brought dramatic criticism to the degree of an art. Even these trained and practiced critics admit, according to their brilliant representative, M. Jules Lemaitre, that criticism of current works is not criticism at all, "it is conversation." . . . "For a ripe judgment, the mellowing influences of time are requisite. The daily critic of the works of the day judges them according to his personal taste, his criterion is the pleasure they give him, and a man's pleasure is worth just what he is worth." According to this standard announced by himself, M. Lemaitre is a fairly safe guide; it is hardly conceivable that what is inartistic could give pleasure to this fastidious observer and analyst of the drama. At all events he makes very stimulating and entertaining "conversation."

"Les Transatlantiques" is the name of the new comedy by M. Abel Hermant, recently produced at the Gymnase. The comedy revolves around a great Franco-American marriage. The young Duc de Tercé, having married the daughter of a "Yankee billionaire" for the sake of her father's dollars, is untrue to his wife, and continues, moreover, to pile up debts. His father-in-law, Mr. Jerry Shaw, says very idiomatically to the Duke: "With us it is the husband who makes the money for the support of his wife. With you, it is quite the contrary—your wife supplies the money for you, therefore she is the husband, and you owe her fidelity, being only the wife, the pretty little wife." . . . And while talking, the sturdy Yankee gently pats the Duke upon the cheeks as though he were indeed a little woman.

Then, in his practical Yankee fashion, Jerry Shaw proceeds to compound with the usurers, thus reducing his son-in-law's debts from one million to three hundred thousand francs—a sensible arrangement which the Duke's French and aristocratic sense of honor does not permit him to accept, since it was to a million that he put his name. Here, M. Lemaitre thinks, appears a conception of honor "wholly incomprehensible to the practical mind of an American merchant." The young Yankee Duchess appears as practical as her father, "a true product of her own soil." She approves her father's action, and when the Duke exhibits to her his indignation at the manner in which Jerry has checkmated the syndicate of usurers, she responds: "You think, perhaps, that I am going to play the part of the Marquise de Presles? You expect to have a repetition of 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier'? By no means, my friend! I am not of this country, as you have made me fully realize." But all the same, "at heart she is conscious of her deficiencies. She has a superstitious respect for the one luxury not enjoyed by the money kings of the new world—the ancient names, souvenirs, traditions, furniture, family portraits, and the manners pertaining to these antiqui-

ties, and this respect is the sort felt for things purchased—it is blended with a secret scorn." "One respects those things," says M. Lemaitre, "because one has paid dear for them, and because one has paid for them one holds them a little in contempt."

Another delightful instance of complex feeling is the contempt and admiration with which this idle Paris, given over to joy and pleasure, inspires the American, Jerry. It appears that in one scene a naughty but clever Parisian girl so charms the practical and peremptory Yankee as to turn his head with desires until then unknown, and even causes him to yield, almost humbly, to the enticements of the old world, and this, M. Lemaitre tells us, is "exquisite."

In short, "Les Transatlantiques" is full of fragments of genuine and even profound humor, unfortunately overpowered by too farcical and tumultuous a tone. The entrance of the Shaw family into the Tiercé drawing room resembles an invasion of redskins, and "while very amusing, is exaggerated." Here and there occur phrases showing the author's conviction that there is something irreconcilable between the French and the Anglo-Saxons, "something that is wounded, jarred and outraged by what we feel to be brutal in these outbursts of individualism, and this excessive transatlantic energy—and also by the indelicacy of those flirts, modesty being, after all, better understood by us, corrupt old nationality that we are." . . .

M. Henri Lavedan has performed a prodigy! In the course of a fortnight he has produced both "Catherine" and "Le Nouveau Jeu," the one a comedy of overflowing tenderness and virtue, and the other the most audacious picture of amusing depravity. Each of these performances, in its very diverging style, is characteristic of the versatile and many-sided author, who unites in his own personality the fine and perhaps over-strained sentimentality and morality of the old French régime, with the cynical and hardy conception of life in the French capital to-day. . . .

The story of Catherine is as old as the passion it exemplifies. It is the old fairy tale of the King who loved the shepherdess because of her virtue. The young Duc de Coutras, virtuous and passionate, becomes enamored of Mlle. Catherine Vallon, his sister's music teacher. He reveals his love to his mother, the Duchess, who feebly endeavors to dissuade the young man, then yields with maternal rapture to his enthusiasm, and goes in person to the humble home of the Vallons to ask the hand of Catherine for her son. Father Vallon, a poor timid organist of Saint-Séverin, with a large and delicate family, is enchanted to give his consent. But Catherine, although deeply touched by the disinterested and magnificent offer of the Duke, declines it, for the reason that she was recently betrothed to a worthy youth who had long loved her, and whose modest fortune had then seemed desirable to the impecunious family of the Vallons. After giving this magnanimous refusal, Catherine proceeds to make it known to her fiancé, George Mantel, admitting in delicate and guarded terms that in thus sacrificing a brilliant future to her engagement, she is also sacrificing her heart. This naive admission,

so agonizing to the generous heart of her lover, results in his giving her the release that she may possibly have expected. Here the comedy should end, thinks M. Lemaitre. "Inconceivable in real life, as a tale of Mother Goose, it finds its way into hearts, but it should remain a tale of Mother Goose. No other conclusion is possible than 'and they were married and lived happily ever after.' The story of the shepherdess wedded by the king is ended when the king has wedded the shepherdess."

Unhappily, the conscience of M. Lavedan forces him to continue his fairy tale upon a plane of daily life. Six months later, when the curtain rises, the young Duc de Coutras seems already a little estranged from his wife. He particularly upbraids her for not knowing how to ride on horseback, for not having sufficiently the air of a Duchess, and for addressing him too familiarly in the presence of strangers. One cannot suppress a little astonishment that the intelligent breadth of view and what we may call the "anti-snobbism" of this philosophical nobleman, should have so slightly survived his marriage. He also taunts Catherine with the vulgarity of her father, and the turbulent bad behavior of her brothers. One can also not suppress a little astonishment that the wise and delicate young girl of the first act should have had so little discretion as to install her whole family in the château. Our king and our shepherdess have greatly changed! Then arrives a beautiful young cousin of the Duke, Hélène de Grisolles, madly in love with him, and so indiscreet as to declare it, falling opportunely into his arms at the moment the young Duchess enters. A complete breach ensues. The Duke, repentant for a fault apparently less his own than another's, sues for pardon. The pride of Catherine, fearful of being misunderstood, refuses reconciliation. She is about to leave the château and her temporary grandeur, when the magnanimous Mantel comes again to the rescue. He boldly approaches the Duke and says: "I loved Catherine, and I gave her to you. That sacrifice entitles me to command here and to dispose of her as I will. I immolate myself again and command her to return to you." Catherine obeys, and the Duke presses the hand of the bold and generous Mantel. "If you want virtue, is it not here? The reconciliation scene in itself has a certain dignity. Why, then, do we believe in it all so little? Perhaps we should believe in it if the characters were attired as in the rural scenes of Florian—but these jackets à la mode embarrass us!"

The success of "Catherine" was brilliant.

"Le Nouveau Jeu" has had a triumph even more marked. The story is delightfully told and dissected by M. Lemaitre, but the graphic pen of the French artist-critic deals in this case with scenes that we will take for granted. Wit and caprice evidently rule the play, but it is not for us, and we accept as sufficient M. Lemaitre's trenchant synopsis: "If 'Catherine' is the very embodiment of romantic virtue, 'Le Nouveau Jeu' is its opposite."

"L'Affranchie," by M. Maurice Donnay, seems to turn upon a series of falsehoods—no, upon the inherent falseness of the heroine's character. The lover, not a very ardent lover apparently—hardly

more so than the now famous Commandant Du Breuil—forgives one falsehood, forgives a second with its more unforgivable cause; the third is the traditional straw, and it breaks the much-tried patience of the hero of whom we need only say that his indulgence and withdrawal, when considered together, are as far beyond the scope of the American intelligence as is the French aristocratic idea of honor already placed beyond us by M. Lemaitre.

*Literary Chronicle.....La Revue Bleue**

There was some embarrassment in getting out Emile Zola's last book.

The Journal had completed the publication of Paris by numbers, and the question with Zola's editor, M. Fasquelle, was whether to put the volume at once into the bookstores, as usual, or to delay its appearance. Some urged that if Zola's book appeared at once, Zola would be accused of seeking to make his lawsuit an advertising medium; others replied that if it did not appear it would be thought that he felt humiliated by the verdict against him, and was daunted.

It was decided to give no consideration either to accusations or fears, but to conform simply to custom, which was to issue a new novel in book form, immediately after its appearance as a serial. Paris was therefore put in the windows of the book stores Tuesday, March 3.

Some curiosity was felt as to the effect that recent events would have upon the fate of the new book. The few precise data obtained would seem calculated to reassure the author's friends.

Before the appearance of the now historic pamphlet that so recently brought M. Emile Zola before a jury, sixty-three thousand copies of Paris had been ordered of his publisher. Tuesday morning the number went up to sixty-eight thousand.

In Paris and the departments a certain falling off took place during the trial. Many book-sellers, fearing that Zola's last novel would be rejected by many of their customers as a sort of protest against the author, reduced the number of their first orders, and thus ten thousand copies of Paris were promptly countermanded.

On the other hand, a movement of sympathetic interest developed outside of France, and gradually increased until foreign booksellers almost doubled their first orders—fifteen thousand additional copies have been sent to them.

It is very flattering to certain of our authors that foreign countries offer an opening for their productions almost equal to that afforded by their own country. As a rule, a novel by Emile Zola is distributed as follows: One-fifth of the issue remains in Paris, one-fifth is claimed by the railroad libraries, only one-fifth goes to the booksellers in the departments, and two-fifths go abroad. It is in almost the same proportion that all our great novels are distributed—meaning those signed by great names.

A broad, Russia absorbs the largest number of our novels, Germany follows, then England and finally Italy. From these data it would appear that the provinces are losing the habit of reading.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

- Nocturne*.... Edmund Clarence Stedman...Poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) *A Prayer*..... Charles Edwin Markham.....Scribner's
- The silent world is sleeping,
And spirits hover nigh,
With downward pinions keeping
Our love from mortal eye,
Nor any ear of Earth can hear
The heart-beat and the sigh.
- Now no more the twilight bird
Shows his triple notes around;
In the dewy paths is heard
No rude footfall's sound.
In the stillness I await
Thy coming late,
In the dusk would lay my heart
Close to thine own, and say how dear thou art;
- O life! O rarest hour!
When the dark world onward rolls,
And the fiery planets drift,
Then from our commingled souls
Clouds of passion and of power,
Flames of incense, lift!
- Come, for the world is turning
To meet the morning star!
Answer my spirit's yearning
And seek the arms that call thee from afar:
Let them close—ah, let them close
Around thee now, and lure thee to repose.
- Revenge*..... Robert Loveman.....The Independent
- With burning brain and heart of hate,
I sought my wronger, early, late,
And all the wretched night and day
My dream and thought was slay, and slay.
- My better self rose uppermost,
The beast within my bosom lost
Itself in love; peace from afar,
Shone o'er me radiant like a star.
- I slew my wronger with a deed,
A deed of love; I made him bleed
With kindnesses, I filled for years
His soul with tenderness and tears.
- The Mirror*..... Margaret F. Mauro.....McClure's
- My mirror tells me that my face is fair,
And can I doubt but that it tells me true?
My mirror says that I have golden hair,
And cheeks like the wild rose, and eyes of blue.
I say, "Do I indeed these charms possess,
O trusty glass?" My mirror answers, "Yes."
- When lovers' tales this heart all free from care
Have surfeited with flattery's cloying sweet,
Unto my mirror do I straight repair,
And cry, "O mirror, is this all deceit?
Say, do I merit praise and fond caress?"
Then doth my trusty mirror answer, "Yes."
- Deem me not vain, I pray; for well I know
That when life's skies have lost their rosy hue
I must one day unto my mirror go
And say, "O tell me, mirror, is it true
That every day my youthful charms grow less?"
Then must my trusty mirror answer, "Yes."
- And O I trust that in that later day,
The time of silvered hair and fading sight,
When I unto my looking-glass shall say,
"O mirror, with my beauty's wanling light
Doth honor also fail and virtue go?"
Then may my truthful mirror answer, "No."
- Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.
- Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon:
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.
- Beggars*..... Ella Higginson.....Lippincott's
- Child with the hungry eyes,
The pallid mouth and brow,
And the lifted, asking hands,
I am more starved than thou.
- I beg not on the street;
But where the sinner stands,
In secret place, I beg
Of God, with outstretched hands.
- As thou hast asked of me,
Raising thy downcast head,
So have I asked of Him,
So, trembling, have I plead.
- Take this, and go thy way;
Thy hunger shall soon cease:
Thou prayest but for bread,
And I, alas! for peace.
- A Song*..... Rudolph Steinhausen.....Louisville Courier-Journal
- If thoughts were birds,
And they could fly
From soul to soul
Across the sky,
To thee, my love,
My thoughts would move.
- And they would speed,
Like Love's own dart,
To gain the meed—
Thy gentle heart;
And gaining it no more would roam,
But make that blissful spot their home.
- I would my thoughts
Where wing'd birds,
That they might bear
My heart's true words;
Then, like the summer swallows' flight,
They'd circle thee—this lonesome night.
- The Rose and the Thorn*..... Harrison Conrard.....Idle Songs*
- I seek my garden for the rose
That blossomed in the blushing morn;
But lo, the twilight gleams disclose
A bud of all its petals shorn,
And 'neath it frowns the naked thorn!

*The Heaven of Love.....Frederick George Scott.....The Unnamed Lake**

I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
Sown thick with stars, like grains of golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from His hand
Upon the floorways of His house on high;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom planned,
The weary wastes, the gulfs no sight hath spanned,
And endless time forever passing by.
Then, filled with wonder and a secret dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head.
What cared I then for all the stars above?
One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

Through the Long Nights.....W. D. Ellwanger.....Pall Mall Magazine

Through the long nights how hard to woo is sleep!
The hours drag slowly on, the minutes only creep;
Time's store of sand runs out but grain by grain—
Will slumber never come to break the endless train?
The clock, for answer, still its weary tale recites
Through the long nights.

Through the long nights how sorrow claims its own!
How daylight's coward grieves troop round us then alone!
The very silence throbs, we toss and fret,
And every chancing sound drives slumber farther yet.
Or crickets' chirr or storm, like wakefulness incites
Through the long nights.

Through the long nights how clearly might we hear,
Above our sob and sigh, above our cry of fear,
The still, small voice, which worldly turmoil drowned!
There, in the solemn darkness has it waked to sound.
'Tis this which stirs our stubborn hearts, and sleep affrights
Through the long nights.

Oh! list, my soul, this message, which the midnight brings!
List!—that "the Sun may rise, with healing in His wings."
"Hast thou thy sorrow?—Lo! thy friend hath more.
Art thou distressed?—Lo! many a heart is sore.
Hush then thine own—take thought of others' woes,
So, slumber's kiss thy weary eyes shall close.
And, when at last thy duties here are done,
Thy labors finished, and thy course is run,
Then shalt thou rest thee in the angel's keep;
'For so He giveth His beloved sleep.'
Soon o'er thy wakening eyes a glorious light shall pour:
An endless day shall dawn, and night shall be no more."

The Return.....Arthur J. Symonds.....Littell's Living Age

A little hand is knocking at my heart,
And I have closed the door.
"I pray thee, for the love of God, depart.
Thou shalt come in no more."
"Open, for I am weary of the way.
The night is very black.
I have been wandering many a night and day.
Open. I have come back."
The little hand is knocking patiently.
I listen, dumb with pain.
"Wilt thou not open any more to me?
I have come back again."
"I will not open any more. Depart.
I, that once lived, am dead."
The hand that had been knocking at my heart
Was still. "And I?" she said.
There is no sound, save, in the winter air,
The sound of wind and rain.
All that I loved in all the world stands there,
And will not knock again.

* The Unnamed Lake and Other Poems. Wm. Briggs, publisher, Toronto.

Exiles.....Charlotte Perkins Stetson.....New England Magazine

Exiled from home! The far sea rolls
Between them and the country of their birth;
The childhood turning impulse of their souls
Pulls half across the earth.

Exiled from home! From all familiar things—
The low-browed roof, the grass-surrounded door,
Accustomed labors that gave daylight wings,
Loved steps on the worn floor.

Exiled from home! Young girls sent forth alone
When most their hearts need close companioning;
No love and hardly friendships may they own,—
No voice of welcoming.

Blinded with homesick tears the exile stands;
To toil for alien household gods she comes;
A servant and a stranger in our lands,—
Homeless within our homes.

Our Father.....Albion Fellows Johnston....Songs Ysame (L. C. Page & Co.)

I have no part with all the great, proud world;
It cares not how I live, nor when I die;
But every lily smiling in the field,
And every tiny sparrow darting by,
Claims kinship with me, mortal though they be,—
The One who cares for them doth care for me.

Interpretation.....Bertha Gerneaux Davis.....Cosmopolitan

He thought of all the heartaches he had known,
And singing in the twilight bowed his head,
"The world will hear and pass unheeding on,
And no one ever understand," he said.

A thousand hearts grew hushed to hear the song,
And eyes that mocked before grew soft and dim,
They strained to see the singer through the dusk,
And smiling through their tears claimed kin with him.

Italian Folk Song.....Lily Wolffsohn.....Nineteenth Century

O swallow, swallow, flying over sea,
Stay but one moment! I would speak to thee,
Would pluck a feather from thy wing so bright,
Wherewith a letter to my love to write.
Then will I hide it under thy swift wing,
That thou it safely to my true love bring.
O swallow! when thou hoverest above ner,
Tell her, "This message is sent thee by thy lover!"

The Haunted City.....A. St. John Adcock.....London Spectator

Some heart's remembrance and regret
Fill every street with life profound;
This corner where of old we met
To me has since been hallowed ground:
I never pass in sun or rain
Now, but I meet you here again.

We cannot go from where we dwell
And leave behind no lingering trace;
Where in the past our shadow fell
A shadow of us haunts the place;
Returning now, ourselves may there
Disturb some ghost of what we were.

The stones are thrilled by many a tread
That leaves no footprint where it strays;
Shades of the living and the dead
In silence throng the noisy ways:
Here where I meet in shower or shine
Your ghost, you haply meet with mine.

The air has sounds we cannot hear,
Is dim with shapes that none can see;
Tho' dear the living voice, and dear
The sight of living faces be,
With kindlier yearnings yet we greet
The friends we see not when we meet.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

n Alaska Indian Legend.....Josephine L. Bannister.....Godey's Magazine

The Indian legends, with their mixture of superstition and poetry, are not uninteresting in connection with the story of this great country.

One pertaining to the origin of the native tribes is thus told: "A long time ago the earth sank beneath the water and the water rose and covered the highest places so that no man could live. It rained so hard it was as if the sea fell from the sky. All was black and it became so dark that no man knew another. Then a few people ran here and there and made a raft of cedar logs, but nothing could stand against the white waves and the raft was broken in two. On one part floated the ancestors of the Thlinkits, on the other the parents of all other nations. The waters tore them apart, and they never saw each other again. Now, their children are all different, and do not understand each other."

Paris Exhibitions.....London Engineering

The first Paris Exhibition was held in the year 1798; it comprised the modest total of 110 exhibitors, and the expenditure was in proportion only 60,000 francs. The Exhibition buildings were of wood and decorated, and were located on the Champ de Mars, about the same place as the Great Exhibition of 1889. The number of medals distributed was 25! The second Exhibition was three years later, in 1801, held in the courtyard of the Louvre, and comprised 220 exhibitors, which put the former completely in the shade. A third Exhibition was held the following year on the same spot, the number of exhibitors having risen to 540. Napoleon the Great opened the fourth Exhibition, held at the Place des Invalides in the year 1806. There were 1,422 exhibitors, and several grand fêtes were held in connection with it. No. 5 of Paris Exhibitions was held in the year 1819 in the Louvre Palace, the number of exhibitors being 1622. The sixth was held in 1823, but was not of much importance. No. 7 was also held at the Louvre in 1827 under the reign of Charles X., but, like its predecessor, it was on a more modest scale. The eighth, however, held during the reign of Louis Philippe at Place de la Concorde, was a great success, the exhibitors numbering 2,447. This figure had increased to 3,381 at the Exhibition held in the year 1839 at Champs Elysées, and to 3,960 exhibitors at the one held five years later also at Champs Elysées, which site also was chosen for the Exhibition in 1849. The State grant on that occasion rose to 600,000 francs, and the buildings covered an area of 22,000 square metres. The first world's exhibition proper was opened in the Industrial Palace in the year 1855, the State grant having risen to 11,500,000 francs, and the area covered to 168,000 square metres. There were 23,954 exhibitors, and the number of visitors reached 5,160,000 persons. This exhibition gave an immense impetus to trade and industry. The next was held in 1867, for which 10,000,000 francs were subscribed, and there were 52,000 exhibitors, of whom 16,000 were French. It lasted from April 1 to November 3, covered an area of 687,000 square metres, and resulted in a surplus

of 2,719,000 francs. The Exhibition was visited by an immense number of persons, including no less than 57 princes. It was located on the Champ de Mars, and the machinery hall was the great attraction. The magnificent Exhibition in 1878 comprised the Champ de Mars, Quai d'Orsay, and the newly erected Trocadero. There were 52,835 exhibitors, of whom about half—25,872—were French. The visitors numbered 16,100,000, but still there was a deficit of 38,000,000 francs on account of the expensive buildings, many of which were intended to be permanent. The late Paris Exhibition of 1889 far outshone its predecessor, the number of visitors being 32,500,000, or more than twice that in 1869, whilst the number of exhibitors had risen to 55,486, of whom 30,122 were French, and no doubt this splendid record will be beaten by the one of 1900.

"Remember the Alamo!".....Henry B. Tinsley.....San Francisco Chronicle

Sixty-two years ago, on March 6, 1836, the very bravest episode in American history occurred at an abandoned old Franciscan mission building—the Alamo—in San Antonio, Texas. Writers of American history have told of the heroism of our country's seamen in three wars, have dwelt with fervid patriotism upon the unfaltering courage of American soldiers in the face of tremendous odds at the Heights of Abraham, Saratoga, New Orleans and Shiloh, but no writer has yet adequately spoken of the determined, supreme heroism of a handful of our countrymen at the Alamo. Sidney Lanier has sung the story in intense poesy, and Sergeant S. Prentiss, in his most splendid oratory, has thrillingly told the matchless bravery of the Texans at the Alamo. And still the theme remains superior to the skill of genius.

No less a person than Lord Macaulay said that the Americans who died at the Alamo were the most heroic in modern times. The episode has been compared to that at Thermopylæ. But a score of heroes survived the Persian horde, and were long pointed out as living examples for the Spartan youth. The charge of the six hundred at Balaklava has won the admiration of the world, but some of the soldiers in the charge lived for years to tell the heroism of their comrades. Not one soldier survived the battle at the Alamo, and every one joined hands days before the final onslaught and agreed to die rather than to surrender.

The Mission del Alamo was established at San Antonio in 1723 by the Franciscan monks. The name Alamo signifies poplar, and the mission took its name from a grove of poplars, among which the Franciscans built their stone mission church. The building was used for religious purposes for over sixty years. It is still a strong structure of heavy stone walls and nine rooms. The largest room was on the ground floor, where public services were held by the monks. At about 1823 the mission was abandoned, and the Franciscans moved the scene of their labors southward to the valley of the Rio Grande. For twelve years the old building was used at times by the Mexican Government as a sort of base of military supplies. In

1835 the Americans in Texas were in rebellion with the Government of Mexico (as the Cubans have been with parental Spain for several years), and in the winter of 1835-36 the rebellion grew into open armed warfare. The Texans were under the leadership of brave, bluff General Sam Houston, as President of the new Republic of Texas, and as commander-in-chief of their little army of volunteers. It was a daring undertaking for a scant 2,000 men to attempt to wrest the established government from Mexico, with its 15,000 drilled troops, but the Texans, led by such men as Sam Houston, Davy Crockett, William Travis and John Haydon, knew no failure.

Early in February, General Santa Anna set out from the Rio Grande to march northward to quickly conquer and punish the rebellious Texans. His army numbered between 6,000 and 7,000 men, and his purpose was to first crush the rebellion at San Antonio, and then proceed to the new capital of the Republic of Texas, at Washington, Texas. The hardships and privations of the march of nearly 600 miles, across a desolate and uninhabited country, often destitute of water, told heavily upon his men.

The garrison at San Antonio was totally unprepared for Santa Anna's coming, the first tidings of his approach being given by the sentinels posted on the roof of the mission. It numbered about 185 men, under command of Colonel William Travis. Travis was a native of North Carolina, a very handsome, scholarly and brilliant young man, who loved adventure and had sterling courage.

When the news of General Santa Anna's approach reached Travis, he ordered every man available into the Alamo, hoping to make good its defense until reinforcements could arrive. With him were Colonel James Bowie, whose name is always associated with his famous knife, and Davy Crockett, the noted frontiersman and hunter of history, romance and song. They had a few pieces of artillery, little ammunition, ninety bushels of corn, and thirty beef cattle were collected at the last moment and hurried within the inclosure, which had no provision for a siege, nor adequate means of defense.

Santa Anna demanded immediate surrender, to which Travis returned a defiant refusal, emphasized by a cannon shot. A blood-red flag, signifying no quarter, was immediately raised above the Mexican camp, and their batteries opened upon the garrison.

Meanwhile Travis had dispatched messengers to Houston and to Washington, Texas, ninety-five miles away, appealing for assistance to battle with the advancing Mexicans. The news reached Houston and the other Texans at Washington too late for them to get to the beleaguered men, and the historic struggle of a mere squad of men inside the Alamo with a great army of vindictive Mexicans without began.

Santa Anna's army began the siege at dawn February 26. The batteries attempted a breach in the walls of the stone mission. For hours every day the Mexicans continued the siege, and the garrison fought desperately with its huge foe. For instance, on the last morning in February a hot fire was opened upon the garrison, some of the bombs falling close to the spot where Davy Crockett lay. He

sprang up and made his way to the ramparts just as the gunner was in the act of firing. Before he could do so, Crockett shot him dead. A comrade caught up the match and came forward, but already a fresh rifle had been passed up to the Tennessean, who picked off the second man as he had the first, as well as a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and, for a time, at least, the gun was silenced.

On March 3 Colonel Travis called the garrison about him. He made a brief speech, telling his comrades that longer hope for assistance was useless. That the Alamo should be surrendered or it should be fought for until death came to every one there. He drew a line with his sword on the adobe floor and said:

"I propose to stay here until I am killed. All who will be with me will come to this side of the line; all who wish to surrender will remain on that side."

Almost as he spoke every man in the file before him crossed the line. Davy Crockett leaped across it with a triumphant wave of his cap.

On the morning of the 6th of March Santa Anna determined to take the Alamo by assault. The band struck up "Duguelo" (assassin), and amid a boom of cannon, ladders were brought, the walls of the building were scaled by 2,000 cavalrymen with sabers, while battering rams beat in the doors. So Alamo fell. It was a frightful slaughter. When the doors were burst in about fifty Texans remained uninjured, and the savage mob of soldiers rushed upon the little band and shot and hacked to death every one of them.

From that day the words "Remember the Alamo" were the slogan of the campaign throughout Texas. In less than two weeks over 600 frontiersmen, maddened at the awful affair at the Alamo, joined Sam Houston's army. "Remember the Alamo" was hourly the shout of the camp. A month later Houston, with a force of 700 Texans, faced Santa Anna with 2,000 soldiers on the banks of the San Jacinto. The battle was but an hour long. The Texas force, with a mighty and exultant yell, "Remember the Alamo," began fighting. The hardy riflemen remembered; the cavalrymen with sabres remembered, and Sam Houston remembered. It was a fight at very close range. The Mexicans surrendered. They had 580 men among the dead and wounded. The Texans had 113 killed and but sixty-one wounded. Santa Anna was captured and barely escaped brutal death at the hands of the incensed Texans.

Nearly all the information that historians have had concerning the events inside the Alamo, during the siege has come from Señora Dona Andrea Castorion de Villanueva, whom the Texans know as Mme. Candelaria. She is the sole survivor of the people within the Alamo. The State of Texas has pensioned her for forty years. She is over ninety years old, and while physically feeble and almost blind, her memory concerning events in her early life is clear. She has told the story of her experiences in the Alamo so often that her narration has become somewhat mechanical, but for all that the story is so thrilling that residents of San Antonio, where she lives, who have heard it many times, say they are always moved by it. Mme. Candelaria lives in a ramshackle building on the outskirts of San

Antonio. Her granddaughter, a middle-aged woman, is her attendant, and helps at translating from Spanish and broken English the aged woman's wonderful tale.

"Ah, yes, indeed, I'm glad to tell about the Alamo," said Mme. Candelaria one day last October, when several visitors from California, who were spending the day in San Antonio, called upon her, and she had been made comfortable in her cushioned chair, and her faithful granddaughter had seated herself close at hand. "I am the only one who lived to tell about the brave men who died in the Alamo. I was a widow, living over there about 500 yards east of the Alamo, when the Texans were fighting for independence from Mexico. I had lived in Texas fifteen years, and had learned the language, and I had as many friends among the Americans as among my own people, the Mexicans. I knew Colonel Davy Crockett well, and entertained him at my home at meals several times. I was something of a nurse, and I earned my livelihood by nursing people in this locality.

"All through 1835 the Texans were getting ready for war with Mexico. In January the Mexicans decided to crush the rebellion. At about February we heard that Santa Anna and 6,000 soldiers were coming northward from the Rio Grande to fight the Texans at San Antonio. Colonel Travis and 184 men were at the old Alamo. They made that their arsenal and garrison. I used to see them drilling about there for weeks before Santa Anna came.

"On February 24 Colonel James Bowie sent for me to come and nurse him at the Alamo. He was ill with typhoid fever. I went there, never suspecting that it would be the object of an awful siege. Colonel Bowie lay sick on a cot in the little north room of the Alamo. I did not want the work, but Colonel Crockett urged me to help the sick man, and said that without my help Texas would lose one of her best men. I accepted the charge, and I never faltered in my duty to that man until he died. He was not killed by a blow with an ax, as has been said. He died with fever, and amid awful excitement and carnage, several hours before the Mexicans broke into the building.

"When the advance of Santa Anna's army could be seen by the pickets, who stood on the Alamo roof with spy-glasses, the garrison became wildly excited. The Alamo was the strongest building in town, so I was then glad to be there. When I saw the Texans flying about and working like mad to strengthen their fortification, I began to understand that the battle would be fought there. On February 26 doors and windows were bolted and barred, bags of sand had been heaped up behind the doors and windows, and beams had been brought in to brace against the doors.

"Santa Anna sent demands for surrender and promised no consideration for the Texans. I remember how the men in the Alamo ridiculed the idea of surrender. They were the most courageous men from the start you can imagine. The first real assault on the Alamo was on the morning of March 1. The cannon boomed and crashed. It seemed as if the walls would crack open and totter to the ground. It frightened me so that I could not speak. I grew used to cannonading as the siege

continued. The subsequent daily scenes of dying and bleeding men and the savagery of the combat made the early scenes in the besieged Alamo more of a blur in my memory. For several days the Texans believed that help would come to them from General Houston. Colonel Bowie, sick as he was, asked every hour for a few days what news there was about Houston. Some one watched constantly away off across the plain for indications of the approach of help. Colonel Travis was constantly on his feet until he was shot during the final assault. Very few men slept even one hour in twenty-four, and food was snatched up and excitedly devoured by the desperate men. Colonel Crockett was very cool. I can see his tall frame now as he peered through the peep-holes between the bags of sand and through the chinks in the doors, for a chance to shoot down an assaulting Mexican. Poor Colonel Bowie moaned in his burning fever and talked incessantly when delirious. We all knew that his case was hopeless—sick as he was and without proper medical attention.

"Yes; all the men saw several days before the Alamo fell and they were massacred, that their death was inevitable. They saw their ammunition lessening each day, and they felt their increasing weakness from hour to hour, while the Mexicans without were growing bolder, louder and more furious. Some men inside the garrison, I don't know how many, were killed every day by the bullets and cannon-balls that came crashing in. I, too, expected to be slain, but by the untellable excitement, by loss of sleep for a week and the constant sight of human blood and association with desperate, begrimed, haggard men, I became sullenly hardened to any horrible fate.

"I remember the afternoon that the men agreed to stay with the fort, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Oh, of course, they all knew that it meant death within a few days at most. I believe there were about 130 of the men left alive at that time. The dead were piled up in the southeast room downstairs and a dozen or so wounded men lay or sat about with their wounds unattended to. I never saw the corpses, except now and then one as it lay on the floor, where the brave fellow fell with a hole in his head or body, before he was carried to the dead room. The story about how Colonel Travis drew a line on the earthen floor, and told all who wished to stay by the fort till death to go to that side of the line is all true. He traced the line with his sword, and his voice never wavered. He was a young, blue-eyed, light, curly-haired man. If ever there were heroes, he and Crockett were. Colonel Bowie heard in his little room the speech that Colonel Travis made, saying that death to all in Alamo was sure and relief by Houston impossible. Colonel Bowie feebly asked two men, who stood near, to pick up his cot and carry it over the line. It was done, and then the sick man on the cot was carried back to the little room to die there. A few hours later Colonel Bowie became delirious with high fever, and I doubt if he ever recovered consciousness again.

"The morning of the last and successful attack on the old stone Alamo was a warm, bright Sunday. Colonel Bowie died at about three o'clock. Death

stared all the Texans in the face, and had become so common, while pain and suffering from gunshot wounds were so general, that no one paid any attention to the Colonel's corpse but me. The surviving Texans were short of ammunition, and they realized how few were their remaining hours of life. They were blackened with gunpowder, they looked wild from lack of sleep and food for over a week, and, as I recollect them in later years, they seemed like ghosts on the edge of the other world. They seldom spoke, and all their words and acts were those of men most terribly in earnest. The sole idea of each was to sell his life as dearly as possible.

"No one can imagine, much less tell, the horrors of the morning of the fall of the Alamo—March 6, 1836. The cannonading began at daybreak. It was evident that the Mexicans were determined to conquer at any hazard. We could hear their yells and shrieks between the volleys.

"At the time I was in the little room where Colonel Bowie's corpse was growing cold and stiff. In the other rooms I could hear the surviving Texans—about 100 of them, I think—shooting from loopholes at the thousands of Mexicans without. There were volleys of muskets by the Mexicans and a firing of guns like the snapping of firecrackers in the hands of the Texans. It took time to load and ram a musket in those days. When the cannon boomed and the cannon balls came against the stone walls the building shook.

"There were gaps in the barricade at the door and windows, and bullets came through these. I looked out several times from the room where Colonel Bowie's body and I were. I saw dead men on the floor, and tiny streams of blood trickled from them. One man nearest me had his head partly blown away. Still the living Texans were protecting themselves behind their bags of sand and timbers, and were shooting carefully among the Mexicans. The noise was deafening and the air was stifling with the smell of warm blood and gunpowder smoke.

"Suddenly there was a mighty shout, and the cannonading ceased. The Texans rammed and loaded their guns even more vigorously. They saw through their peepholes that the Mexicans had brought ladders, and the officers were ordering the common soldiers to ascend to the roof of the Alamo.

"The Texans ran upstairs to the roof, where several cannon had been stationed. As fast as the Mexicans climbed to the roof they were stabbed, slashed and cut by the Texans, and the ladders overturned. It was simply a fearful hand-to-hand fight.

"Meanwhile the Mexican riflemen on the ground shot down the Texans on the roof, and there was a battle with muskets going on between the Mexicans and a few Texans who stayed on guard behind the barricade.

"In an hour—perhaps less—the Mexicans had overpowered the Texans, and were swarming to the roof. The Texans retreated down the stairs to the lower rooms of the building, fighting every inch of the way. Then the doors below were beaten down with huge timbers, and with a yell the frenzied maniacs of soldiers poured in the opening at the

door. The little band of Texans was pitifully insignificant by the side of the horde of Mexicans. The Texans were overpowered. To load and ram a gun surrounded by a mob of maniacs a few feet away was impossible. The Alamo was thronged by hundreds of Santa Anna's soldiers. They swarmed like hounds about the knots of Texans here and there. There were yells and screams, gunshots and groans in one long hideous chorus. The Texans fought like wildcats with their army of conquerors. Not one of them sank to his death until he had exhausted all his strength upon his oppressors. I was told that Colonel Crockett stood in a corner of the main room, and with a cutlass struck right and left with all the strength he could command. His shirt was soaked with his blood and his face was cut, while a bullet had pierced his cheek. He was deliberately shot by a man in front of him, and he lunged forward, still selling his life as dearly as possible. One young Texan was cut and slashed with a saber by several Mexicans, who had penned him in a corner of a room, and he fought while even an arm had been cut away. Colonel Travis was shot through the head while he was defending the stairs from the incoming Mexicans.

"Every room in the Alamo was entered by the Mexicans. They broke in the door where I was with the body of Colonel Bowie. I cried out in Spanish that I was a Mexican woman, and that I had nursed a man who had just died. So frenzied and thirsty for blood were the men that one knocked me down and another jabbed me in the cheek with a bayonet. That scar there now came from that wound. Colonel Bowie's cold body was hauled from the cot, and when it was seen that he was really dead it was dragged downstairs by the howling mob of soldiers and thrown among the heaps of bleeding dead. If I had been an American I would surely have been stabbed to death with bayonets.

"None of the Texans were spared, and every one of them sank to the floor fighting as best he could. There are many stories that I could tell if I had the time, of how the Texans fought with sabers and cutlasses while they were jabbed to death with bayonets and streams of blood gushed from their gunshot wounds.

"I have never had a good recollection of the scenes in the Alamo after the last Texan had been slaughtered in his tracks. The wound in my cheek, my awful fright, and the horrible excitement after over a week of no sleep and little food overcame me. I fell unconscious in the room of the Alamo, where Bowie died, and the next I knew it was a week later and I was at a home near the Alamo. The facts, however, are that the bodies of the Texans were carried from the Alamo to vacant land, over west of where the main business street of San Antonio now is, and there chaparral and timber were heaped over and about the dead men. Then all was fired and the corpses were cremated. There was later a good deal of angry talk at that way of disposing of the dead, but Santa Anna offered as an excuse the reason that the weather was warm and some of the bodies had been dead several days, so that they could not well be left for burial in that weather."

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

With the Irish Kelp Gatherers.....St. James Gazette

Right on the western borders of the land, and upon the numerous islands and peninsulas which are the common natural features of this broken part of the Irish coast, the kelp gatherers live. In a certain sense they seem to be an amphibious sort of folk and draw their sustenance, apparently always more or less scanty and precarious, from sea and land alike. Let us picture their existence for a moment, such as we may see it on the island of Mynish, not far from Roundstone Bay, off the Galway coast. Imagine an island, about twelve miles in circumference, connected with the mainland by a kind of viaduct recently constructed by government, low lying and wind swept by the numerous gales of ocean, but crowded with a population of several hundred human beings. Every little cove or bay will have its cluster of cottages, with their fishing boats anchored close by, ready to run down the bay for mackerel or to fetch a load of kelp from the neighboring rocks when wind and weather permit.

The surface of the island itself, which is strewn with huge granite stones and boulders, is parceled out with the most exact and scrutinizing jealousy, and if you attempt a short cut across country from one point to another your way is blocked by a continual succession of loosely constructed stone walls serving as partitions between an innumerable series of diminutive plots. So intricate and puzzling is the arrangement of these plots that you are not at all surprised to hear that they are a source of litigation between the owners of the cottages, who are very fond of invoking the law in spite of their poverty-stricken condition. "Cottages" we call them, for the sake of courtesy, but whereas the word "cottage" calls up in the English sense some bright and picturesque surroundings and some appearance of comfort these cottages or cabins of the kelp gatherers suggest every kind of discomfort. The walls are built of the undressed granite blocks picked up from the surface of the island, and loosely put together according to the rules of a very primitive masonry. But the roof is sometimes of sod, and more often of reed. The absurd contrast between the strength and stability of the walls and the feeble character of the roof strikes the eye immediately. The floors are of very unsatisfactory character, as they are simply uneven pavements with muddy interstices and calculated to retain every kind of filth and abomination. It would be almost impossible to sweep these floors clean even if there existed the will to do it. If there is any glass, it is simply mortised into some little chink, and window frames are unknown—partly because wood is scarce and expensive and partly because the fisher folk do not desire a window that will open. As far as accommodation is concerned, there are only two rooms on the ground floor—one to be used as a kitchen and sitting room, the other to sleep in, no matter the number of the family party. Sometimes there is a kind of loft overhead on the kitchen, where some of the occupants can sleep. Outside there is no pigsty or cowshed or any other "office" which

we are accustomed to connect with the ideas of comfort and decency. In cold and rough weather the pig and even the cow are admitted to the hospitality of the hearth, and this accounts for their very friendly and sociable character. As far as "rint" is concerned, the kelper cannot complain greatly, as it is a judicial "rent" and he cannot be ejected, no matter how he lives, as long as the rent is paid.

Sometimes a kelper has a right to a common adjoining and can run a few black-faced sheep and some of the black cattle of the country, and whenever he is in a position to save money he prefers to put it in stock rather than to commit it to the keeping of a savings bank. Here and there on the island you may chance across a little circle of stone in a retired nook. You need not puzzle long over it as if it were some archaeological find, for it is simply the foundation of a kelp stack that has been piled up inside it, and the calcined appearance of the stones, together with the ashes around them, will immediately reveal its use to you. Far away along the windings of some distant cove you will often see the smoke of these kelp fires rolling heavily out to sea, and the kelp stacks themselves are among the common objects of the seashore, with the long trailing kelp weed drooping down their sides. These have been won with much labor from the deep, and the yearly wage paid to the Mynish islanders by the kelp company is nearly £2,000.

Kelp is, indeed, the main source of their wealth, and many a voyage has to be taken before a ton of kelp is procured. The weed burns down to a viscous, gelatinous mass under the action of the fire and then cools down to hard and rugged blocks. The kelpers live on fish, milk, tea, bread and eggs chiefly, but seldom on butchers' meat and bacon, for the pig is really the "jintleman that pays the rint." Still, in spite of hardships, the kelpers are strong and healthy men. They would make splendid recruits for the navy, but if they leave their native rocks they find their way to the United States or our colonies.

At Monte Carlo.....Alice Lounsberry.....Pittsburg Leader

"All the world comes to Monte Carlo," is the saying that passes in the principality when acquaintances from distant parts of the globe stand side by side. The great magnet is undoubtedly the famous gambling tables, but aside from that attraction, the place is of unique interest. Numbers of people, content to watch the passing show, go there from year to year without ever laying a sou on the tables. They go rather for the sunshine, the beauty and the good government that is to be found there.

The principality is but six miles square, and has a population of between 8,000 and 9,000. It lies especially within the sun's good graces, while the peculiar cliff formation tempers the high winds that sweep along the Riviera. As a health resort this is one of the best in Europe. No strangers and few of its inhabitants remain at Monte Carlo during the summer, as it is too warm; the time is therefore used to renovate and prepare for the winter season.

Early in June the grass is turned up and allowed to remain so until the first of October, when the seed is sown. In two weeks' time the gardens are like the softest velvet. The tropical plants grow vigorously, and it is unusual to see the leaves spotted or discolored. Nothing is ever allowed to decay in Monte Carlo; old buildings are modernized, and the parks, drainage and streets are kept in a state of perfection; in fact, it is estimated that of the £1,000,000 revenue derived from the tables, £400,000 is paid back annually in improvements. This year the concert stage has been enlarged, and a new Café de Paris built. At present an electric tramway is being laid in Monte Carlo by an American company, and the expense of this enterprise is to be borne by one man, a wealthy Monegasque, a philosopher, although he can neither read nor write.

Monte Carlo is par excellence a place in which to own property, as there are no taxes of any kind—everything is paid by the Casino. Almost every spot is now built upon, and considering the demand there is during the season rents are astonishingly low. There a beautiful little suite of rooms can be had for the same price that one would pay for a fourth-story hall bedroom in New York, \$20 per month. But provisions are very high, owing to the necessary duties. As an example, sugar sells for 12 cents a pound, potatoes 4 cents, and ham and bacon 40 cents a pound. Fruit is high and milk and cream about the same as in America. Chickens are the only things not sold by weight, and they range in price from 40 cents upward. A woman in Monte Carlo is glad to do housework for 6 cents an hour, without board; but no one suffers from poverty there as they have learned the true art of economy.

Monte Carlo is governed by the Prince of Monaco, and is under the protection of France. The latter's friendly relations can be instanced in the matter of postage, as a letter can be sent to any part of France from Monte Carlo for the same rate that is necessary to carry it in France, while to any other country a five-cent stamp instead of a three must be used. The Credit Lyonnaise, which stands on the border of France, can be seen from the Casino, and strangers in Monte Carlo often walk into France for the purpose of posting their letters. When reminded that it is simpler to drop them in the box at the Casino, they shrug their shoulders and reply that Monte Carlo has a world-wide reputation for wickedness, and it is best for anxious friends at home to see the postmarks of France. When in Monte Carlo, Prince Albert and his family live in the palace, which is still, although modernized, a fine specimen of the Renaissance. He has one son by his first wife, who is in the army. The Princess also has two children by her first husband, the Duke de Richelieu. The Prince, however, is fond of science, and spends most of his time on board his yacht Alice, named after his wife, pursuing his studies in oceanography. They are never in Monte Carlo until the first of January, when the true season of gayety begins. The English people do not leave their homes until after Christmas, and the French remain for New Year's.

The place is admirably governed, and its inhabitants soon learn that there are certain things they

must not do. The registration is very strict. No stranger is allowed to stop there even as a guest longer than two weeks without permission of the principality. Good behavior is also essential, and if a complaint is ever lodged against one, he is promptly requested to leave the place, and may never return. He can pass through on the trains, but must not stop over. For these reasons many women whom circumstances have placed so that they must live alone make their homes at Monte Carlo. And perhaps nowhere else can they enjoy the same feeling of freedom and safety. The town is well policed and lighted, and a woman can walk about at eleven o'clock at night as unhesitatingly as in the early morning. During the last five years the Monte Carlo papers do not mention one suicide or that anything exciting has taken place at the Casino; yet to read the papers in America, or Africa, one would suppose the poor Monegasques had a particular penchant in that direction.

The present Casino of Monte Carlo was started by François Blanc of Homburg, about 1863, under the reign of Charles III. of Monaco. It is exclusively for strangers. The Monegasques, or, in fact, any one that earns his livelihood in Monaco, is not allowed to go to the Casino but one day in the year, November 15, the fête of Prince Albert. On this day the tradespeople may enter the play rooms; it is also the only day in the year that the Casino closes at five o'clock in the afternoon. The bank spares no expense in illuminations and fireworks to make the Prince's birthday the gayest fête of the year, and it is greeted with joy by every true Monegasque. Sometimes a tradesman that has the passion for play will enter the rooms on that day with his entire savings of the year, that he may try his luck at the temple of fortune. Strangers are given cards of admission to the Casino with the simple request that they be renewed at the expiration of a certain time. They then have access to the concerts, the reading rooms and the play rooms. When neither the opera nor theatre are at Monte Carlo, for which one must pay from ten francs up, according to the talent, there are generally two free concerts a day. In fact, there are 125 musicians employed by the Casino. The reading rooms are lit by electricity and oil lamps. There are sixteen writing desks abundantly supplied with the Casino stationery, and the tables are covered with the daily newspapers in all the languages of Europe, besides the magazines and weekly papers of all nations. In the play rooms the saying is that one never knows how much the rest of the world gambles until he goes to Monte Carlo, and no other place where gambling is sanctioned is so well conducted. No smoking, eating or drinking is allowed and for the slightest disturbance one would have his card of admission taken away. The bank is a stock company with a capital of £15,000,000. The stock sells quite high. It is a common error to think when the bank is spoken of as being broken that the whole company has come to grief, while in reality, it is simply one table that has run out of funds and must suspend payment until it has sent for more money. A little black flag is raised by the table when the bank is broken. The bank of Monte Carlo is not without Christian charity, and in cases

where it is known that people have laid all their money on the tables, will give them sufficient means to return to their own homes. The bank also has its pensioners. There is one old gentleman who was once a wealthy citizen of Monte Carlo. He beggared himself at play. The bank now gives him a yearly income on which he lives modestly and allows him beside a little extra money that he may have the chance to recover his lost fortune. . . .

In all, 1,290 people are employed to run the Casino and gardens, which is a good field of labor for the Monegasques. There are forty hotels in Monte Carlo, and the best shops of London and Paris are represented there during the season. At these places the prices are very high; for those that are "en vein," as the saying is, will rush out and spend their winnings most extravagantly, knowing full well that if they do not put the money out of their hands they will lay it back again on the tables. It is possible, however, to get great bargains with the turn of the tide, when the people will sell for almost anything their former purchases.

Even the poorest at Monte Carlo drink wine, and while there are many fountains to add beauty to the place, a drinking cup is never seen.

The Coldest Country in the World.....Pittsburg Dispatch

Symon's Monthly Meteorological Magazine gives an interesting account of "Life in the Coldest Country in the World," which has been taken from the bulletin of the Royal Geographical Society of Irkutsk. The name of the place is Werchojansk, in Siberia, longitude $133^{\circ} 51' E.$, latitude $67^{\circ} 34' N.$, where the lowest temperature of minus 90° Fahr. has been observed, and the mean of January is minus 48° Fahr. It is inhabited by about 105,000 persons of the Jakut and Lamat races.

In a large part of the region, according to Prof. Kovalik, the air is so dry and the winds are so rare that the intensity of the cold cannot be fully realized. In the most distant part of the East there are sometimes terrible storms, which are most fatal to life in their consequences. During the summer time the temperature occasionally rises to 86° Fahr. in the shade, while it freezes at night. The latter part of the season is often marked by copious rains and extensive inundations, which invariably lay waste a vast acreage of land and prove to be a serious obstacle to the cultivation of the soil. Vegetation is very scanty. There are practically no trees—only wide, open meadows. The people hunt fur-bearing animals, fish, and raise cattle and reindeer. It requires about eight cows to support a family, four being milked in the summer and two in the winter. The cattle are very small in size, and are fed with hay in winter. Occasionally they are allowed to go out when there is the slightest break in the weather, but their teats are always carefully covered up with felt. Milk is the principal food. This is sometimes supplemented with hares, which are quite abundant, but not very relishable.

The houses are constructed of wood covered with clay, and, as a rule, consist of only one room, in which the people and animals live together. The upper and wealthier class are better provided with lodging and food. As a race they are exceedingly courteous and very hospitable, and they are exces-

sively punctilious concerning points of honor, such as the proper place at table and at festivals.

Facts About Lake Superior.....W. S. Harwood.....St. Nicholas

Lake Superior is, to begin with, the largest body of fresh water in the world. It is water of wonderful purity, which it holds, too; and some time, and in the not very distant future, either, the people who live in the large cities to the west and south will come to this lake to get the water for their homes. It will not be so remarkable an engineering feat to pipe the water of this lake, pure and sparkling and fresh from its cold depths, to these cities which are now struggling with the question of their water supply, and meeting all sorts of difficulties in their efforts to get water fit to drink.

All down through this thousand feet of blue there is a peculiar coldness. At the very most the temperature varies through winter and summer not more than six degrees. Winter and summer this great lake never changes to any appreciable extent, so that if you dip your finger tips in the blue surface on a day in July, or if you test it some day in the early winter when you have been out on some belated, ice-mailed fishing smack, or when you have gone out to watch the fishermen spearing their supplies through the thick ice in mid-January, you will find but a trifling difference in the temperature. Away down at the bottom, too, there is but little variation in the temperature, for it stands at nearly 40 degrees Fahrenheit at the bottom, and varies from 40 to 46 degrees, winter and summer, at the surface. The other lakes, though cold, are not in this respect like Superior.

The whole bottom of the lake is believed to be a strong rock basin, though it would seem that there must be great springs at the bottom to help keep up the enormous volume of water. From the north there is a large amount of water pouring into the lake year in and year out, the swift-rushing, narrow-banked Nipigon and other streams furnishing no small part of the supply. These streams in a large measure make for the loss from the surface. One of the old lake captains, a bronzed, kindly-faced man, who had been for thirty-five years on the lakes and had faced death many a time in the frightful storms which sometimes sweep across these beautiful bodies of water, told me, as we were passing along one day near the north coast of Superior, with the headlands and inlets and glossy green bluffs of that most picturesque shore in full view, that the theory that the lake was slowly going down in size was true. He maintained that he could tell from certain landmarks along the shores, with which he is as familiar as he would be with the streets of his old Scottish birthplace, that the lake was slowly—very slowly—but surely receding. However, it will be some centuries yet before there will be any appreciable lessening of the Great Lakes, so that we need not be concerned.

Strange as it may seem, the lake has tides, too, well-defined tides, discovered in 1860. It is what is called a self-regulating tide, with a regular flux and reflux wave, caused, so the scientific men say, by the sun and moon. The average rise and fall every twenty-four hours is $1\frac{1}{4}$ -foot of a foot; the maximum tide at new and full moon is $1\frac{2}{8}$ -foot of a foot.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

"Longitude Naught" ..At Greenwich Observatory..Poughkeepsie News-Press

Doubtless every student of geography has had his curiosity aroused regarding Greenwich Observatory, whence longitude is reckoned and where the world sets its timepieces; and has been desirous of learning more about the dwelling place of "Longitude Naught" and the chronometer that regulates the clocks of the world.

The most important room of the whole observatory is the transit room. Four broad stone pillars occupy the greater part of the space of this room. Two of these pillars are tall, as well as broad and massive. They stand east and west of the centre of the room and carry between them the transit circle. Here is the home of "Longitude Naught"; for the optical axis of the great telescope of the transit circle marks the exact spot crossed by the prime meridian of the world. Two other telescopes are in the room, one to the north and one to the south of the transit circle, mounted on the two remaining pillars and both on the line of the optical axis of the transit circle.

There are two somewhat different senses in which the meridian of Greenwich is the standard meridian of nearly the entire world. It constitutes the fundamental line whence distances east and west are measured; and it gives the time to the world.

With these facts in mind, it will be interesting to note how time is found. The great telescope already described as occupying the centre of the transit room, is very solidly mounted. Its pivots are supported by the pair of great stone pillars, whose foundations go deep down under the surface of the hill; and it turns but in one plane, that of "Longitude Naught." On the west side of the telescope, and rigidly connected with it, is a large wheel, with a number of wooden handles fastened to it, like the steering-wheel of a large steamer. This wheel carries the setting circle, which is engraved on a band of silver let into the face and back of the wheel near its circumference. Eleven microscopes penetrate through the pier, and are directed at the circle on the back of the wheel. These are the instruments used in finding time.

Time is usually determined, we are here informed, by the watching of passing stars. The stars are used for this purpose, because they are many and the sun is but one. If clouds hide the sun at noon, the only time when it can be observed to determine time, a day is lost; but if one star is covered by a cloud there are still many others than can be observed. Star transits can be taken at various times throughout the day and night, while the sun can be used only once a day.

And this is how it is done: About two minutes before the appointed time the operator takes his place at the eye-piece of the telescope. As he looks in he sees a number of vertical lines across his field of view. These are spider-threads placed in the focus of the eye-piece. Presently a bright point of silver light comes moving quickly, steadily onward. The watcher's hand now seeks the side of the telescope till his finger finds a little button, over which it rests ready to strike. On comes the star "with-

out haste, without rest," till it reaches one of the gleaming threads. Tap! The finger falls sharply on the button. In three or four seconds later the star has reached another thread. Tap! Again the button is struck; and so on until the ten threads have been passed and the transit is over.

Now let us consider what the finger taps have done. Each tap completed, for an instant, an electric circuit and recorded a mark on the "chronometer." This is a large metal cylinder covered with paper, and turned by a carefully regulated clock once in every two minutes. A similar mark is made once in every two seconds by a current sent by means of the standard sidereal clock of the Observatory. If, then, one of the clock dots and one of the observer's dots come exactly side by side, it is known at what precise second the star was on one of the wires, as the spider threads are called. If the observer's dot comes between two clock dots it is easy, by measuring its distance from them with a dividing scale, to tell the instant the star was on the wire to the tenth part of a second. Since the transit was taken over ten wires and the distance of each wire from the centre of the field of view is known, practically ten separate observations have been made, and the average of these gives the time of transit.

At the Observatory there is a great clock, called the sidereal clock, which registers twenty-four hours in the precise time that the earth rotates once on its axis, or the time when a given star would again appear on a fixed meridian. Hence, since the exact time is known when the star ought to be on the meridian, this clock can be readily checked by the observations of star transits.

By this admirable method the error of the clock is determined twice a day, shortly before ten o'clock in the morning and shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon. These two times are chosen because, at ten and one o'clock signals are sent to all the great provincial centres. Also at one o'clock the time ball at Greenwich and at Deal are dropped, so that the captains of ships within sight of the dropping-mast may set their chronometers.

Thus is time found and regulated at the great Observatory.

The rating of chronometers for the Royal Navy is one of the most important duties of the Observatory. Here they are carefully tested until their time keeping qualities are as perfect as human skill can make them.

There is little of the picturesque or sensational in the regular routine work of the Observatory. The daily observation of the sun and of many stars—called clock stars, the determination of the error of the standard clock and its correction twice a day, the sending out of time signals, the care, winding and rating of hundreds of chronometers and the determination, from time to time, of the exact longitude of foreign and colonial cities make a ceaseless round of work. Yet there is a charm in it all to those who delight in the handling of delicate and exact instruments which renders its dreary routine fascinating.

The Wheat Industry.....Chicago Evening Post

Since young Mr. Leiter began dazzling the speculative world by his famous deals, millions of people have been thinking and talking wheat who before were placidly indifferent to the ups and downs of this sprightly cereal. And of this multitude only a very few are familiar with the various stages by which a bushel of wheat makes its pilgrimage from the bin of the farmers' granary to its transatlantic destination.

Each step in this journey from the prairie to the hopper of the English mill not only is of interest in the light of the present phenomenal movement of wheat to the principal receiving ports of Great Britain, but it also has an intrinsic interest sufficient to repay investigation under less sensational circumstances.

The first appearance of the wheat in its ultimate commercial form is when the kernels pour in a golden stream from the vibrating spout of the threshing machine into the open mouth of the big sack.

And what a day of bustle, confusion and splendid physical activity is threshing day on the farm! It is the one picturesque occasion in the routine of modern farm work, when toil takes on a semi-social phase, the stress of severe physical exertion is seasoned with the sauce of neighborly intercourse and the spirit of genial rivalry pits man against man in a competition for the honors of the hour. Each "hand" at the threshing vies with his neighbor in the good-natured effort to "cut and feed" the greater number of bundles, to shoulder the heaviest sacks and to trim the most artistic stacks of yellow straw.

Then the feast which the housewife spreads upon the long table in the kitchen for her hungry guests is not to be forgotten. Dozens of proud chanticleers have been sacrificed to contribute "drumsticks" and "white meat" to these threshing-day festivals, and if the "hands" eat with the same vigor with which they work the "women folks" are only the better satisfied. Without this hearty compliment to their culinary skill they would consider themselves in ill favor with the threshers, who spend the after-supper hour in weight-throwing, wrestling, jumping and other feats of physical prowess. The day closes in almost Olympian gayety—a fitting celebration of the real harvest festival.

In the last few months the wheat farmer has perused the market reports in his family paper with a more cheerful and self-satisfied countenance than he has been able to maintain for many years. Again and again has he "figured up" on the blank leaves of his patent medicine memorandum book the market value of the grain corded in bulging sacks in his granary. He has computed the amount which the crop would leave him, at the prevailing price, after lifting the mortgage from the farm, and his wife, peering over his shoulder, has thankfully confirmed the correctness of his figures. And then begins the pilgrimage of the wheat—a slow start, for lumbering wagons creak and groan under their burdens of bags as the farm teams plod patiently toward the country elevator at the little way station. But at last each load is hauled upon the "hay scales" and weighed. The bags are then tossed upon the plat-

form on a level with the wagon box and trundled on trucks to the big hopper, into which their contents are dumped, to be elevated into the bins above.

More than likely the motive power which propels the "endless chain" or belt set with tiny buckets, is an old blind horse hitched to a sweep and treading a well-beaten circle—his shaggy and ungroomed coat gray with gathered dust and his dark abode hung thick with clinging cobwebs. Flocks of soft-hued and sad-voiced doves soar about the elevator and settle at the very feet of the farmer's horses while the owner goes inside the dusty office to figure the amount of his grain and the money which it will yield him. If he can lay hands upon a shingle or a stray piece of board he prefers this to paper as a basis upon which to laboriously pencil his computations.

The next movement of the grain is from the country shipper to the receiver in the large city. The latter may be Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cleveland or Detroit. Most likely, however, it is the first named, for the excellent reason that, under present conditions, Chicago prices are relatively higher than those of any other prominent receiving point. This may be illustrated by citing the fact that within the last week the market price of May wheat in this city has been $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents higher than in New York, while the cost of wheat transportation by rail to the seaboard is not to be placed at less than 9 cents a bushel, making the Chicago price $11\frac{1}{2}$ cents above that of New York.

If the farmer needs any proof that legitimate speculation is an advantage to him, he need only ask: Why is the Chicago price relatively higher than that of any other city? And follow the inquiry to its only answer: Because of the presence in this market of the great army of speculative buyers. The presumption, therefore, that the elevator man at the country way station will ship his grain direct to Chicago is warranted by the usual course of trade.

If the rural elevator is of fairly modern construction, with elevated bins, the grain will be run into the freight car on the side track alongside by means of an inclined chute. Inside the car is a countryman who, with a scoop shovel, throws the wheat to either end of the car and thus prevents the chute from clogging or overflowing and at the same time properly distributes the cargo. Were he in the city he would be called a "trimmer," but he is dignified by no such title among his neighbors at the way station.

After a flying trip across the prairies, possibly interrupted by many stops and switches, the car rolls into Chicago and is trundled alongside one of the mammoth elevators which rise from the banks of the river.

If it follows the course of millions of bushels of wheat bought by Mr. Leiter it is fair to suppose that its first metropolitan destination is one of the huge structures of the Armour Elevator Company on Goose Island. These are seven in number, and have a total capacity of 13,500,000 bushels. As soon as the door of the car is unsealed a trap almost under the very rails is opened and the car is entered by a man dragging a huge shovel or scraper about

three feet square and attached to a rope running into the building. When the inner door of the car is lifted the "steam shovel" is thrust into the grain—the signal is given and the rope begins to haul it forward, carrying with it bushels of grain. The latter falls into the open trap and is carried by its own weight down the incline to a basement hopper. This operation is repeated with mechanical regularity until the car is emptied.

As a single elevator can unload or receive 500 cars of wheat a day, it may be seen that the steam shovel is a vast improvement over the countryman's scoop.

From the hopper the grain is caught up by an elevator belt of India rubber construction, the outside face of which is set at frequent and regular intervals with steel buckets which travel up and over the main driving shaft at the top of the building. As the buckets make the turn and begin their downward course the wheat falls into the mouth of a chute which is called the "revolver," because it rotates upon a central pivot or vertical axis. While the upper or receiving end of this chute always remains directly underneath the end or turn of the elevator belt, its lower end may be swung about to connect with the mouths of numerous other conduits which shoot the cereals into garners or bins holding 1,000 bushels each. Below each garner is a large platform scale fitted with a bin of like capacity.

While the wheat in the scale bin is being weighed and recorded the garner above is filling with another one thousand bushels ready for weighing. While the latter process is going on, a tester draws from the side of the scale bin, by means of a "hand hole" a sample—or, perhaps, many of them—to be scrutinized by graders, inspectors and prospective purchasers.

Both the garners and the weighing bins have slanting floors or bottoms, so that the grain slips easily out into the chute below the moment the trap is opened. A short trip through a fixed chute lands the grain in the bin or pocket in which it is destined to rest until the order comes to move forward to the seaboard.

Many persons not familiar with elevator transactions ask the question: Does the buyer of wheat stored in a large elevator obtain from the person of whom he makes the purchase the identical grain which the latter received from his Western shipper? This depends upon whether the receiver has designated the wheat for "identical delivery." If so, it has been placed in a special bin and kept unmixed with other grain of its grade. Generally, perhaps, this precaution is not taken, and the buyer receives wheat of like grade, but not the actual product which the receiver placed in storage.

The most marvelous devices to be found in a big elevator are the huge reversible conveying belts. Two of these travel 300 feet in covered galleries between the Armour "A and B" and "B Annex" elevators. Each belt is five feet wide, and on its flat surface 15,000 bushels of loose wheat may ride each hour. But this is the least part of this wonderful belt line: Although a belt must, of course, be a continuous chain, it may, for convenience, be spoken of as having an upper and lower section

traveling in opposite directions. The top surface of the lower section is made to do duty as a carrier at the same time that the upper section is forwarding its continuous chain of grain in the other direction. By this system of "reversible belts" and "cross conveyors" a chain of wheat is run a distance of 1,100 feet—each kernel making the trip in ninety seconds. The grain forms in a ridge four or five inches deep in its centre and terminating about a foot from each edge of the belt. Of course, not all of the wheat which is received at the elevator is shifted by this "conveying" system, but certainly a very large share of it gets a ride on the plain surface of the great leather belts.

When the Chicago receiver sells his grain and the exporter takes it in hand, the wheat makes another trip in the little buckets to the big counter shaft in the cupola. There are twenty-eight of these elevator belts in the Armour A and B, and they are all operated by the same shaft, which is driven by a 1,200-horse power engine in the basement. The eight-ply India rubber belt which turns the shaft is five feet wide and extends almost vertically to the top of the building, a distance of about 150 feet. This is said to be the largest belt in the world. After being weighed, the wheat makes another descent, either into the hold of a vessel or into a car. During the season of closed navigation the eastward journey must, of course, be made by rail. The seaboard destination may be either New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Newport News, according to the conditions of shipping. But before leaving the big Armour elevator it should be observed that the loading can be done at the rate of 100,000 bushels an hour, or 500 cars a day. A glance into the "elevator receiver's office" is also necessary to a comprehension of the method by which the various quantities and qualities of grains in storage are recorded. A wall of the room is a huge blackboard laid out in tiny squares—each standing for a certain bin or pocket. A certain color of chalk indicates a given quality of grain and the chalking of the number of bushels in each bin upon these squares shows at a glance the amount and character of the elevator's contents. Above this blackboard is a diagram of the chute and belt connections. By consulting this plan of the shifting apparatus of the plant the most complicated transfer of cereals may be instantly traced. In the rush of a big delivery of grain it is frequently of greatest importance to load cars at night. When this is done the cars are lighted by incandescent electric lights.

But to resume the seaboard journey of the car of wheat: If immediate shipment to Europe is desired, the grain is not put into an elevator, but is loaded directly from the car into a grain barge and towed alongside the big ocean vessel. A curious "floating elevator," somewhat resembling a derrick, scoops the grain from the barge and deposits it in the hold of the ship. The journey across seas may be either fast or slow, according to the equipment of the vessel. Arriving at Liverpool, the transfer of the wheat to the warehouse there is effected in the manner already described, and from the bins of the Liverpool elevator the grain is distributed to the British consumer by ship or rail, as the location of the miller may dictate.

SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Heroine.....Lawrence K. Russel.....Life

In church to-day she wore her last year's hat,
And wore it as a queen might wear a crown.
Methinks such bravery deserves renown
Greater than Saragossa's maids or that
Rash Molly Pitcher, Joan of Arc, or strong
Determined Semiramis, scorning wrong.

Talk of Boadicea—talk of girls
And matrons whose heroic mold is made
The theme of song and story—all will fade
To nothingness compared with her brave hurls
At Fashion's stern decrees. Brave little lass
Did she gain courage from her looking glass?

*Love on the Links.....Town Topics **

Phyllis laughing o'er the links,
Colin at her side—
Golfing joys, sweet Phyllis thinks,
Only fools deride—
Phyllis drives the ball away—
Lands it on the green;
And again her laughter gay
Animates the scene.

Phyllis putting on the green,
Colin at her side;
Gracefully does Phyllis lean,
But the ball rolls wide.
Phyllis laughs right merrily,
Colin silent stands—
Such a temper, verily,
No man understands.

Phyllis at the caddie winks—
Throws to him a kiss—
Colin never on the links
Saw a girl like this.
Gazes at the boy enraged,
Blinks at what he sees—
Naked Cupid there engaged
Deftly making tees.

Phyllis laughing homeward tramps,
Colin at her side—
Caddie Cupid, prince of scamps,
'Twixt them tends to hide;
But with cunning, dimpled frown
Hap's to drop a cleek;
And the twain on looking down
Find the love they seek.

The Cup-Bearer.....Madeline S. Bridges.....Home Magazine

To Dorothy's house I often go
When the late sweet afternoon sun is low,
For I know that Dorothy likes to see
Me come, and ask for a cup of tea.

The cup is served by her Irish maid
Nora, the beauty, whose lashes shade
Those wonderful eyes of Irish blue—
Matchless forever, in depth and hue!

I talk to Dorothy, Heaven knows what,
For the coal-black ripples and twisted knot
Of Nora's riotous lovely hair
Set me staring, as idiots stare.

I gaze on her cheeks' young crimson rose,
Her roguish dimples and saucy nose,
Her teeth like—no, there never were pearls
To equal the teeth of the Irish girls!

Ah! what would stately Dorothy think
If she but knew while I drink and drink
And talk to her, logic—philosophy—lore,
That I look at Nora, and say still more?

But no answer comes—neither look, nor sign,
Nor sigh, to these silent words of mine.
Though Nora knows I am drinking tea
Because she carries the cup to me!

"Paid in Full".....Truth

Mistress Dolly unto me, her
Lover, debtor is;
And my statement here doth follow:
True it is, I wis;
Roses, violets and lilies,
Potted plants and things,
Coupés, dog carts, sleighs and hansoms;
(Riches must have wings.)

Suppers, dinners, teas and lunches,
(Ah! that chaperon!
Gladly I'd have paid in double
For us two alone.)
Awful bills for ties and kerchiefs,
Shoemen's bills for boots,
Hatters' bills for silks and crushes,
Tailors' bills for suits.

Doctors' bill for grip and kindred
Ills contracted there
On her porch while sighing partings
On the wintry air.
Christmas gifts of costly volumes,
Birthday gifts to suit,
Easter gifts of sweets and flowers,
New Year's gifts of fruit.

Sundries—ah, they count up truly,
In a wondrous way!
Tickets dear for ball and concert,
Masque and matinee.
Total—well, I'll say two thousand!
* * * *

Naught I care for this,
For I yesterday received in
Payment full, one kiss!

The Humane Girl....Tom Hall.....When Love Laughs (E. R. Herrick & Co.)

She wears a birdless bonnet,
'Tis that I here proclaim,
Note well the fact and con it
For her eternal fame.

No woodland is made stiller
Her beauty to enhance,
No cooer sweet nor biller
Need fear her envious glance.

She wears a birdless bonnet,
This tender-hearted elf—
She needs no bird upon it,
It is a bird itself.

The Revellers.....Puck

Have you heard of the revels in Anna's eyes,
That last till her eyelids fall?
How one bright throng with another vies
In holding a brilliant ball?

The twinkles come from a myriad stars
As soon as her eyelids rise,
And all day long to inaudible bars
The little lights dance in her eyes.

And when in the evening she seeks her bed
And closes her fair blue eyes,
The light speeds home, and far over her head
They dance all night in the skies.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

Social Functions.....London Spectator

We wish the newspapers would leave what they call great social functions alone. It is all very well to publish the list of names of those present, but when it comes to "writing up" parties in private houses, talking about diamonds by the bushel, and mentioning the figure paid by this or that lady for the hire of her diamonds for one night, we confess to a strong sense of disgust. Newspaper reporting is all very well in the case of what are really public functions, but if it is to be applied with all the force and ingenuity at its command to private parties, not only will society be spoiled, but the ordinary reader will be demoralized by having his most foolish and most snobbish instincts tickled and pandered to. At present people of simple tastes, and it may be moderate means, may go to smart parties if they happen to be friends or relatives of smart people without worrying in the least whether their equipages and diamonds and dresses are up to the level of the evening. But if the picturesque reporter of the daily newspaper is to be let loose at all balls and receptions, things will bear a very different aspect. Quiet folk know that on the whole society is too busy to be snobbish or contemptuous, and is quite tolerant of people who, though they might, do not care to do the thing very smartly. If, however, they know that the morning after a party they may read some such comment as this, they will not care to brave the reporter's ordeal: "During the course of the evening some amusement was caused by the incursion of a very one-horse four-wheeler among the splendid equipages which thronged the streets in the neighborhood of Great Gaunt street. Out of this somewhat antediluvian vehicle descended a middle-aged lady and her daughter. At first the courteous constable on duty tried to persuade them that they had missed their way and got to the wrong party, but after a little good-humored discussion they were admitted." Then, no doubt, would follow some kindly chaff about the ladies' homely dresses, and finally a panegyric of Lady —— for her success in bringing all ranks of society together. We have not yet quite reached this stage, but depend upon it, it will come sooner or later if our newspapers continue the practice of devoting so much space to social functions. We may even fall a stage lower, and come to adding up the value of each guest's jewels. That abomination is not unknown in America, where the social reporter is a most important personage. We believe that American newspapers have filled a column or so with estimates of the cash value of the diamonds, rubies, and emeralds worn by each lady, and concluded by a general estimate of the total money value of the party as it stood. For example: "Mrs. Smith-Brown was present in her million-dollar diamond necklace, while her daughter's exquisite dress was set off by pearls, value \$15,000." To this we shall be sure to come if we once admit that it is the business of the newspapers to descant in detail upon social functions. As we have said, if once too much stress is laid upon jewels and dresses and the other externals of social intercourse, people who are un-

able to use jewels or clothes sufficiently magnificent to satisfy the reporters will begin to feel that they had better keep away from balls and receptions. This in the end will drain society of some of its best elements, and will tend to make it a mere affair of millionaires, and of those who are ready to sacrifice everything in life to aping their ways. If the element of simplicity is to be absolutely eliminated—and eliminated it will be if a recording angel of the press, helped by a jewel expert, is to stand behind one of the palms in the well of the staircase, and value the women's jewels as they pass—society will become a much duller, as well as a much more expensive, place than it is at present. . . . And though we believe that in reality society is sound enough, and gives only a fair and reasonable amount of attention to social functions, we cannot help feeling that if the newspapers are to write up all parties we shall soon have the country believing that the upper and richer classes are eaten up by the zeal of giving and going to parties, and that as a result they will fall into popular contempt. That would be a great disaster. We are not worshipers of aristocracy, but we should see with the utmost alarm our leisured class—the rich and the well-born—fall in public estimation, and be held frivolous and effeminate people by the greater public. And assuredly this is what will happen if the million readers of the daily press are to be fed on descriptions of the jewels and dresses and decorations at big parties. Those who read will end by believing that the people whose names they see in the lists are wholly given up to this peacock business.

How the press is to be prevented from producing this false sense of degeneracy is another matter. . . . We have got to make our newspapers feel the utter snobbishness of writing at large about private parties, and all this silly prattle about jewels and silks and satins will be relegated once more to the second and third-rate prints.

How Colors Become Fashionable.....M. W. M.....N. Y. Evening Post

Just as everything in nature goes through a system of evolution, so do designs and colors in dress goods, and their accessories go through a series of transmogrifications before any one fashionable color is universally adopted. The color fad is now rarely a caprice, though founded, in a sense, upon capriciousness. It is only at rare intervals that individuals or events give a certain color to the fabrics worn by that portion of the civilized world which constitutes modern society. It was natural that purple should group itself around the Victorian jubilee, and is natural that, insensibly, spring gives a certain keynote to the colors worn at that season. Green, invariably, is worn in springtime—especially by Parisians. The dainty peach-bloom and wild-violet hues alternate in favor at this time, and last year the early blooming plumbago and hyacinths, aided by the taste of Mrs. William McKinley, brought a certain shade of light blue into strong favor. The crocus, buttercup, jonquil, and wild genesta seem to have sent a precursory note through the color scheme about to be adopted by

Dame Fashion, and yellow will reflect the sunshine of the coming season. Spring colors, however, never set a style of more than transient following. Its colors, like itself, are delicate, and quickly wane. A reigning color is always introduced and adopted in the fall.

Manufacturers, both in Europe and America, test the public taste gently with hints of a certain color which, it seems to them, would most fitly fill the place of one whose day was over. Such experiments on their part are as nearly simultaneous as the American manufacturer can make them, for general styles in colors and materials used for dress goods are international affairs. Americans are frequently known to show independent action in the wearing of gloves, buttons, lace, and, to a certain extent, millinery; but no such independence has ever been exhibited in the dress-goods world. French and German manufacturers set the keynote, and Americans take up the refrain sometimes with modifications, but they never leave the key. The public taste is tested by bringing out a certain color, or suggestions of it, in "mixtures," trimmings for dresses and hats, and in samples of three or more shades of one color, all harmonizing in tone. If green is to be tried, it appears in shot, figured, or checked effects in fancy goods, and is just suggested in "mixtures," which are woven of a number of softly blended colors, with a larger percentage of one color than of the others. If green seems to take well, the percentage of other coloring matter in the yarns is decreased and that of green increased. This is done very easily. Manufacturers have found that the fewer the colors used in producing the shade wanted the better it is for their machinery. When many colors are used, it takes some time to prepare the stock for the yarns, the cost of labor is augmented, and there is danger of not getting the exact shade in duplicate lots. In bringing out green in a check or plaid a much better effect is produced by twisting the light yarn used in the plaid with a thread of the ground color. The charm of harmonious shading is entirely lost when this twist thread is black, or some other dark color not the ground tint. Where the ground is deep green, the pattern effects should be in contrasting shades of the same tone of green, and, by slightly changing the percentage of color in the various shades, the most popular tint can be brought more prominently out, until it becomes a reigning color in the fall season following its trial appearance. Sometimes more than one color is brought out in this way. One becomes fashionable, and the other is dropped. It is usually found that a really fine color is slower to take hold upon the public than does some more emphatic change from that of the old favorite, or some brilliant combination whose life passes quickly. But the public is even slower to let go a fine color when once adopted. It may become so popular as to run through two winter seasons with modifications of it apparent in spring tones. When red was brought prominently out in the green plaids of last winter, it was noticeable that the warp of the materials was of green and red stripes. The woof was of the same colors of yarn, but the machinery was manipulated so that the green yarn in the woof was drawn mostly below the under surface of the goods, and made but

a slight green shadow in the red-crossed blocks. Narrow stripes of black were made by threads in the warp and woof, of different widths, crossing each other, the broader stripes usually having threads of twisted black and green. Other stripes are introduced in the same manner.

While silk is given the same color scheme as that employed in other dress fabrics, it does not—except in the case of plaids and checks—use the same mode of decoration. Designs for silk goods are usually either light and airy in effect or else calculated to produce a rich and heavy appearance in the goods. Ribbons are influenced, both as to colors and patterns, by those obtaining in silks. When light silks of special designs run through the spring, summer, and fall of one year, they are closely imitated the following year by ginghams, calicoes, and other cotton fabrics, both in color and decorative patterns. Thus are fashionable colors transmitted by easy stages from the rich to the poor. The adoption of a color in dress goods is a signal to the makers of fancy shoes, who immediately plunge their leather into dyeing-vats, in order to get the prevailing color reproduced in fancy—even loud—shoes and slippers. Restricted as this movement necessarily is, it has a widespread effect, for hosiery manufacturers see the dyed leather, and in an incredibly short space of time the market is flooded with tints of blue, green, or scarlet hosiery, as the case may be, subdued with black into mere hints of the popular color where sober tastes are consulted. Glove colors are set in Paris, and not always adopted in this country; but it is a noticeable fact that colors in gloves usually follow the adoption of corresponding and harmonious shades in millinery and dress goods. Some tints are too delicate to be dyed into gloves before the fact is known positively that they will be largely worn. Anticipatory orders might not only prove profitless, but highly dangerous. Gray gloves, for instance, are apt to turn a greenish hue if kept awhile, and some shades of lemon and lavender lose their freshness and look faded in a short time. It is a noticeable fact, however, in the manufacturing world that silk and velvet never set the style in a new color—they simply follow it. Recurring to the subject of dress goods, not every one knows that soft and rich effects in cashmeres and like materials are produced by the use of twist yarns. They are more expensive than single or mixed yarns, having two or three fine threads of different colors twisted a certain number of turns to the inch—sometimes eighteen turns. These affect both the degree of color and the surface finish of the goods.

Whether the approaching coronation of Queen Wilhelmina has had anything to do with the recent large importations of orange hues into this country, it is hard to say, but manufacturers may reasonably expect Paris to tint the dry-goods market of 1900 in honor of her coming exposition.

Curiously enough, the reigning colors of a few seasons past have followed the old order of the spectrum, except that violet has never been entirely displaced. Blue and green have given place to brown verging into yellow, and "What will be worn next season?" is a question already filling the minds of manufacturers.

Origin of Servants' Liveries.....A. J. Gordon.....London Society

So far as the present writer is aware the earliest mention of "liveries" made in history is in the reign of King Pepin of France. This king flourished about the year 750 A. D., and because of his diminutive size he had bestowed upon him the rather disrespectful appellation of "Pepin the Short." A form of amusement to which King Pepin was partial was what were termed "cours plénierés." These were assemblies at which, upon the King's invitation, all the lords and courtiers of France were expected to be present. They were held twice in each year—at Christmas and Easter—and generally lasted for about a week at each time. Sometimes these gatherings took place at the King's palace; sometimes in the neighborhood of one of the larger French cities, and sometimes in some rural district. While the festival lasted, the King took all his meals in public, bishops and dukes alone being privileged to sit at the royal table. A second table was provided for abbots, counts, and other leading men, and at both tables there was shown more profusion than delicacy, both in the quality of the meats and drinks and the manner in which they were served. Flutes, hautboys, and other musical instruments were played before the bearers of each course, as it was removed from the tables. When dessert was served, twenty heralds, each holding aloft a jeweled goblet, shouted, thrice: "Largesse! largesse from the most potent of kings!" As they shouted, they scattered among the crowd handfuls of gold and silver coins. Then the trumpets were blown, while the better-class spectators shouted, and the meander sort scrambled, and often fought vigorously for the money scattered by the heralds.

Charles VII. of France put a final stop to the "cours plénierés," alleging that the expense attendant upon his wars with England made it impossible for him to continue them. One of the severest causes of expense, it was explained, arose from the fact that, beginning in King Pepin's time, etiquette and custom alike demanded that the king should, upon these occasions, give an entire suit of new and gorgeous clothing, not only to his own servants and retainers, but also to those of the queen and all the princes of the blood royal. These garments were said to be "livres"—that is, "delivered" at the King's expense; and from this word the English word "livery" was derived, as was the custom of providing servants with "livery," from the above-mentioned practice of certain of the French kings.

A "Traveler's Tea".....N. Y. Mail and Express

It occurred to two bright girls this season that the monotony of afternoon teas could be removed and a delightful element of surprise introduced by serving tea according to the system employed in many foreign lands. They suggested the idea to their friends, who instantly approved of the notion very enthusiastically. Many of the circle have traveled, and noticed the different ways in which tea was served; so they started their series with the Russian samovar and the slice of lemon or lime. The next tea was Uruguayan, in which the native tea of that country is treated like Chinese tea, and the fluid conveyed to the mouth by a silver tube with a ball

strainer at the end, known as a bomba or bombilla. This was voted a great success. At the third meeting the Mandarin style was employed. In this a large, artistic cup is set in a brass, bronze or silver holder. Dried leaves are placed in the cup and covered with boiling water. The steam and flavor are kept in by a little saucer which, when inverted, just fills the large cup. The tea is allowed to draw in the large cup, and is then poured from this into a dainty little cup no larger than an egg-shell. This method proved very difficult. Several cups were broken, and the contents of many were spilled, but it was nevertheless voted a wonderful success. A Java tea was the fourth, in which broad, flat cups were employed, and the tea is flavored with Batavia arrack. The next method was the Formosa, in which the tea is steeped with tea flowers and one or two petals of orange flowers. The result is a perfume and a flavor of the most intense kind. As one of the young women remarked, "We weren't drinking tea; we were drinking several wedding bouquets." Another young woman who had spent a winter in the West Indies introduced the system used in Martinique. Here the teacup is narrow and rather deep, like some of the old-fashioned lily cups. An aromatic tea is employed, and to this is added a delightful liqueur, made by the monks and also by the old French housewives, known as crème le thé. Last of all, was an up-to-date Paris tea, in which the infusion was strong and made from green Hysong, and in each cup was put a slice of orange and a tablespoonful of Syenska punch.

The Decorated Watch Dial Fad.....New York Herald

Odd watch dials are becoming quite the fad, and makers of them are supplying the market with all sorts of queer, simple and complex designs, that cover sufficient range to suit almost any one. If, however, you wish a special design, all you have to do is to submit it to the manufacturer, pay the bill, and what you wish will be forthcoming.

Lovers can have the portrait of the loved one in view whenever they inquire the time, secret society members can carry on their watch dials the emblems of their orders, and every one with any odd notion as to watch dial decoration can have it gratified.

There are all sorts of Masonic and other secret society designs, that look very mysterious to the uninitiated, but speak in plain language to those who have ridden the goat. Among society designs the Grand Army of the Republic, with its Stars and Stripes, is very prominent. Then there are many with crosses and crowns and other religious insignia.

These decorated dials are limited to no tongue, for among them are letters from all of the European and Asiatic languages, taking the places of the usual Arabic numerals and Roman letters. With these are Japanese and Chinese characters, representing numbers from 1 to 12, spelling owners' names or setting forth religious sentiments. The same are found in other languages. One very odd looking dial bears about its margin strange Hebraic characters, representing the consecutive numbers, from 1 to 12, and another has the names of the twelve tribes of Israel.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

Motive Power.....The Independent

Experience is good as warning and encouragement, but not as motive power. That must come from before, not from behind. He who would grow in strength of whatever kind must never allow himself to be driven. Yet there are a great many people whose chief aim seems to be to learn from experience. They seize upon all sorts of events in their past, scrutinize them carefully and proceed to extract lessons from them. If they do not find sufficient material in their own lives, they go foraging in other people's lives, and form judgments as to what they would do in kindred circumstances. They live in the past. Their future is often only a repeated past. "The thing that hath been it is that that shall be." They seem to project the past into the future, live toward that and think that they are advancing. This is to be found to a greater or less degree in every department of life, but especially in the religious. There are very many who carry about with them a sort of spiritual thermometer, and try to gauge their growth in grace by the number of degrees of faith, hope, love, which one day shows in comparison with another.

This is all wrong. As well expect a sick man to recover by keeping a record of his pulse-beats each hour; a racer to gain the prize by carrying a yardstick to measure each leap, or a student to win honors by comparing the number of hours and minutes it takes him to solve a certain number of problems or read a certain number of pages. Progress depends upon the degree of intensity with which every energy is directed to the one purpose of reaching the goal, and for this the eye must constantly look forward, not backward. The past must be forgotten. Not that it is to be as if it had never been, but it must be crowded out by the future. We are not to brood either over our failures or our blessings. The former must not discourage us, nor the latter over-encourage us. The simple duty is each day to concentrate the whole attention on the duty of that day, and prepare for future success. Another essential is a clear perception of the goal that is striven for. Misguided effort is little better than no effort at all. The eye will make a picture of some kind. Each step leads somewhere. If the picture be a wrong one, the step in a false direction, true success is simply impossible.

Observations on Suburban Life.....John Gilmer Speed.....N. Y. Herald

What strikes one quickly in village life is the simple yet complex arrangement of society. There are classes as well defined as may be found in any American city or European capital. But these classes lap over into one another, and when the village is a very old one the members of the various classes are quite frequently connected through intermarriages by ties of blood. Now, in more crowded parts of the world this is also the case, but the fact is not obtruded upon one and soon becomes lost entirely.

This fact contributes somewhat to a fierce assertion of equality on the one side, and to a snobbishness on the other quite as vulgar as may be found

on Murray Hill or in Mayfair. The equality asserts itself by brusqueness of manner and rudeness of behavior; the snobbishness in every way that vulgarity has learned how to disclose itself. Suppose I should go into any of the village stores with which I am acquainted and find the men of the village assembled there for gossip. Not one of them would offer me a seat, nor would the village doctor or the clergyman be treated with any greater consideration. Politeness is regarded by the average American villager as debasing to his manhood and belittling to his citizenship. Let one of them go out into the big world, and he soon takes in some of that urbanity which is a component of city life. Then when he visits his old home his old friends say to one another that the emancipated villager gives himself airs, and they recall the days of his village poverty and obscurity with a delight that kindles their dull faces and quickens their slow speech.

There are two subjects on which the villagers will talk with interest. One of these subjects is the crops. In such discussions it is impossible to escape the conviction that they suspect that all the forces of creation, guided by those superior in education to themselves, are leagued against them and working with might and main for the undoing of the farmer. This makes them cynical generally, and most suspicious of strangers—suspicious of all strangers save the "bunco" and "confidence" men, who are always welcome. The other subject is not a subject at all, for the rest of the talk consists simply of gossip either idle or malicious. Considering the extent to which this is carried, I wondered when I first made acquaintance with village life why half the men in the village were not killed for their recklessness of speech by those they had slandered. I soon learned, however, that there was a kind of barter and exchange of gossip on the give and take principle; so that Mr. Smith in a little while would surely get even with Mr. Jones by telling a bigger lie about him than Jones had invented about Smith. The lie, in the form of unofficial false witness, has greater currency in country villages than anywhere else in the world. This is the case, notwithstanding the fact that the Church casts a most intimate shadow over village life. The churches are the village clubs, and in them, with the exception of the stores, the people meet more intimately than anywhere else. And in them also periodically they fight like bedeviled furies. All this is probably by way of preparation for the higher life beyond. By exercise in the devious ways of a wicked world they are possibly ridding themselves of the sins of the flesh. It must be that this is all right, for in these rows in the Church the clergymen always take prominent part, and seldom scorn to use the weapons of warfare the most brutal laymen may apply.

Speaking of the Church recalls a funeral custom that has still survived in some parts of the country. When the funeral procession enters the village the church bell begins to toll, striking once for each year the deceased may have lived.

Sadder even than the funerals is the expression of the village old maid—and there are more veteran spinsters to the square inch in an American country village than in any other kind of community of which I have knowledge. Why they should look so sad is perplexing; why there should be so many of them is a matter of easier determination. I look upon it as an indication of nicety of choice for a woman in a village to remain single; it shows generally that she is not easy to please nor willing to accept any clodhopper who happens to offer himself.

The more ambitious of the young men, those best fitted to accomplish something, are pretty sure, before they are old enough to marry, to go out into the world in search of larger opportunities and ampler fortunes. But the dull and the thick-headed remain behind. From these the young woman of nice taste and careful discrimination must choose or she must remain unwed. If she marries she takes into her bridal chamber an odor of the stable and the scent of bone-dust fertilizers; if she retains her maidenhood she preserves it with violets and rue and rosemary, which is for remembrance. Why they should be spinsters I can understand, and I can honor them for it; but why should they look so sad? 'Tis not, I am persuaded, that they grieve over a wicked world, though as a rule they are much stricken with religion. I am inclined to think that when they have made up their minds to live in single blessedness they think that any approach to levity of expression or conduct would be unbecoming. Not knowing any better way of appearing settled and confirmed, they adopt this sadness of manner. I wish they would not do it, for it does them an injustice. When the new woman comes to her own it may be that these village spinsters will take their proper place in village society, ordering it for higher purposes and infusing into it some of their own kindly refinement.

In poetry and romance we have been in the habit of accepting the villager as "of a free and open nature, that thinks men honest that but seem so." In this age of realism, with the exception of the "bunco" and "confidence men," we must revise this idea. The villager is a more confirmed cynic than the politician or the courtier. He cannot understand disinterestedness of action in another. It is so beyond his ken that he will be pretty sure to attribute to generosity and public spirit some covert selfishness which will presently reveal itself in the commonest kind of rascality.

Villagers are lots of fun if you know how to take them.

"*Bounders*" of Both Sexes.....*London Critic*

No doubt the Bounder existed before his name flashed out of the darkness to illumine a world wanting a word to identify a moral state, hitherto lacking complete verbal recognition.

There are a good many Bounders in Greek legendary history; and ancient Rome was full of them. Thersites, son of Agrius, the most impudent talker among the Greeks before Troy, seems to have been a typical example of the class. Achilles slew him. In the Victorian era the Bounder lives happily, often prosperously, and not infrequently he marries

a rich widow. There is no recorded case of his massacre.

I merely mentioned Thersites as evidence of the Bounder's antiquity. I am afraid some of the Crusaders were bad Bounders, too. For what is the Bounder? Is he not the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual lack of the gentler graces, once deemed necessary ingredients in the character of the man or woman of the world? The state is easily recognizable, but, like not a few unpleasant gases in the region of chemistry, it is singularly difficult to analyze.

It is, perhaps, somewhat of an exaggeration to declare that every Bounder knows another when he meets him, yet we, even the youngest among us, have heard him abuse the very type of which he is a striking example. Does not the impact of one Bounder against another often form the delight of the modest social observer? How delightful it is to hear both bitterly complain of the shock, whilst each recognizes the other's claim to the title!

We live in an age of progress, and we have reached a point in our social evolution when the female Bounder has become not only possible, but, by her frequency, tolerable. Once those noisy, "pushful," trampling, tactless qualities, which are the superficial mark of our modern type, were confined exclusively to the male. The female was not ripe for the vulgar crown. But, alas! that day is now long passed.

With a blushing trepidation and the sense of impending punishment, I here assert that, if an accurate census of Bounders could be taken—and, upon my honor, I don't believe the thing's impossible!—there would be found here in London as many women as men included. And what is curious—biologists should be grateful for the phenomenon—is that male and female Bounders rarely marry. If they did they would crush out all other types.

As a rule, the male Bounder finds some modest and charming girl with a dowry (unless the widow aforesaid falls to his lot), whilst the female generally captures to her bow and spear a gentleman of quiet breeding and retiring habits. For, however reluctant we may be to admit it, the Bounder is usually a worldly success; as, when we consider his peculiarly mundane origin and ambitions, he certainly ought to be. Not only do Bounders make the best matrimonial alliances, but they actually push themselves into prominent and well-advertised places in the public service; they are as thick as blackberries in all the parliaments of the world, not excluding our own venerable institution.

But why do the Bounders of both sexes prosper, since we all apparently hate them so bitterly? The answer must be sought in natural history. They thrive because they are the "fittest"; they are, that is to say, equipped with just the sort of social tooth and claw necessary for fighting one's way to the front rank. There they wax fat, and kick.

Still, even the Bounder should have his due. He is not necessarily numbered among the wicked. It is possible for him to become a bishop or a religious novelist, or the founder of some blatant new form of faith. And since he is thus permitted to flourish among us, one may try to believe that it must be for some wise end of Nature.

An Age of Reticence.....N. Y. Home Journal

It is a serious reflection that, outside of the drama, as to method, and outside of the large cities, as to locale, we have very few opportunities, save on Sunday, of reaching one another by word of mouth, and are becoming a nation of readers. Most people live almost "incognito." The most important business of the world is conducted between two or three individuals here and there. The whole tendency of modern life is in the direction of reticence and exceeding distance of individual from individual. Most men's reputations depend almost entirely upon pen and ink and print. The world really sees very little of itself. It is too busy reading.

This widening separation of the talker from the listener, of the master from the disciple, is responsible, we think, for much of the solitary and unsocial spirit which pervades literature, and especially poetry—the grand difficulty of knowing how to reach people, of reading their faces and seeing what pleases and what bores. It is absolutely impossible for a man of solitary habits and sluggish temperament to catch the sweep of society, or to know how to picture his own conceptions in popular form. Few people read their own productions to a single other, and most people who write are so nervously attuned that they seek the very corners of the housetops for their work. The result is a literature antagonistic to its own aim—that of reaching the multitude by the force of sympathy—for the sympathy is necessarily lacking.

Every one will admit that modern travel is a very unsocial thing, although Americans, as a rule, are sufficiently social. They seem to have learned unsociality in public from the English, forgetting that in the density of England's population and the barriers which titles, etc., create a certain reserve is more necessary, or, at least, more inevitable, than here. The American mode of expression and general habit is really nearer to the French; we are naturally a more impulsive people than the English, and, if we studied our national traits in the light of such works as Dickens' *American Notes* and the like, we should conclude that we are the most sociable people in the world. But the whole temper of the people is changing. There is more dismal silence in travel, more fear of forming acquaintances, more absorption in the daily paper, more curtiness in business talk, more of the spirit of organization and cut-and-dried appointment, whenever one is to listen to another man talking to more than two or three. As one result of this changing condition, we have very little oratory, but a vast amount of stage fright. The lack of individuality which this sort of life engenders is now so marked that many of the most prominent business men of this country can be described only for what they have done, not for what they have said, or for any element of color in their lives. They have been known in one set nearly all their lives, but very little know to the multitude. The consequence is that one of the quickest men to be forgotten is the very man who has done most, in a business way, to make the world what it is. Yet surely never was there a time in the history of biography when more trivial details as to the daily life of the great were sought after with as unrelenting pursuit.

This assumption that we are a nation of readers rather than talkers, and that we are really growing more solitary, does not leave out of account the fact that people do congregate in vastly greater numbers than ever before, and that guilds, societies, and every form of apparent gregariousness are at their maximum. Guilds and the like are too often of an executive character, carrying not much color or individuality with them. There is no solitude like that of a great crowd, unless it be that of a great city where one constantly runs against great crowds. The direct contact of thought with thought through face and voice is diminishing in almost direct ratio to the increase of population and of mechanical facilities for the interchange of thought. Whether this is very regrettable or not is another question, but just how it is changing our modes of thought and outlook must surely be of interest. If, in the course of a day, a man's life is so shaped that he merely speaks absent-mindedly to his family at breakfast, snatches a paper in the street car to glance over the head-lines, and then spends all day in comparatively silent work, has such a man's mind received half the expansion which it would have received even from an ignorant companion who felt free to talk? The fact is, such men do not know what society is. To them it is eternally and necessarily a mere function, for they are not "genial," although they may be very good-natured.

It is hard to believe that the era of education by voice is passing away. It is hard to believe that we are going to be a race of business mutes. Yet it is true that many men confound conventionality with propriety, and owl-like reserve with superior wisdom. A week or two in midsummer in the country is not a compensation for forty-eight to fifty weeks of this humdrum suppression of everything extraneous, on the supposed business principle that silence is golden. One admires the nerve of Robert Louis Stevenson in taking the steerage to learn more about human nature, even at great sacrifice of comfort. Too many of our authors attempt to describe classes of people with whom they have never really mixed. Too many people feel that there is no need to know this or that man, if business does not throw him in your way.

Here the clergy have an advantage, for they still talk. As a result, the pulpit has been for a long time almost the best avenue to distinction. There are really many more good writers than good speakers. There would be more speaking, if men could speak as a matter of habit. Lecture courses are delicate and difficult things to count on. A man must have a name for something. People cannot afford to patronize many lecturers. But the church is open every Sunday, and they stray in and listen. Yet the pulpit is supposed to be a consecration, so that a man cannot properly enter the ministry merely that people may hear him talk, no matter how good a talker he may be. This shuts out a good many laymen who are not celebrities, yet who might talk on occasion most instructively. The lecture of the present is a business affair—a paid performance. The pulpit is supposed to be limited to those who do the work of evangelists. But the absence of a field for natural speakers of the general run is very marked.

THE SONNET: PERSONAL TRIBUTES

Washington Irving: In the Churchyard at Tarrytown....Henry W. Longfellow

Here lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all afame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

To Whittier, on his Seventy-fifth Birthday.....James Russell Lowell

New England's poet, rich in love as years,
Her hills and valleys praise thee, her swift brooks
Dance in thy verse; to her grave sylvan nooks
Thy steps allure us, which the woodthrush hears
As maids their lovers,' and no treason fears;
Through thee her Merrimacs and Agiochooks
And many a name uncouth win gracious looks,
Sweetly familiar to both Englands' ears.
Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,
The lily's anchorage, which no eyes behold
Save those of stars, yet for thy brother's sake
That lay in bonds, thou blewst a blast as bold
As that wherewith the heart of Roland brake,
Far heard across the New World and the Old.

Hawthorne.....Margaret J. Preston

He stood apart—but as a mountain stands
In isolate repose above the plain,
Robed in no pride of aspect, no disdain,
Though clothed in power to steep the sunniest lands
In mystic shadow. At the mood's demands,
Himself he clouded, till no eye could gain
The vanished peak; no more, with sense astrain,
Than trace a footprint on the surf-washed sands.
Yet, hidden within that rare, sequestered height,
Imperially lonely, what a world
Of splendor lay! What pathless realms untrod!
What rush and wreck of passion! What delight [whirled
Of woodland sweets! What weird winds, phantom—
And over all, the immaculate sky of God!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.....Helen Gray Cone

Thou wast not robbed of wonder when youth fled,
But still the bud had promise to thine eyes,
And beauty was not sundered from surprise,
And reverent, as reverend, was thy head.
Thy life was music, and thou mad'st it ours,
Not thine, crude scorn of gentle household things;
And yet thy spirit had the sea-bird's wings,
Nor rested long among the chestnut flowers.
Spain's coast of charm, and all the North Sea's cold
Thou knewest, and thou knewest the soul of old,
And dusty scroll and volume we beheld
To gold transmuted,—not to hard-wrought gold,
But that clear shining of the eastern air,
When Helios rising shakes the splendor of his hair.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.....Minot J. Savage

Beside the ocean, wandering on the shore,
I seek no measure of the infinite sea;
Beneath the solemn stars that speak to me,
I may not care to reason out their lore;
Among the mountains, whose bright summits o'er
The flush of morning brightens, there may be
Only a sense of might and majesty;
And yet a thrill of infinite life they pour
Through all my being, and uplift me high
Above my little self and weary days.
So, in thy presence, Emerson, I hear
A sea-voice sounding 'neath a boundless sky, [ways,
While mountainous thoughts tower o'er life's common
And in thy sky the stars of truth appear.

Thoreau.....A. Bronson Alcott

Who nearer Nature's life would truly come
Must nearer come to him of whom I speak:
He all kinds knew,—the vocal and the dumb;
Masterful in genius was he and unique,
Patient, sagacious, tender, frolicsome.
This Concord Pan would oft his whistle take,
And forth from wood and fen, field, hill, and lake,
Trooping around him in their several guise,
The shy inhabitants their haunts forsake;
Then he, like Æsop, man would satirize,
Hold up the image wild to clearest view
Of undiscerning manhood's puzzled eyes,
And mocking say, "Lo! mirrors here for you:
Be true as these if ye would be more wise."

To the Memory of H. H.....Thomas Wentworth Higginson

O soul of fire within a woman's clay!
Lifting with slender hand a race's wrong,
Whose mute appeal hushed all thine early song,
And taught thy passionate heart the loftier way;
What shall thy place be, in the realms of day?
What disembodied world can hold thee long,
Binding that turbulent pulse with spell more strong?
Dwell'st thou, with wit and jest, where poets may?
Or with ethereal women (born of air
And poets' dreams) dost live in ecstasy,
Teach new love-thoughts to Shakespeare's Juliet fair,
New moods to Cleopatra? Then, may be,
The woes of Shelley's Helen thou dost share,
Or weep with poor Rossetti's Rose Mary.

Henry Howard Brownell.....Thomas Bailey Aldrich

They never crowned him, never dreamed his worth,
And let him go unlaureled to the grave;
Hereafter there are guerdons for the brave,
Roses for martyrs who wear thorns on earth,
Balms for bruised hearts that languish in the dearth
Of human love. So let the grasses wave
Above him nameless. Little did he crave
Men's praises; modestly, with kindly mirth,
Not sad nor bitter, he accepted fate—
Drank deep of life, knew books, and hearts of men,
Cities and camps, and war's immortal woe,
Yet bore through all (such virtue in him sate
His spirit is not whiter now than then)
A simple, loyal nature, pure as snow.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

The Conductor's Share.....E. Irenaeus Stevenson.....The Independent

A small boy once went to an orchestral concert. On Jacky's return he was asked what he thought of the entertainment: "I liked it," he replied; "but if I was one of those men that played things, or that fat lady who sang, I wouldn't stand the way that the fellow way in front acted—the man with the stick. The harder they fiddled, and the louder she sang, the harder he shook a stick at 'em! What good is he, at any rate? *They do the work!*"

Jacky's ignorance really is not so very far from the adult lack of a knowledge of just what the orchestra leader must know and be and do, in his profession. There is generally an unclear sense of his importance not only in the concert or opera, as it goes on, but quite before it begins. Let us note only a few of his needful traits and most ordinary duties. We will suppose him the leader of a large or small concert orchestra, or of a high-class military band.

To begin with one exigency: the conductor should be a musician of such perfect insight that he is familiar by ear and by eye with scores already played in his field of work. But by looking over the complex pages of a new and untried work put into his hand, he must judge at once whether it is a good composition. This "reading" should also inform the conductor if the score be suitable to his orchestra and audiences. He must have heard it, page by page, by his eye, his "mental ear," quite before he or any one else hears it by the orchestra's performance of it. In other words, he must foresee things. He must know, exactly as the editor of a magazine, or the publisher of a book, can tell by reading a literary manuscript, if it is what he wishes to print, or not. Music to the conductor must be decisively an intellectual process. If operatic directors and orchestra leaders had to wait to try new works, music's progress to the public would be sadly clogged. Not every conductor is a quick and perfect reader of scores. But he ought to be. It often is also his business to decide, in the great centres of musical creativeness, on artistic merit and demerit. He is, like a publisher's manuscript-reader, one of his art's policemen. He is a detective. He must help the good to circulate and prosper. He should hold in check the worthless and vicious works.

That the conductor must know by heart, as to every essential detail and as to the "part" of each instrument, a great number of scores, is another preliminary to his full utility. Perhaps he may not make a display of his familiarity. Perhaps he does not direct works in public without the book in front of him. But the knowledge so to do should be in his memory. Over and over again we find the conductors of whom this is true. "Whole and as a whole," or part by part, from the flutes and violins to the kettle-drums, many conductors could rewrite the work in hand, were it lost. Well-informed, they can give their attention, during rehearsals and performances, to the nice shades of interpretation, and, like a Scotch pastor of the old days, "preach

by heart," and make music speak its truest and finest words directly to the audience.

But it ought to be seen that the share of the conductor as head of his band, or in his chair at the opera, is far less severe at the actual performance than during all that goes before it. For, once choosing the score to be interpreted, he has had to rehearse it, often for hours and hours of hard work, in the unattractive, cold, often uncomfortable expanse of the theatre or hall, when an auditorium is only a dim and vacant work-room. He has had to take time to teach the unintelligent musicians of his band how passages that they play wrong must be played aright. It has been his duty to hold, if necessary, special "part-rehearsals" of his orchestra's various divisions of instruments, that the performance of the symphony or overture or suite be as evenly "good all through" as may be. Under him the deficient players must reach a better standard of their work. Possibly a whole band needs reform! We know such bands. Sometimes he can delegate part of this duty; sometimes he cannot. In vocal music, such as enters into opera, he has given the leading singers special rehearsals, and explained—or rather fought over—their interpretations of their rôles. Frequently has done so, acting as his own pianist, with the pianoforte score in front of him for hours. It is in his province to dismiss incompetent players under him and to engage new artists, as well as to follow out the music-scheme that, in part or altogether, is in his hands. Occasionally the conductor is also obliged to be a good deal the practical business-man of the orchestra, and to attend to pecuniary questions and cares much better for others. In any case, he ought to possess—ah, frequently he does not possess!—ordinary, hard common sense, along with all his musicianship, correct judgment, along with correct ear, a tolerably calm temper, a feeling for art rather than for artists, and the courtesy of everyday social life.

So equipped, the leader takes his place on the stand and raises his baton. The full score which he has studied is clear in his mind, and more or less needlessly it is under his hand. The "parts" that he has overlooked and that often he has been obliged to correct (where slips came from the copyists) are distributed. He knows as he glances at his men—like a general reviewing his regiment—where its weak members, its poor players are; where are its strong and dependable ones. He knows what passages now at hand will need that quick and special guidance (that the audience cannot see, for it is only by a look, a finger's movement, maybe), and where he must help this man or that group of men over a hard page of time or shading in their work. He will try to look after the interests or responsibilities of a singer or an instrumental soloist at his side. It is his share to make things "go" and to "pull together"; to keep on the safe side of obvious trouble of shortcomings that the audience will notice.

Master of his own nervous tendencies, musical

time must be as the breath in his bosom. He must be able to beat the measure like an automaton or like a very spirit of fire, flame, and of a leader's inspiration. Eyes, lips, hands, finger-tips, all are to be to him till the work be ended, as a true, vivid musical interpretation's servants. The ideal conductor is in part flame and in part bronze. If he "run away with himself" he is not ideal. Wo, then, to his work! But if he be but a stock, a statue, a wooden man of the baton, then it were better that a tobacconist's painted figure stood up before us and his band, trying to show what Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner meant by writing for the orchestra. A great or even a good composer the conductor need not be. Great composers, over and over again, have been poor conductors, even of their own works; and many eminent creative musicians never have tried to direct a band at all—very wisely abstaining. In musical knowledge, in musical feeling, in personality—that golden or leaden element—in the nervous temperament balanced by—yes, even by the phlegmatic one, lies the leader's finest making up. He has not long been a really distinct public factor in musical performance. He and his baton of authority mean somewhat a recent progress in music's history. But he has likely come to stay as long as music is to be interpreted to the public by the ear and not merely by the eye. His name, fortunately for the best service of the opera and concert all over the world, is much more nearly Legion than we are at all apt to admit.

*Clement Scott on the Drama and Theatrical Life.....Raymond Blathwayt**

In one word "No." That is the substance of Mr. Clement Scott's reply to my question as to the ultimate moral effect of the drama. The theatre as it stands to-day, the theatre, be it understood in its inmost sense, is emphatically not one of the forces that makes for righteousness. . . .

Said Mr. Scott during the course of our recent conversation: "Stage life, according to my experience, has a tendency to deaden the finer feelings, to crush the inner nature of men and women, and to substitute artificiality and hollowness for sincerity and truth, and, mind you, I speak from an intimate experience of the stage, extending over thirty-seven years. Of course, I refer now to the inner life of the theatre, to that which goes on behind the scenes. I refer to that life of which the outside public knows but little, and a good thing for it that it does know so little. And, again, in dealing with this inner life I leave out all reference—to a great extent that is—to what I may term the theatrical families of the stage, those well-known people or generations of play-actors. They are like doctors or artists, to whom the whole thing is a matter of training and profession, and who, like the doctor or the artist, do not notice and are unaffected by what perhaps comes as a shock to the novice. I speak rather of, and to the hundreds of young people, especially of the opposite sex, who have so unhealthy a craving for matters theatrical, and who enter upon the life with an absolute ignorance of all that is hidden by its glittering exterior. . . .

"Two things I want to be made clear:

*An interview in *Great Thoughts*.

"(1) That it is quite possible to lead a good life on the stage. Thousands do. Miss ——, for instance, is as good a woman as ever lived. But the fact that many do lead good lives does not remove the great temptations from the weaker brethren.

"(2) That I am not a canting prig or a Pharisee who makes broad his phylacteries, and says, 'Thank God, I am not as other men are.' The temptation of the stage is, and has been, quite as bad for me as for any one else, if not worse. It would disorder any life and shipwreck any temperament, however religious, to have your whole mind devoted to the showy and the alluring for thirty-seven years." . . .

Having discussed the inside run of the theatre pretty thoroughly, I suggested to Mr. Scott that we should turn the limelight upon the stage itself, that is, the stage that the public sees. And said I:

"What do you think of what is known nowadays as the problem play, and how far do you think it is either understood or appreciated by the great public?"

"Well," replied my host, "*what* is a problem play? That is what I have never been able to discover satisfactorily. My contention is that the play you witness on the stage after dinner should never exceed the limits of decency you allow at dinner. But the idea of the problem-play people appears to be that the theatre is a place where any nasty subject can be discussed without fear or shame. Take that infamous play of Ibsen's—*Ghosts*. What is a young girl to think of that? You are writing for a religious paper, very well, let me tell you that the reason Ibsen has so signally failed in pleasing the British public is that he has ignored the great fact that as a rule the majority of English playgoers are people who have not lost their faith. The pit and the gallery, who practically decide the fate of a new play, are those who still retain the old faith; whilst the men who write or criticise are freethinkers practically, who are trying to force things before their time. Young Oxford, Toynbee Hall, won't read my criticisms, for the simple reason that I write them for the old-fashioned denizens of pit and gallery, who still believe that there is a God. Ibsen fails because he is, I suppose, an atheist, and has not realized what the great backbone of religion means to the English race. He fails because his plays are nasty, dirty, impure, clever if you like, but foul to the last degree, and healthy-minded English people don't like to stand and sniff over an ash-pit. Robertson's *Caste*, which has just been revived after nearly thirty years, survives simply because it is one of those sweet, pure romances over which people love to linger. But your average playgoer—religious to his inmost being, even though he may scarcely be conscious of it himself—has no liking for these modern problem plays. Once they are played they are dead and can never be revived. A success which is founded on prurient and curiosity is bound to be short-lived. The success that lasts is that which deals with the loftier side of human nature. In all my thirty-seven years of criticism I have never known a success of curiosity, if I may so term it, to survive its first outburst. Even with our own great playwrights you will find that this is so. Mr. Pinero will be remembered by the delicate fragrance of Sweet Lavender, and not by the Second Mrs.

Tanqueray. Mr. Carton's Liberty Hall will long survive his Tree of Knowledge now running at the Criterion. Problem plays are not on the increase, for, on the whole, they have never paid and they never will. Playwrights, if they are to succeed, must remember first of all, that the English public of all classes is a decent one, and, secondly, that the great majority are made up of those in whose lives, religion, the simple faith of other days—is a very great factor and a very dominant note. Believe me, it is no good trying to antagonize your audience. From the lowest point of view—in this case, the view of the box-office—it never pays."

Decorative and Illustrative Art.....John C. Vandyke.....Art Interchange

There has been a great deal of talk lately about art for art's sake, which is the result of people looking so much for the story or meaning of a picture that they fail to see anything beyond. This became so objectionable to the artistic feeling of the modern artist that the consequence was that he wanted everything of the kind swept away—everything but the decorative qualities of the painting. Whistler, Alfred Stevens, Monet, and other well-known painters would have nothing but art for art's sake.

We are told by Whistler that as music is the poetry of sound, so is art the poetry of sight. But is not music something more than mere sound—does it not suggest feeling and meaning? Why do we become worked up and emotional over a beautiful oratorio? So there should be a meaning behind the most decorative of paintings. Should not every picture present some feeling, something behind the decorative quality? The lines, the lights and all the objects should be arranged to convey some meaning, or if they are so indefinite that you cannot distinguish one thing from another, then it is not a picture, it is only a dash of color which may be interesting to the eye simply as a color spot. Whistler may call one of his small panels of the sea and sky a symphony in blue and gray, but with a few lines he does put meaning into the color. So you see the picture cannot succeed very well without a subject. But painting is not a mere vehicle for all history, nor should it be only used for decoration. The decorative place is quite as important as the illustrative, but is there any reason why both should not be important? These are simply two kinds of art, but it seems to me that there are four kinds of art which help to make a perfect picture. Representation and expression in art I shall speak of later.

Whether decorative or illustrative art came first, we can only conjecture. A painter draws a few lines that suggest a bear. Why does he do this? Is it not that the artist desires to convey some thought, to say something about the bear? It is useless to say this is not art. I believe it is art. We meet the same kind of thing in Egypt where all the decorations were illustrative of Egyptian life. The subject was perpetually in evidence throughout the decorative motive. It was the only way the Egyptians had of recording their history. What about the great art of the Italian Renaissance? Was not the theme used by the artists of importance? Almost everything was illustrative of some sacred story.

I wish now to draw a contrast between the art that illustrates and the art that represents. If I should draw the outline of the Parthenon, it would only be an illustration; but if I should show you a model of the Parthenon, it would be an actual representation. If you see a lot of pots so well painted that you feel like taking hold of them and picking them up, they suggest representation. Take, for instance, the horses of Rosa Bonheur—they are representative rather than illustrative. In the catacombs a shepherd was painted caring for his sheep. This was painted to illustrate the care of Christ, the Good Shepherd, for his people. Constant examples of illustrative art occur in the art of the Renaissance. Fra Angelico painted a flower garden and used it to illustrate Heaven. In Flemish art, the models of Rembrandt were taken from Amsterdam and those of Rubens from Antwerp. They were representative of Dutch and Flemish physiognomy. The subject of a picture is of no small importance. Do you think the moderns who despise all subject would throw out all the painting of the Renaissance because the painters told stories in their pictures? It is true that the story-telling part was not of the chief importance. The Renaissance painters knew well that their success depended upon the originality and freshness with which they treated their madonnas and their crucifixions. But does not all this go to prove that the theme is not a hindrance? If the moderns could have what they want, the effect would be to sweep out all pictorial and all illustrative art. Meissonier's Retreat from Moscow is illustrative as well as historical. And how does Napoleon, upon his white horse, differ from Whistler's Blacksmith? One illustrates the living man, while the other illustrates a man of his imagination. Franz Hals and Velasquez, whom the Whistlerites love to quote, constantly painted historical canvases. Could anything be finer than Velasquez's Surrender of Breda, one of the greatest of historical works, marvelous in composition as well as glorious decoratively? Can any one be so foolish as to think the subject was not worthy of the painter? But the chief outcry of the moderns is at the story-telling picture at the public exhibitions. It must be confessed that there is some reason in waging war against this kind of thing. It is so lacking in the qualities that made a picture like Titian's Sacred and Profane Love great in art. The trouble is now that there is a tendency to slur the decorative and let it go lame, blind and halt, and consequently the public admire the story-telling part. But when the theme was painted by the hand of a master, the moderns find no fault. If one criticises the sentimental tales where painting brings the story into contempt, there is every reason for condemnation. In this category may be the Viberts and the Defreggers. If, in enjoying such works, the public sneers at the Millets and the Corots, then it is well the moderns have taken up the cudgels for more art and less sentiment. But a subject is not necessarily weak or silly, except in the hands of the wishy-washy painter.

We may prefer one kind of art to another, but we must admit that both the decorative and illustrative are forms of art and that both should be entitled to approbation.

THE SKETCH BOOK : CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Good Friends and True.....Zoe Anderson Norris....The Peterson Magazine

Mary Ann stood on the back porch, churning. Her dress was neatly tucked away from the contact of splashing buttermilk, and her eyes rested on the blue flecks of sky, showing through the leaves of a Virginia creeper which covered the lattice; but her thoughts were remote enough from flecks of sky, green leaves, or splashing buttermilk.

Inside the dim sitting-room her mother nodded to the musical rhythm of the churn, and the buzzing of two flies, high on the window pane. The needle, stuck half way through the cross stitches in the heel of Mary Ann's stocking, was held perilously close to the gray head bending over it and bobbing up again at regular intervals. The warm languorous June day courted sleep, the churn dasher outside rose and fell monotonously, and its cadence mingled with Mrs. Smithers' dreams.

Presently there came a rap of bony knuckles at the front door. Mrs. Smithers' head gave a final jerk upward and her eyes blinked open. She rose and hastened to the door, the stocking still in her hand.

"Oh, is it you, Liza?" she said. "Come right in. I was half asleep when you knocked—these long summer days make one so drowsy."

Liza gave her skirts a shake. "It's awful hard for people to keep clean in Kansas," she complained, "with the wind blowin' the dust all over creation." She seated herself and glanced smilingly about her. "It's nice in here, though," she added, "and I'm mighty glad I found you at home, because I came on special business."

"I hope you didn't come beggin' for the church," said Mrs. Smithers. "There ain't a red cent in the house, and won't be until Mary Ann finishes the churnin' and sells the butter."

"That's her churnin' now, ain't it?" asked Liza.

"Yes. Why?"

"I've got somethin' to say I don't want her to hear, that's all." She took off her mittens and smoothed them out across her lap.

"Sarah," she began solemnly, after an awkward pause, "I've always been a good friend to you, haven't I?"

"Bout as good as any friend I've got," answered Mrs. Smithers, with a curious intonation which was lost on Liza, so intent was she upon the subject in hand.

"Well, I've come to do you a friend's turn now." Here she paused again, and Mrs. Smithers, drawing her needle through, held it suspended, waiting to hear.

"Sometimes," Liza went on, "people's own kin-folks is the very last ones to hear things that's goin' on—talk, I mean—and that ain't right. If there's talk goin' on, the ones nearest of kin ought to be the first to hear it. Leastways, that's my opinion. Ain't it yours, Sarah?"

"It depends," said Sarah, dryly.

Liza rolled the mittens neatly together and turned the hem of one over both.

"Now supposin'," she said, at a slight loss for

words for once, "that I had a girl like Mary Ann—"

Mrs. Smithers involuntarily started. For a second she shook as if with a chill.

"And people was goin' round talkin' about her? Wouldn't it be your duty to come and tell me?"

Mrs. Smithers did not reply. Her wrinkled face had turned a palish yellow under the tan from the Kansas winds. The stocking had fallen into her lap.

"Of course, it would," continued Liza, "and so I'm goin' to tell you this, because I think you ought to know it."

She coughed twice behind her hand before she began again.

"As near as I can make out," she said, "it was this way: Jake Saunders was comin' along the road from Mulvane Saturday night—I think it was; yes, I'm sure it was Saturday night—and he saw two young people drivin' towards him in a buggy in the shadow of the trees. It was bright moonlight, you know, and when they come out from under the shadow the young fellow threw his arms around the girl's neck and kissed her! Kissed her right there in the moonlight where Jake Saunders could see, where anybody could 'er seen what had a mind to look! Why, in the name of common sense, didn't he kiss her when they were in the shadow of the trees? That's what I'd like to know. Sarah, that young fellow was Charlie Sullivan, and the girl—well, the girl was—Mary Ann!"

Mrs. Smithers had mechanically taken up her work, and was slowly running the long needle through the heel of Mary Ann's stocking. She pressed the threads down with her thumb nail and snipped off a stray end with her scissors. Her face was emotionless as if carved in stone, but the fingers that held the scissors trembled a very little.

"You know Jake Saunders," Liza went on. "He can't keep nothin'. That was Saturday night, and before mornin' the whole town was alive with it. Everybody knew it, even the little children. Such things go like wildfire, once they get started, and the worst of it is, they keep addin' and addin'. You wouldn't 'er known the story by Sunday, they'd put so many frills and furbelows to it."

She looked hard at Mrs. Smithers, searching in her stony features for some slight encouragement to proceed, but, finding none, she proceeded, anyway. "Now, seein' I'm your best friend, Sarah, I thought it would be a kindness to come and tell you what they were sayin'. It seemed sort of pitiful-like to hear everybody talkin' about Mary Ann, and you smilin' around unbeknownst—smilin' maybe, at the very people what was doin' the worst talkin'."

She fidgeted a moment, while the sound of the churn filled up the silence. "As I said to Jane Hawkins," she wound up lamely, "it wa'n't right. If nobody else would come and tell you, I said, I would."

Mrs. Smithers cleared her throat. "I see by the mornin' paper," she said, "that wheat's gone up. That'll be a good thing for Kansas—that is, if the railroads don't charge mor'n it's worth to haul it

away. This ought to be a good year for Kansas with such big wheat crops and the corn so fine."

"Yes; the corn's fine enough right now," retorted Liza, "but there's no tellin' what it'll be before the season's over. Like as not the hot winds will kill it, or the chinch-bugs'll eat it all up."

She flipped a speck of dust from her sleeve and took up the old subject where she had left off. "If I was a lone widder with one daughter, and people was talkin' about her, I'd thank somebody to come and tell me. That's what I would do."

"I try not to think of the chinch-bugs," said Mrs. Smithers. "If they come, let 'em come. Anyway, half a crop in Kansas is better than a whole crop in any other State. That's what's the matter with Kansas. Her own people run her down."

Liza suddenly left her chair and stood erect, her starched skirts rustling with indignation. "You're a queer creature, Sarah Smithers," she said. "You never were like other people and you never will be, I guess. When a friend comes to do you a kindness, you ain't got a civil word in your head for her. This is the last time I'll go out of my way to accommodate you—the very last time!"

Mrs. Smithers remained seated. "You'll excuse my not goin' to the door with you, I hope," said she, without offering any special reason for not doing so; and her visitor flaunted out of the house and down the walk alone, heedlessly brushing against the inoffensive rows of phlox and sweet-williams as she went.

When the gate had closed upon her with a loud click, Mrs. Smithers raised her head and listened for the sound of the churn. It had ceased.

"Mary Ann!" she called softly.

"Ma'am," answered Mary Ann from the pantry where she stood, moulding a shining pat of butter.

"Come here a minute."

Mary Ann printed a clover leaf on the butter, laid it on a plate, and appeared in the doorway, holding it out upon the palm of her hand. "Look at this," she said, "ain't it yellow as gold?"

"Yes," smiled her mother, "but put it down and come here."

She put the plate on the table and approached her mother, her face flushed with the exercise of her work. She knelt down by her.

"There's something I want to tell you," she said, clasping the old woman's waist with her strong young arms, and throwing back her sunny head with an ecstatic gesture, her eyes aglow.

"Wait," said Mrs. Smithers. "Maybe I can guess what it is. Let me see!" She pondered, her finger on her lip. "Saturday night you and Charlie Sullivan were out driving along in the shadow of the trees. You were driving towards Mulvane. He asked you to be his wife and you said you would. What a naughty girl to promise without her mother's consent! Just then you drove out of the shadow into the moonlight, and he threw his arms around you—and kissed you!"

The girl smiled and dimpled. "Why, mother!" she cried. "How did you know?"

"I'm a mind reader," Mrs. Smithers answered; then, seeing the puzzled look on Mary Ann's face, she added, "No, dear, I'm not a mind reader, but I've got so many friends—good, true friends who

come and tell me things they think I ought to know."

"I hear one of them coming now," said Mary Ann, rising from her knees. "You go to the door, mother. My face burns so."

Mrs. Smithers put down her work and went to the door. She half opened it and looked out.

Entering the gate was a middle-aged woman of ample proportions. As she approached the house her wide skirts filled up the narrow walk, bending the slender stalks of the flowers to the right and to the left. She panted as she climbed the steps, a broad smile further expanding her face across which the skin was stretched, drumlike, to its utmost tension.

"How pretty your flowers always are, Mrs. Smithers," she gasped, "how do you ever get them to grow like that in Kansas?"

"I suppose stayin' at home and tendin' to 'em has somethin' to do with it," answered Mrs. Smithers, grimly. At the same time she fastened the hook on the inside of the screen door.

Mrs. Hawkins stood outside, like a book agent, meekly waiting to be admitted.

"Ain't you goin' to let me in?" she asked.

Mrs. Smithers answered the question with another.

"Are you one of my friends?"

"Yes."

"Have you come to tell me something you think I ought to know?"

"Yes," answered Jane Hawkins.

"Well, then, I'm not at home," said Mrs. Smithers, and she slammed the door, drew the bolt, and went back to her darning.

An Irish Munchausen.....Poughkeepsie News-Press

One of the Liverpool restaurants boasts of an Irish Munchausen who acts in the humble capacity of waiter, and adds much to the entertainment of customers.

Some of these gentlemen had been spinning some pretty good yarns one evening. One of them, on being served with a small lobster, asked, "Do you call that a lobster, Mike?"

"Faix, I believe they do be caalin' them lobsters here, surr. We caall 'em crabs at home."

"Oh," said the diner, "you have lobsters in Ireland?"

"Is it lobsters? Begorra, the creeks is full of 'em. Many o' time have I seen 'em whin I've lepped over the strames."

"How large do the lobsters grow in Ireland?"

"Well," said Mike thoughtfully, "to shpake widin bounds, surr, I'd say a matter of five or six feet."

"What—five or six feet? How do they turn round in those creeks?"

"Bedad, surr, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide!" said the unabashed Mike.

"But," said the persistent inquirer, "you said you had seen them when you were leaping over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea."

"Deed I did, surr; we're powerful leppers in Ireland. As for the say, surr, I've seen it red wid 'em."

"But, look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking he had cornered the Hibernian at last, "lobsters are not red until they are boiled."

"Doan't I know that?" said Mike reproachfully.

"But there are hot springs in the ould country, an' they shwim troo 'em an' come out ready for ye to crack open and ate," and Mike walked calmly off to wait upon the next guest, leaving his interlocutor to digest the lobster and the story.

The View.....Neil Wynn Williams.....The Speaker

The white wall was shadowless. A full sunshine lay clearly upon its gritty pebbles, upon its dry limewash. At the foot of this wall was a brown roadway. The white wall was built in a curve. At its centre was a gap, whence shattered gates yawned feebly inwards. Very yellow with warmth was the sunshine that lay inside of these gates. Its heat was upon the straw of a farmyard and the rounded tower of an ancient dovehouse. Gayly-feathered pigeons enjoyed it as they preened themselves upon the ragged cap of thatch, or as they dappled the sunshine below with fluttering shadows.

The brown road ran in a curve, bounding the wall. There were ruts in its thirsty dust. These trails of the wheel curved into sight at the right, and bent out of sight at the left. But opposite to the gate of the farmyard, they broadly smirched, confused and tangled and trod adown to hoof-pitted mud at the edge of a little pond. It is beautiful in summer time to see the yellow rose of the silver-weed by the side of the dusty road. The eye drinks! So with this little pond, the eye that longed might drink ere its gaze swept between the few trunks of firs at its further edge and sank for miles along the depths of a green valley. The green valley is very deep, so deep that its river crawls as a silver snake to the eye that looks down. A foot of bank holds the water of the little pond immediately above this depth. And the heavens robbed of height sink closely upon its quiet breast, and sinking, sinking drag their white clouds, their azure peace, through its clear water.

That morning the sunshine was very gay. Running water would have thrown off darts of golden light, but the little pond was calm and silent, and the trees at its furthest edge did not rustle to the sigh of a gentle wind. Nor from the green valley did rumor rise. In the distance, beyond the hollow of the valley, the spire of a church spiked boldly upwards. A town was there, whose red brick buildings the eye could plainly see. The silence of the hill listened, but the notes of that distant life were dumb and told no tale.

Then they came around the curve of the white wall, those two, and their coarse laughter rove rudely about. "This 'ere is the place, Bill. We shall see it from 'ere," said one.

"Thart we wun't," answered the man addressed. "I 'ave laid yer a quart agen it coming off." He stopped and pantomimically stroked his belly. "And I could do wi' a quart," he added feelingly, "for this 'ere bloom'in sun is a 'ot un."

"Come on," said the other man, pressing the weight of his drawling voice upon the words. "Come on! The pond there is the best place to see from." Their shadows traveled blackly along the white wall, broke, and fell through the shattered gates. Frightened pigeons rose with the beat of many wings. The fatter man of the two raised his arms.

"If Oi 'ad a gun," he exclaimed, pulling an imaginary trigger.

"Yer wouldn't 'it a 'aystack," commented the other man contemptuously, and he walked to the side of the pond. He looked intently across its still waters. Suddenly he shouted joyfully: "Bill! By Gawd, Bill, Oi 'ear it!"

The fat man ran to his side with an open mouth. His coarse boots sank with a squelch into the mud by the pond. "You're a gammonin' on me, Tom," he said.

"Listen!" answered Tom, and he pointed a finger to the distant spire. Heavily, heavily, a bell was faintly tolling into louder tones. Beat, beat, but the swing of its iron tongue was striking harder and harder.

Tom pulled out his watch. "It wants tew minutes to eight," he exclaimed. "Tew minutes," he repeated regretfully with a raised voice. And he fixed his eyes upon a square red building by the side of the church.

The other man was losing his hope of beer. "There is a lot may 'appen in tew minutes," he said sulkily.

"One minute!" said Tom. "One minute tew eight."

"Height. And there it is!" he shouted. "Hooray!" A black flag had unfolded sombrely against the blue sky over the red-bricked building.

Getting His Deserts.....Detroit Free Press

There was a big, coarse voiced fellow, with red face, a superfluity of beef about his head and an insatiable desire to hear himself talk, who was nicely come up with in a barber shop the other day. He was flashily dressed and seemed aggrieved that every man employed in the place did not rush to help him get ready for the chair. He had assistance in having himself brought down to condition for being shaved, declining to handle anything from his hat to his collar and necktie.

While being lathered and shaved he told boisterously and profanely about the degeneracy of the times. Men who had to earn their living didn't know their places, and acted as though they were just as good as those who hired them. The greatest mistake this country had ever made was when it did away with slavery instead of extending it to every State and Territory in the Union.

After he had insisted upon half a dozen additions and extra touches from the knight of the strop, the big man stepped from the chair and produced a fat pocketbook, while still holding forth in his offensive vein.

"Never mine dat," said the proprietor, who had known life on the plantation in the old days. "We don't make no cha'ge fo' takin' de bris'les off of an'mals like you."

The bully was about to break loose like an unheralded cyclone of destruction, but he saw half a dozen barbers about him, each one whetting a razor on the palm of his hand and looking solemn.

"How do you make money at that price?" he asked, with a sickly grin.

"We make it up offen ge'men, sah." And it was wonderful to see how soon the big man was dressed and away.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

House-Cleaning..... Franklyn W. Lee..... What To Eat

Yes, M'rilly's bin house-cleaning 'n' I'm sleepin' in the shed,
With some buggy robes for kivers 'n' the wash bench for a bed;
There's confusion in the parlor 'n' a heap sight more up stairs,
While I kaint find comfort nowhere fer the varnish on the chairs.

First they tore up all the carpets; then they pulled down all the shades,
Till the place looked like a homestead after one of Moseby's raids;
Next the walls were reinvigorated, 'n' the floors was soaked and scrubbed,
'N' M'rilly bossed the workers as they pounded, shook and rubbed.

Oh, I tell yer, 'taint so funny when yer eatin' off the shelf,
'N' a feller has to hustle for a place to lay hisself;
Fer the wimen folks mean bizness 'n' they make a feller jump
Till he's like a pesky camel with a double action hump.

*De Nice Leetle Canadienne..... William Henry Drummond..... The Habitant**

You can pass on de worl' w'er ever you lak,
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien' dat's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree
An' she wear it, wall, jus' lak' de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
For she ain't got moche monnee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariée,
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat
An' bodder hese'f all de tam, night an' day,
Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'e're he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent
Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma famme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,
An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak' leetle small deer,
No smarter crowd you never see—
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten,
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O, she's quick an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
If you know correc' way go about,
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,
Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
She will mak' it more beautiful den,
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak' de eye
Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

Rachray Island..... Moira O'Neill..... London Spectator

Och, what was it got me at all that time
To promise I'd marry a Rachray man?
An' now he'll not listen to rason or rhyme,
He strivin' to hurry me all that he can.
"Come on, an' ye be to come on," says he,
"Ye're bound for the Island, to live wi' me."

*G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., publishers; cloth, 12mo,
\$1.25.

See Rachray Island beyont in the bay!

The dear knows what they be doin' out there
But fishin' an' fightin' an' tearin' away,
An' who's to hindher, an' what do they care?
The goodness can tell what 'ud happen to me
When Rachray 'ud have me, "anee, anee!"

I might have took Pether from over the hill,
A dacent poacher, the kind poor boy.
Could I keep the old places about me still,
I'd never set foot out o' sweet Ballyvoy.
My sorra on Rachray, the could sea-caves,*
An' black-neck divers, an' weary ould waves!

I'll never win back now, whatever may fall,
Oh, give me good luck, for you'll see me no more.
Sure an' Island man is the mischief an' all,—
An' me that never was married before!
Oh, think o' my fate when ye dance at a fair:
In Rachray there's no Christianity there!

Wae's Me for Prince Charlie..... Montreal Witness

A wee bird came to our ha' door
And sang baith sweet and clearly,
An' aye the o'ercome of his song
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Now, when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird
The tears came drappin' rarely,
I took my bonnet off my head,
For weel I loved Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a song ye borrow,
Or is't some words ye've learnt by heart
Or a lift of dool and sorrow?"
"Och, nay, nay, nay," the wee bird said,
"I've flown since morning early,
But such a day of wind and rain,
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats
An' shook his wings in anger.
"Oh, this is no the land for me,
I'll tarry here no langer."
A while he hovered on the wing
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the farewell strain
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

You'll Get There in the Mornin'..... F. L. Stanton..... Atlanta Constitution

Keep on lookin' for the bright, bright skies;
Keep on hopin' that the sun'll rise;
Keep on singin' when the whole world sighs,
An' you'll get there in the mornin'!
Keep on plowin' when you've missed the crops;
Keep on dancin' when the fiddle stops;
Keep on faithful 'til the curtain drops,
An' you'll get there in the mornin'!

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

Mother Goose as an Educator *New York Sun*

A writer in the *Outlook* is in favor of feeding the minds of children with serious poetry, of substituting Longfellow and other bards of name for Mother Goose. We are ready to maintain against a world in arms that as an introduction to poetry, prosody, music, mythology, folklore, history, comedy, tragedy, geography, astronomy, natural history, and all arts, sciences, and trades, and to soothing sleep and delightful dreams, the collected works of Mother Goose are superior to those of all the other poets in the world. They are an encyclopædia. Both in their obvious and their allegorical significance, they are rich and full of matter. Thousands of people puzzle and suffer over the *Divine Comedy* who have never mastered the works of Mother Goose. The wisdom of many generations is condensed in her. It will be many generations before a book more valuable will appear. Anybody who has been brought up on Mother Goose's melodies has had a good education.

In the whole gallery of fiction where are there clearer-drawn or more interesting figures than those that throng her immortal pages? Why, Jack Sprat is worth a hundred thousand of the puling paretics of the Neurotic-Idiotic School; and we wouldn't swap the Cow that jumped over the Moon for all the philosophers from Pythagoras to Nietzsche.

The Modern University *London Spectator*

Roughly speaking, there are five types of the modern university, which we may classify as the French, the German, the English, the Scottish, and the American. Colonial Universities have followed more or less the English type, and need not be particularly specified; while in most Continental countries the German type prevails. It is sad to note, by the way, the great decline in the universities of Spain and Italy, so great and beneficent in the Middle Ages. Salamanca is little more than a name, while Padua and Bologna, perhaps at one time the greatest European universities next to Paris, though by no means destitute of important scholars, have no longer their ancient fame. To return to our first type, that of France. Here we have had for a century a great centralized academic system, organized by Napoleon. France is the literary country par excellence, and in science it is second to none; yet the thinkers of France have not generally approved the rigid centralization of Napoleon as applied to so fluid and subtle a matter as culture. They have complained of the system as fettering intellect and as fatal to originality, and they have pointed to the superior results obtained under the German system of free culture. The universities have been organized under the Collège de France, and instead of being independent seats of learning, each with its own individuality, they have been, as it were, local bureaux of a great central department. Recently the views of the critics have partly prevailed, and there has been some decentralization, and greater freedom has been imparted, with the result that private generosity has been

stimulated, and the University of Montpellier in particular has been enriched by large donations. The founding of the Ecole Libre in Paris has also stimulated liberty as contrasted with routine, and Paris is now beyond all question the foremost school of political science in the world, even German and American students repairing thither. We may say, therefore, that the French type of a bureaucratic university is almost self-condemned, and that it is being largely modified to-day. This is due in no small degree to the influence of Germany, whose universities are her most precious possessions, to which is attributed by some French critics the rapid rise of German power after generations of weakness and strife. There is no centralized system of culture in Germany, each university is independent, each has its own characteristics, and each has been free, though it is hazardous to say whether under the present rule in Germany this freedom will continue. The German university is not residential; its students live where they choose without any collegiate discipline, but with curious customs and obligations of honor of their own. Essentially the German university is exactly what the University of Paris was in the Middle Ages,—a great teaching corporation; and this must be held to be the chief function of a university. In our time the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig have been the greatest centres of teaching in the world.

The English type is different. Here we have the collegiate system with its reminiscences of school discipline, and its æsthetic charm unknown to the German university. The chief drawbacks to Oxford and Cambridge are the low standards for the majority, the excessive competition, and the comparative absence of what the Americans call "post-graduate" work. There is too much of the school element, too little of the serious work of the mature student. The universities have not yet quite recovered from the effects of those generations of cultivated ignorance and lettered idleness so severely exposed by Gibbon and Adam Smith. On the other hand, the strength of Oxford and Cambridge lies in their deep humanity, their lofty standard of life, their aloofness from everything that is vulgar, mercenary, or partisan. They recall to an age crammed with facts the old Greek idea, that beauty is even more important an aim than knowledge.

Scotland's universities are as characteristic of the soil as are those of Germany. Like the latter, they are teaching institutions essentially, but their popular character makes the teaching of a too elementary kind. They are too much given to elementary work to be as effective for culture as they should be.

We now come to the American universities, by which we mean the greater institutions of culture, not the hundreds of petty colleges to be found in all parts of America. Some of these, in our judgment, come nearer to the ideal of a true university than any of the other types. Beginning on the old English collegiate system, they have broadened out into vast and splendidly endowed institutions of universal learning, have assimilated some German features, and have combined successfully college

routine and discipline with mature and advanced work. Harvard and Princeton were originally English colleges; now, without entirely abandoning the college system, they are great semi-German seats of learning. Johns Hopkins at Baltimore is purely of the German type with no residence, and only a few plain lecture-rooms, library, and museums. Columbia, originally an old English college (its name was King's, changed to Columbia at the Revolution), is now perhaps the first university in America, magnificently endowed, with stately buildings, and with a school of political and legal science second only to that of Paris. Cornell, intended by its generous founder to be a sort of cheap glorified technical institute, has grown into a great seat of culture. The quadrangles and lawns of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton almost recall Oxford and Cambridge; their lecture-rooms, laboratories, and post-graduate studies hint of Germany, where nearly all American teachers of the present generation have been educated.

French Vacation Schools.....William Henry Bishop.....N. Y. Evening Post

Vacation schools for French are of late being founded in considerable number in Europe. They are for the benefit of foreigners, and the natives are debarred from attending them. I had occasion to visit most of these schools the past summer, and printed reports from several have now come in. The courses given are usually divided into two series; as, at Paris, one includes the month of July and the second the month of August, and at Geneva one extends from the 17th of July to the 30th of August, and a shorter one follows from October 1 to the 21st. Each is complete in itself; they mean to cover about the same ground, but at the same time the texts and other matters are not duplicated, so that any one might profitably follow both. . . .

The course at Geneva, founded in 1892, claims priority in date. It was established by Prof. Bouvier of the Faculty of Letters of the university. . . . The vacation school at Paris under the auspices of the Alliance Française, though founded only in 1894, has become the most important of all, as is natural enough, considering the advantages of the great metropolis. The Alliance Française is a patriotic association—with many distinguished persons in its management, and branches in all parts of the world—for the propagation of the French language. . . .

The exercises were held in the bright new edifice of the Ecole Coloniale, which is on the quiet Avenue de l'Observatoire, close by the Luxembourg gardens. There were 370 persons in attendance, considerably more than half of them women. The August session drew together 170 more. They represented every sort of nationality: Russians, Danes, Hollanders, Italians, Bulgarians, Czechs, were all there. The bare list shows the cosmopolitan character of the assemblage, and its great possibilities, in consequence, for good. Germans were largely in the majority, as I found to be the case in all these schools. They were 216 out of the 370. There were fifty-four English and forty-four Americans; the Russians followed next in order.

A busy round of lectures began, at the rate of about three a day, with conversation classes by

small groups of persons, in the evening, and also (thrown in, during the day) visits, under a competent conductor, to the monuments and other art works of Paris. The French language of the seventeenth century and of the nineteenth were treated of, Gallicisms and popular speech; classic literature, and contemporary literature; Lamartine, by himself; the dramatic theories of Diderot; comedy after Molière; the Romantic drama. There were besides recitations in diction and dramatic reading and in elocution and pronunciation. The series is divided into two courses, elementary and advanced, according to the ability of the student, and there is also a common course, open to all alike, treating of the institutions of France and of art. At the end of the term, examinations were held and diplomas issued. As to the matter of expense, it is moderate: the whole two hundred exercises, of all sorts, can be subscribed for for the sum of 150 francs, or twenty-five tickets can be taken for 25 francs—this is required as a minimum—and, after that, such single tickets as may be desired. Prof. Brunot of the university, author of an historical grammar of the language, was the lecturer best known among scholars. He is spoken of, too, as the soul of work, on account of his great interest in it from the first. He gave us his regular product in all the minute details, so that the result was as if one had had a month's section or supply of what he would have taken a year or more to develop at the Sorbonne. René Doumic of the Lycée Stanislas, but also the distinguished literary critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was the most interesting of the lecturers. The amphitheatre was large—for the purpose in view—and the front seats were much in demand, but he was the one who could always be heard without difficulty. It is gratifying to know this, as he is coming here in the spring to lecture at some of our universities, following in the footsteps of Brunetière, last year. He seems to have formed himself upon Brunetière in many ways, but his sentences are much shorter than Brunetière's, and hence easier to follow. He has also much humor. The final examinations consisted of the writing of a dissertation, in French, on some subject based upon the work gone over. One of those for the superior course was: "What was the end aimed at by Molière in writing *Tartuffe*?" One of those for the elementary course: "An interview between the King and a critic belonging to the classic school, who wished him to forbid the representation of Victor Hugo's plays." I note that but one American passed the examination for a diploma, while sixteen diplomas were awarded to the English; but I think this merely shows that the Americans have not yet begun to enter for the examinations; they content themselves, for the present, with the incidental improvement.

The only other vacation school in France at present, though Grenoble is talking of having one soon, is that at Nancy, belonging also to the Alliance Française. The lessons were given at the university. There are but five a week, and, as at Paris, the price comes to a franc a lesson. I found about thirty persons comfortably assembled about a long table, with the professor at one end. There were two English and one American, the latter a

young woman from Arkansas. The course was followed by seventy persons in all last year. It is not here merely a vacation course; it runs throughout the year—as the prospectus announces, “même pendant les vacances.” The examinations take place in April, July, and October, respectively. The university is open gratis to those who may desire to attend there, the whole certainly making an excellent opportunity.

*Education in Korea.**Portland Transcript*

Of what does the education of a Korean youth consist? We may begin by telling of what it does not consist. In the first place, there is no science of mathematics. Most youths know the multiplication table up to 100, but they cannot do the simplest sum without going through a complicated process, or by the use of the abacus. To multiply sixteen by twelve, the Korean would place a stick or pebble on the ground to represent ten, then another a little way off to represent five, and another to represent one; this makes sixteen in all. Then he multiplies by twelve by putting twelve sticks for each one already placed. Then he takes up ten of the sticks in tens' place and puts one down in another place to represent the hundred, and for each two of the fives he puts one ten and so on until he has got his 192. Arithmetic is looked upon as being necessary only for merchants, and no gentleman troubles himself to learn it. The only way Koreans study geography is by traveling and seeing the country for themselves. This, it must be confessed, is the most delightful way of studying geography, but naturally the study is confined to a very restricted area. They have no knowledge of geography outside the limits of their own country. Natural sciences are utterly unknown, and after fifty years of diligent study the Korean still thinks that the celestial dog swallows the sun every time there is an eclipse. A delightful indefiniteness runs through all their mental processes. Most of them never have to plan ahead to make ends meet, or if they do have to, they would rather let the ends fly loose than make them meet by such a soul-harrowing process as a close arithmetical calculation. . . .

The one great object of study in Korea is the use of the Chinese character and the art of composition. We smile when we think of a man spending twenty years in learning to write Chinese correctly, but we are likely to go too far in this. In a certain sense the study of the Chinese character is an education in itself. To be sure, a man does not acquire a broad knowledge of facts. His stock of “general information” is very limited, but the mental discipline acquired is not unlike that which the study of mathematics affords. Very few college men ever find use for their conic sections or calculus or trigonometry after graduating excepting in so far as the study of these has developed mental power which can be applied to other things. So with the close study of Chinese; it undoubtedly develops mental power, disciplines the memory, trains the faculty of nice discrimination and does much to supply mental concentration.

The fault with the study of the Chinese character lies in its tendency toward artificiality. We may compare it with that period of English literary his-

tory when polish was the first requisite, the period of which Pope and Dryden were the best representatives. The careful balancing of periods, the nice adjustment of words—in a word, form overruled everything else. That period cannot be better characterized than by the words of the poet Wordsworth, who, himself, did perhaps the most to inaugurate healthier style, when he speaks of the man who would “weep and botanize upon his mother's grave.” The Koreans put it neatly. “Worms may eat out the heart unnoticed, but a thorn beneath the finger-nail demands instant attention.” In other words the study of Chinese has the tendency to confine a man to the minutiae, the fine details, while the larger and grander and more significant facts pass unnoticed. . . .

It may be due to this fundamental defect in their education that there is practically no such thing as statesmanship in either of these countries. Its place is taken by finesse, intrigue, trickery. There is no large general policy which runs through the years and is perpetuated by each succeeding generation. No one cares what happens after he is dead himself. We call this a defect in the eastern character, while it is a fault of an educational system. When a Korean or a Chinaman goes to America and takes a thorough course in college we find him quite another man from the narrow, prejudiced people whence he originated. This goes to prove that their faults are not so much those of nature as of circumstances.

Evil Effects of Overstimulation....M. V. O'Shea....Popular Science Monthly

The evil effects of overstimulation are evident in the attempts of parents and teachers to hasten as rapidly as possible the intellectual development of the children under their care. It has come to be regarded as desirable that a little child should begin hard work in school at five, and keep it up continuously until the college course is completed. Many think it creditable to a child to be precocious in his learning, and so he is encouraged to sit still and study instead of being spontaneously active in play much of the time. He is subjected in school to the great strain of appearing before his elders in “speaking pieces,” etc., all of which tends to overstimulate, and hence to fatigue easily and unnecessarily. There is among us a feeling that maturity ought to be reached as early as possible and by the shortest cuts, but science shows that excessive rapidity in development is secured at the expense of mental health and attainment of the highest ultimate ends. It assures us that too early and rapid organization of the nervous system through undue stimulation or educative influence of any kind finally results in arrested growth. Precocity is usually succeeded by mediocrity, if by nothing worse. It is significant that those races that are most precocious are ultimately the least intelligent and progressive, more nearly resembling the lower orders of animal life, where the young possess at birth nearly all the powers they ever attain, and so are not educable to any great degree. It is to be feared that overstimulation in numerous ways of children in American homes and schools leads to early cessation of, and hence to an ultimately inferior, physical and mental development.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN *

—Mother—Your penwiper has never been used at all. Little Johnny—Don't need it; my new pants are black.

—Gracie—Mamma, what does Santa Claus do after Christmas? Mamma—Why, he collects toys for the following Christmas. Gracie—Oh, I know! He takes the papers, and watches out for bargain sales.

—A certain schoolmaster, who used a round snuff-box during the week and a square one on Sunday, was accustomed to point to his snuff-box when speaking of the shape of the world. Now, when the examiner came along and asked the class what was the shape of the world, a little fellow answered: "Round during the week and square on Sunday!"

—Donald, aged ten, was a minister's son. One morning when his mother was getting him ready for school, he was quite cross, and said: "Oh, hurry up! When you wash me you just remind me of papa preaching—you just go on and on, and never know when to quit!" Helen, who is three years younger, and very fond of her papa, thought to come to his rescue; so she said: "I like to hear papa preach. Soon as he begins I lay down and go to sleep."

—On what day is Washington's birthday?" the teacher inquired. "Twenty-second of February," answered the class. "And Independence Day?" "The Fourth of July." "What is the difference between the two days?" This seemed to be a poser, and no reply was forthcoming. Finally a youngster who had been scribbling on a piece of paper held up his hand. "Good for you, Johnny," said the teacher, encouragingly; "now tell us what the difference is between these two of the greatest days of our national history." "Four months and twelve days, ma'am."

—Visitor—Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school? Tommy (aged eight)—First rate. I ain't doing as well as some of the other boys, though I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the wall. I want to do it without being near the wall at all.

—Little George was five years old, had been to Sunday school for two years, and in most respects was a model scholar. But one day mamma was astonished and horrified at hearing him say to a playmate, "I've been run over by big wagons lots of times, and it never hurt me a bit." Could it be possible that her dear little boy, who seemed to understand Scripture teaching so well, was developing into a common liar? She quickly put the question: "My son, what do you mean? You know you are not speaking the truth." The answer came as quickly, "Why, yes, mamma, when I was in the dust 'fore God made me."

—A fly had fallen into the inkwell of a certain author who writes a very bad and a very inky hand. The writer's little boy rescued the unhappy insect and dropped him on a piece of paper. After watching him intently for awhile, he called to his mother: "Here's a fly, mamma, that writes just like papa."

—"What makes you think your father never went to college?" asked the fond mother. "He doesn't know a half back from a center rush," returned the boy, scornfully.

—Sister—There! You have candy all over your new suit. What will mamma say? Little Brother—Well, mamma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get 'em spoiled.

—Mamma—Mercy on me! What does all this racket mean Sunday? And you've got all your dolls out, too. Little Dot—You said we might play church. Mamma—Do you call all this gabble and laughter church? Little Dot—No, mamma, church is just over, and the folks are going home.

—Now, boys, I have a few questions in fractions to ask," said a teacher. "Suppose I have a piece of beefsteak and cut it into two pieces. What would those pieces be called?" "Halves!" shouted the class. "Right. And if I should cut each half into two pieces?" "Quarters!" "That is correct. And if the quarters were each cut in half?" "Eighths!" "Yes. And if those were chopped in two?" The answers had been growing fewer and fewer, but one boy meditated a moment, and answered: "Sixteenths!" "Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut in half what would they be?" There was silence in the class, but presently a little boy at the foot put up his hand. "Do you know, Johnny? Well, you may tell me." "Hash!" answered Johnny, confidently.

—Mary and Martha, two little sisters, had been promoted to the dignity of a big bed, where they slept together. "I sleep on the front side," announced Mary, with an air of importance. "And where do you sleep, Martha?" inquired the visitor. "I sleep where Mary doesn't," replied Martha, with a rueful glance at her restless little sister.

—Little Dick—Mamma, that new doctor across the way asked me who was our family physician. Mamma—Well, dear, we are never sick, thank heaven, and we have not needed one. The new doctor (next day)—Well, my little fellow, did you find out the name of your family physician? Little Dick—We don't have one, and we are never sick.

—Caller—Nellie, is your mother in? Nellie—Mother is out shopping. Caller—When will she return, Nellie? Nellie (calling back)—Mamma, what shall I say now?

—Willie—Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he? Annie—Yes. Willie—Where is the other one? Annie—Hush! it's in heaven.

—Spell 'don't,' Mary." Mary spelled, "D-o-n-t." "Not quite right," said the teacher; "what has she left out?" Jessie's little hand shot up and she proudly spelled "D-o-n-prosecute-t!" and wondered why they laughed.

—Said the Sunday school teacher, "All little children who lie, or steal, or fight, or don't go to church will go to the bad place when they die." Little Charlie burst into tears. "But you won't go there, dear," continued the teacher, kindly. "N-n-no, I know that," blubbered Charlie; "b-b-but all my little friends will."

CHILD VERSE

The Ballad of a Child's Heart..... Anna H. Branch.....The Independent

The King who dwelt at the castle hall
A gallant lord was he,
He had lands that were broad and vassals for all,
And his kingdoms they were three;
But he had never a little child
To sit upon his knee.

"Now would that I had a daughter!" he said,
"To do what I should say;
She should have a golden comb for her head
And she should laugh alway;
Garments of velvet and raiment of silk
And jewels for night and day."

He rode by dark and he rode by light
And he rode till the days were three,
Until he came to fairy-land
Where the little lost children be,
And there he got him a fair girl child
To sit upon his knee.

They took off her little gown of green
And dressed her in all that was rare;
A silken girdle did bind her waist
And a golden zone her hair;
Gold on her bosom and gold on the hem
Of the robe they made her wear.

They gave her a falcon for all her own,
And a snow-white steed to ride;
Or she might sit on a stately throne
With jewels on it for pride;
But whenever she sat or whenever she rode
Was the great King at her side.

He built her a tower where she might sit
Like a dove that rests its wing;
He brought her a lute, but she would not play,
And a harp, but she would not sing;
She sat all day with a dream in her eyes
Nor laughed at anything.

"Now, what would you have, my fair girl child?
Now what would you have?" quoth he;
"For art thou not mine own little one,
Who sittest upon my knee?
And what thou wishest that shalt thou have
For my kingdoms they are three!"

"I have jewels, to see them shine," she said,
"And a golden zone for my hair,
And why I am sorry I do not know,
Nor if I knew should I care;
But I would that I had my little green gown
That erst I used to wear."

"Now, dry thine eyes, my fair girl child,
Now dry thine eyes," he said;
"For I rode all day and I rode all night
Till my good steed dropped dead;
But I have brought thee thy little green gown
With its merry tassels of red."

She was silent at morn and silent at eve
With a dream in her eyes alway,
And her hair at night was warm with tears
Because she had wept all day;
And she wished that she had the little gold ball
With which she used to play.

"Now, dry thine eyes, my fair girl child,
Now, dry thine eyes," quoth he;

"And I will get thee that little gold ball,
For my kingdoms they are three;
And all that I have in my heart and hold
Is not too good for thee."

She was silent at morn and silent at eve,
But he did not understand.
"Say, why shouldst thou drop the silken leash
Of the falcon from thy hand?"
"I would that I had my heart," quoth she,
"That I left in fairy-land!"

"That shalt thou have, my fair girl child,
For my kingdoms they are three;
But how shall I tell which heart is thine
Among so many as be?"
"The tears I have shed are in it," she said,
"And my mother's memory!"

"It is not enough, my fair girl child,
Is there no other thing?
All have had mothers and all have tears,
And which heart shall I bring?"
"Under the laughter and under the tears
Is my love for the Fairy King!"

"But where shall I find thy heart?" he said,
"Child, tell me where it is;
For I will have it if steel be true,
So make no mysteries!"
"Tis the Fairy King that must tell thee that,
For I left it deep in his!"

He rode all day and he rode all night
Till the bright walls he could see;
"Oh, King, I have come for the heart of a child,
From thine own heart," quoth he;
And I will have it while steel is true
And my kingdoms they are three!"

They fought all day and they fought all night,
In the land where all is fair;
But the strange king saw it not, nor felt
The sweet touch of the air;
An he had this, he had brought the child
And left her always there.

"Now, God thee save!" cried the Fairy Prince,
"That thou couldst do this sin;
Thou shalt wipe my blood from thy good steel
With a wish that it had not been.
Thou hast pierced my heart," he cried, "and so
The heart of the child therein!"

He rode all day and he rode all night,
And the first that met him cried:
"Thy child's own falcon flew away
This day at eventide!"
And the next one said: "Thy child's white hound
Upon this night hath died!"

The third that met him was pale with fear
And never a word he said;
But the great King spoke as it were news
"My fair girl child is dead!"
And they showed her wrapped in her little green gown
With its merry tassels of red.

The old King sits in his silent hall
And never a smile has he;
Sometimes he plays with a golden ball,
Or sits full silently.
He has lands that are broad and treasures from all
And his kingdoms they are three.

PIRATE AND TRAITOR*

By CLINTON ROSS

[The scene of the following reading is the outskirts of the city, shortly before the battle of New Orleans. Captain Christopher Robe, of the United States Army, has received from General Jackson the singular order to take ten men and place them and himself under the direction of the notorious pirate, Jean Lafitte, of Baratarian Bay.]

The two barges were close together. Lafitte's whiskered men bent low to their oars; Robe's followers, for the most part Tennesseeans, talking, and those who were not oarsmen nervously fingering their rifles; the low banks receding; the outlines of a gunboat of Commodore Patterson close under the opposite shore.

Lafitte was quiet and reserved, with now and then some word to La Roux. Robe had followed the general's orders literally, and now he had asked no question of the calm, handsome, self-poised man, who, criminal or no, commanded respect for his extraordinary ability, particularly in the way he avoided consequences. Perhaps Lafitte read his thoughts, for he turned to him suddenly with an affable smile:

"Lieutenant Jones fought the enemy last night. It was musket to musket, cutlass to cutlass, and hand to hand. Jones cut into the open barges, sinking many. They say the waters were filled with red-coated men. But it ended—"

"They were driven back?" Robe asked. "This news must just have reached the city."

"La Roux brought it to me—to the general. They closed in on them, beating our crews back, and driving them below. By noon, Captain, they held Lake Borgne. Is it an omen of the result? There are those who consider it may be."

For a moment Robe felt a suspicion of his ally. What if he should turn against them now? What if, after all, he had accepted the British overtures? What if, when it came to battle, the Baratarians should be foes in their midst? But Lafitte's keen eyes were on the Virginian's face, and he read his thoughts as easily as if he had spoken so many words.

"If it be so, that I am playing false, you will allow that I do it well," Lafitte said.

"I said nothing on that subject," said Robe, starting.

"I am not a child at understanding a man's thoughts, Captain Robe. And perhaps the best answer I may make is that I am here—you are here—to intercept that very business you think of. The English are at the Isle des Pois, where they suffer from the dews by day, the frosts by night—where they are looking to the approaches to the city. They are deliberating on several plans proposed them."

"Proposed them—through spies?"

"The Spanish fishermen and certain persons in

the Spanish or English interest. La Roux, from sources we know of, has brought news that an English officer, disguised as a fisherman, is to meet a certain gentleman we know of at Madame Demarche's."

"I know of? Ronald?" Robe asked, showing his own first surmise.

"No other; I trusted him. You dislike him," said Lafitte, watching him. "You have surmised it. Instinct isn't a bad guide at times. But I own I trusted him."

"Yet I thought there was not a creole traitor in Louisiana," the other said.

"He is partly an Englishman. He honestly believes that Louisiana would be better under English rule. He was disappointed that I refused the advances made to me. Naturally a monarchist, he prefers England or Spain. He is sincere enough."

"He is at Madame Demarche's?"

"Madame is his second cousin."

"And she knows of this?"

"Certainly not; but Ronald chose it as a quiet place, where he easily could meet the British agent. There are many winding waterways leading there from the mouth of the Pearl River. I am going there ostensibly to escort madame to New Orleans. She says her neighbors, the Valleres, are not afraid. Why should she be? We will keep your men in reserve. We will reach the house by a water way. I will inquire about Ronald. The British spies should be here this afternoon."

Lafitte's object in coming there was to get Ronald and the disguised officers from Admiral Cochrane, together with the Spanish fishermen who escorted them. His Baratarians were to beat about, with their useful knowledge of land and water, while he and Robe were to go openly to the house.

They carried this plan out in every detail, leaving the one barge with La Roux's half of the Baratarians and Robe's men in a hidden spot, while the other went on much farther up the river, coming at last to rest under a thick hedge of yucca. Robe followed Lafitte to an outbuilding, where he gave a peculiar low whistle that did not penetrate far; but suddenly, from the corner of the house, a bent, white-haired and bearded negro appeared.

"Eh, M'sieur Lafitte," he cried, in that patois which Robe cannot attempt to render, though by this time he understood it fairly well. "Were the officers after M'sieur again?"

"Tell Henriette to let Madame know that Monsieur wishes to see Madame in the old way. Stay! Is Monsieur Ronald about?"

Gabriel thought Monsieur Ronald was walking somewhere with Mademoiselle Maurice; and nodding his head wisely, he turned away. Presently he returned, beckoning. They were shielded from observation along the little path by the thick, bare branches of a hedge, and at a door Henriette, the mulatto girl of Robe's former visit, awaited them. Henriette carefully had sent away the other servants. Gabriel, who was Henriette's father, guarded the farther end of the path. The girl broke into

*A selected reading from Chalmette, The History of the Adventures and Love Affairs of Captain Robe Before and During the Battle of New Orleans: Written by Himself. By Clinton Ross. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, publisher; cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.

little exclamations of pleasure at seeing Monsieur Lafitte.

"Had the Governor turned against Monsieur once more?" she asked, with the easy familiarity of a servant born to the household.

As she was speaking, Sallie Maurice rushed out, putting both her hands out to Lafitte.

"We are so glad to see you."

Madame Demarche entered, fresh and smiling.

"How you bring old New Orleans days to me, Madame," Lafitte said; "evenings on balconies, gossip, dances—"

"Flirtation," said Madame. "Ah, yes; flirtation, and the subscription balls, to whom none was a more liberal subscriber than Monsieur Jean Lafitte," she added.

"Those days are gone, but in the period of my outlawry no one was kinder than a certain widow, whose husband had helped me much. She remembered, and now I am here insistent on your returning to New Orleans. The British will be here. You at Villere's and Demarche's and Chalmette's must leave for New Orleans—you, yourself, now, on my barge, which awaits you."

"We can't."

"I insist," he said.

"And when Lafitte insists," Madame retorted, "you obey. It's a proverb." And she courtesied, mockingly.

Lafitte whispered something. She grew suddenly pale.

"It can't be so."

"I know."

"Well, if you know." And she started. "We will obey Monsieur, Mademoiselle. We will put a few things together, and leave Henriette to follow with more. We go to the city at once. You will excuse us."

"Why do we remain?" Robe asked, turning to Lafitte.

"You will see presently."

At the moment there was a tapping on the door. "La Roux."

"Yes, Captain," said La Roux, entering.

"You saw it all?"

"Yes."

"How many were there?"

"Seven. Two were Englishmen gotten up like the others."

"You watched till after he had left them?"

"Yes, Captain. Then, before they knew it, we were down on them. There wasn't a cry."

"So they are safe in that glade?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And he should be here?"

"In five minutes."

"Madame will be embarked by that time. Do you, La Roux, take the other barge to the place where the prisoners are."

La Roux nodded and went out, eager, nervous, alert. Has Robe recorded that he was the only one of the Baratarians, save Jean Lafitte himself, who did not wear a beard; that he had a certain urbane, well-bred air, such as the Lafittes and Dominique You possessed in so remarkable a degree?

It must have been, to show La Roux's accuracy, exactly five minutes after when Ronald, softly

humming to himself, entered the house and turned towards the room where he doubtless expected to find his hostess or Miss Maurice. La Roux had anticipated him by taking a roundabout way, and he had walked slowly with his thoughts, little thinking that the two English officers whom he had just left were prisoners. As he entered he stopped in amazement, looking from Lafitte to Robe.

"Oh, Monsieur Lafitte, this is the usual pleasure," he said. "You are always appearing—disappearing again. You, too, are paying a visit to our old friend, Madame Demarche."

"No and yes. I came to have Madame go to the city. I have persuaded her. She has started by this time, I believe."

"Isn't this rather sudden?"

"I have reason to believe that some of Admiral Cochrane's men may be here."

"What!" Ronald said, without moving a muscle—"you believe that they know the water-ways? It may be—through the fishermen."

"Yes; and there are others as well. I intend to have the general send down a considerable force to watch the bayou and canal leading to this place."

"Have you any information?"

"Some, some," Lafitte went on, like a cat playing with a mouse. "I didn't fully realize the danger till I was here myself. I could not believe my plain information that there was a Louisianian who might make an exact statement of the number of our forces, of the condition of the defences."

"Monsieur!" Ronald said, paling.

La Roux appeared.

"I have some papers, Captain," he said.

"Bring them here."

Lafitte unfolded them.

"Back, La Roux," he said. "Ah, a map of every water-way about here—an accurate map. Yes, and plans of the forts, such as they are."

Ronald looked from Lafitte to Robe, and then to La Roux. You could see that he understood the situation, and was considering his position. La Roux, though he had been told to return to his men, still hesitated.

"Go, I tell you!" Lafitte said sternly. "Wait me there. I have an interview with Monsieur."

As La Roux went out, he said, as if meditating the force of every word:

"Monsieur Ronald, I rarely have been deceived in men."

"No, rarely," sneered the other; "that has been the measure of your success, Monsieur."

"Yes," said Lafitte, slowly, "that may be. I even acknowledge it. But there's another matter. Monsieur, you owe some part of your income to our organization."

"Yes," said Ronald, looking at him without a tremor in his voice. "Yes, Monsieur Lafitte."

"You have said 'yes,'" Lafitte said. "May I add to my 'yes' that once I had occasion to shoot a man down—nay, twice—after I had taken the management of the affairs of Barataria."

He looked at Ronald for a moment as if critically. Robe, watching the two, like a spectator at a play, remembered the story of Grambo, the pirate, who, when Lafitte was completing his organization of the privateers and buccaneers of the

Gulf, resisted the chief, who shot and killed him in the Great Temple, the place of their trade. And there were many other stories of like kind of this man, who now stood, strong and inflexible, the carelessness of his mannerisms gone, before this delinquent. For the first time Ronald started nervously, and his hand went involuntarily to his belt. Lafitte laughed with a fine scorn, not himself moving.

"Bring out your pistol, cocked and primed. I dare you to do it. For, dead-shot though you may be, I don't think you can be quicker than I. For I judge you a mutineer, and the worst. For I trusted you, which I rarely do. There is some fine quality of pretence about you that made me. And you have deceived me. I supposed that you were following our policy—to stand with the United States."

"A mistaken policy," said the other, sullenly. "You entered into it to secure your pardon, but what if England succeeds? and she will, I know."

"And Monsieur Ronald's service will be remembered, and Jean Lafitte's refusal will be punished."

Ronald began to laugh, contemptuously, bitterly.

"Fool! this is another matter. Admiral Cochrane embarked sixteen hundred men in yesterday's rain. They will be here before you know. The rest will follow. How can Jackson resist them?"

"And I'll be confounded with this," said Lafitte slowly. "You have given the information to the spy of the numbers, of the plans of the forts and the works, of the situation of the forces."

He spoke deliberately, as if considering the details of the situation carefully. Then he tore into bits the papers La Roux had brought from the English prisoners—the plans Ronald had furnished them.

"If what you say may be true, at least they shall not have those papers," he said.

And then from under his coat he pulled two dueling pistols.

"I came prepared for this contingency," he said.

"What do you mean?" Ronald cried, while the single spectator watched like one fascinated.

"I am going to concede you the right of your opinion—the right of a gentleman—if as insubordinate to Barataria you should die. I give you a chance, Monsieur, with your skill."

"I will not fight you, Lafitte. I refuse to fight you."

"Then, Monsieur, I must be simply the traitor's executioner. I will shoot you down."

For two moments Ronald deliberated. Perhaps he thought of springing away through the door, but he knew that Lafitte certainly would bring him down.

"Give me the pistol," he said at last, looking up grimly. He trusted to his skill, even against Lafitte.

Here Robe interrupted:

"This is an impossible situation," he remonstrated. "We have Mr. Ronald here as a prisoner. We must take him to New Orleans and deliver him to the authorities."

"Monsieur," Lafitte said, turning to him with a gleam of anger, "you will please to hold your tongue. The authorities may have a quarrel with Monsieur Ronald, but I have, too, my private one, which it is my privilege to settle."

"I grant you that privilege," said Ronald, calmly. And whatever Robe's dislike of him he still had to grant him the quality of bravery, of admirable sang-froid.

"You are to witness this is a duel," said Lafitte.

"Yes, you are the witness, Monsieur."

And Robe, awed by something in both men's manner—and himself brought up to respect the "code d'honneur"—said:

"If you both wish it, I can but agree."

And then suddenly fear seized him. What if this Ronald should kill Lafitte? How could he repeat the case to his General?

"Yet I believe you are wrong, Mr. Lafitte," he added.

"That is my matter; you have agreed. Stand by your word," Lafitte retorted.

"It is here, then—in this room?" Ronald asked.

"Yes, here."

"I don't care to see the other pistol. I can trust you, Monsieur Lafitte."

"Thank you, Monsieur," Lafitte said, ironically. "You will please say, calmly: 'One, two, three,' Captain Robe. On the three, Monsieur Ronald!"

"On the three, Monsieur Lafitte," Ronald assented.

Robe in his day has witnessed some duels; and he is glad to notice that the practice in these later years is going out of repute, even in the South. He has heard many duelling stories, from that of Sheridan's by candlelight in the London tavern to the one between Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Burr, which excited so much feeling. He has had several friends killed on the field, among others the brave Captain Decatur. But in his own experience, or in any of these stories, there surely was never anything more impressive than this duel between Lafitte and Ronald, in a room which he associated with women's light talk—where the laughter of Mrs. Claiborne and Madame Demarche and the presence of Sallie Maurice still seemed to linger.

"One!" he said, fearfully; "two!" after the pause.

The pistols were leveled and the two men looked straight into each other's eyes—"three!"

The flash came; Ronald tottered; the report rang; Ronald's arms flew out, with a rush of blood from his mouth, and he fell in a heap.

"I have done my duty," Lafitte said, grimly, putting his smoking pistol on the table.

At the moment a red uniform was projected into the doorway, with a crowd of others behind.

"You are prisoners!" came a stout English voice. "The house is surrounded. What's this?—a murder?" he added, in some dismay.

"He brought you here," said Lafitte, turning calmly to the officer. "The informer, sir, has been executed, but he had a chance of his life. It was a duel."

"He cannot answer," said the lieutenant, leaning over the prostrate Ronald; "he is dead."

"It was a duel," said Robe here. "I am the witness."

"That's to be decided. No more words!" said the officer, harshly. "Seize them, sergeant!"

Four scarlet-coated men walked over to the prisoners, as a grim-featured sergeant directed.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

More Information About Trees.....Robert Blight, for Current Literature

The observant traveler whose avocation or pleasure leads him to pass through the length and breadth of the land cannot fail to be struck with the varied features imparted to the landscape by the forest trees. We are beginning to realize more and more the fact that these wonderful productions of nature are not scattered haphazard through the various regions, but that they are intimately connected with climatic conditions, and that every region has its characteristic trees. There is indeed a subtle cause for the trees of Maine being either needle-leaved or deciduous, while we find in the Southern States the fragrant large-flowered magnolia, with long and broad evergreen leaves. Those who have read Alfred Russel Wallace's model work of a naturalist-explorer—The Malay Archipelago—will remember the remarkable instance of the connection between the flora of a region and its climate, afforded by his ascent of the Megamendong Mountain in Java, just south of the equator. Up to 5,000 feet, the forest exhibited all the luxuriance of tropical growth and beauty, tree-ferns, fifty feet high, and broad-leaved Musa palms, hung with orchids, ferns and lycopods, being especially noticeable. Above 5,000 feet, the raspberries of a temperate climate abounded; at 7,000 feet, cypresses appeared covered with mosses and lichens; at 8,000 feet, European forms, such as honeysuckle, St. John's wort, guelder-rose, were abundant; at 9,000 feet, primroses, cudweed, buttercups, violets, sow-thistles, chickweeds, white and yellow crucifers, plantains and annual grasses covered the ground. Such a record is full of interest when we are inquiring into the ancestry of the plants of our temperate zone, and the past geological and climatic conditions of the earth.

Mr. Wallace had the rare opportunity of observing these changes in the forms of vegetation in a short experience of a day or two, by ascending vertically from the surface. We can notice similar conditions, but at a greater expenditure of time and labor, by traversing the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. More striking still would it be to take a short voyage from New York to the West Indies not far distant from our shores. There, perhaps, more than here, also, we should see how the habits of peoples are correlated with the vegetable productions of their country. In a paper on Some Cuban Trees, by Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., in Harper's Round Table, we find an excellent instance of this:

THE ROYAL PALM OF CUBA.

"Not only is the climate of Cuba favorable to the planting of crops whenever the farmer chooses to plant them and the lands so rich that no fertilization is ever required, but nature seems to have, with a beneficent hand, reared many strange trees and plants to supply the wants of man without the necessity of his planting them himself. First among these are the palms—some twenty-six varieties of which adorn the fields of Cuba, giving shade, food, and life. At the head of these stands

the royal palm. This majestic tree consists of a tall, straight trunk of fibrous wood, supporting a cluster of pennated leaves, like a bunch of plumes on a long stick. It is a marvel of beauty and utility, yet it is one of the most common of all trees in Cuba. It is met with most everywhere; in the centre of broad pasture-lands it often stands alone, tall and straight; while bordering the cultivated fields of the rich planter it forms shady avenues to his dwelling. Again its seed finds root amid the gloom of the sombre forest, sending the tall shaft high up to find room for its fairy-like cluster of plumes in the free air above. On the plains it often forms delicious groves of shade, and on the distant mountain it may be seen rearing its plumed crest against the sky, and in the valley below its dark green leaves murmur softly in sweet cadence with the winding river over which they sway.

"This palm has been called the blessed tree, for every part of it has its usefulness to mankind. Certain medicinal qualities are claimed for its roots, and its trunk is easily split into strips, making excellent boards for the siding of houses, benches, and even tables. As the trunk is without any bark, and its centre is very porous, increasing in density towards the outer surface, which is nearly as hard as glass, it is only the outside hard shell of the trunk which furnishes these boards. From this hard fibrous wood some very pretty canes are made, which take a most beautiful polish.

"The leaves of the palm grow from the centre of the trunk, first in the form of a delicate spire shooting up, which gradually unfolding itself forms a new leaf. These leaves continue to grow from the centre spire to a great length, forming the cluster which, in the case of the royal palm, resembles so much a bunch of enormous plumes. The leaves when they cannot grow any more, drop to the ground from the bottom of the cluster, thus making room for the new ones which are always coming out of the centre. The bud or root of the centre spire, from which the leaves grow, consists of a tender substance buried deep down within the cluster of green leaves, and forms a very palatable food, either in the raw state, or cooked as a vegetable, or made into a preserve with sugar.

"One of the peculiarities of the royal palm is the stem of its long leaves. It is a semicircular stem, which embraces the trunk of the tree and holds the leaf in place until it withers and drops to the ground. This stem is called the 'yagua.' It resembles a thin board, often as long as a man is tall, and the Cuban insurgent, now struggling for independence, makes it serve him a variety of purposes. For example, while I was in the field it frequently served me as a plate by simply cutting off a section of it. By soaking in water it is rendered pliable, so that it may be folded almost as readily as a piece of stiff paper. Thus softened it is folded at the ends, something after the fashion of a baker's paper hat, and fastened with wooden pins. In this shape it is called a 'catarro,' and serves the Cuban farmer as a water-bucket, or a washbasin, or a receptacle for milk, lard, cheese, eggs, or whenever a

receptacle of any kind may be needed. I have even seen a group of rebels using a 'yagua' thus folded as a kettle in which to cook their breakfast of beef and yams. The water kept the fibrous wood from burning, and I was assured that the food thus cooked required no salt other than that which was extracted from the 'yagua' in the process of cooking. I was also assured that in case of absolute necessity salt could be obtained by the simple process of boiling water in a 'catarro' when green, and one enthusiast estimated that a dozen 'catarros' would produce a pound of salt.

"In times of peace the 'yagua' is universally used for covering bales of tobacco, and it has a variety of uses in the construction of country houses. Set upon a frame it may serve as a bed—and a very good one, too; and on a rainy day I have seen a couple of them set up so as to form a shelter from the wet, and again I have seen them used as a tarpaulin to cover up the load on a pack-mule, or as a water-proof to keep the rain off the rider. From this 'yagua' a very fair substitute for paper is obtained, which the insurgent finds use for in the making of cigarettes. The long leaves of the royal palm find their usefulness in the thatching of houses, as also in building temporary shelters from the rain and sun. With a supply of the leaves a native can construct a very secure shelter within a few minutes, and in the rainy season these shelters serve the Cuban army instead of canvas tents."

But the prodigality of nature in clothing the earth with vegetation becomes a source of mental pleasure of a far higher value than the mere supplying the bodily needs. Who is there who cannot revel in the following mental banquet provided by the flora of California, which Emory E. Smith describes in Meehan's Monthly:

CALIFORNIA'S FLORA AND SYLVA.

"California's flora can only be summarized in so brief a space as this, but a glimpse here and there of its beauties may inspire the reader to observe more closely the wonderful possibilities of nature in this favored country. Beginning with the alkali plains which seem so dreary and desolate to the casual traveler, the plant lover finds much of interest. There are the giant cacti, lifting their straight, stiff bodies high into the air, crowned in season with snowy flowers; thousands of acres of opuntias, their thick, prickly leaves studded with gaudy yellow and purple blossoms; stately *Yucca brevifolia*, with curious tufted branches, and the more humble but still beautiful *Yucca Whipplei*, with the great spikes of creamy flowers. For a few brief days, when the ground is moist, these desert wastes are bright with annuals, which ripen and sow their seeds and disappear as completely as if they had never existed. Even a chaste, white lily rises from the bare sand, as if to show that nature's precious gifts are not all bestowed upon the goodly lands.

"On the sand dunes by the sea we find a rich flora battling for a foothold in the uncertain earth. Great white and yellow lupins, dainty blue iris, sea pinks, strawberries, 'brodiæas, sand apples, echeverias, asters, alliums, and a host of other plants and shrubs carpet the sand hills, making common

cause with the willows and scrub oaks. At Monterey the pine forest sweeps down to the water's edge, but for the most part the immediate coast line is quite devoid of forest.

"In the low coast mountains the flora is rich beyond brief mention. This is the home of the majestic redwood, beneath whose lofty, sombre branches, in the subdued light, grow the trilliums, yellow iris, oxalis, white violets, and thrifty ferns. The live-oaks are luxuriant, and the great, gaunt madronos lift their glossy heads. Manzanitas, with their smooth but knotted and twisted stems, and exquisite flowers choke the forest spaces; lilacs ('Ceanothus') in lavender, white, and blue, lend softness to the greenery. Christmas berries give gayety in the winter, and honeysuckles, clematis, wild peas, and roses fight for position and light. In localities, great clumps of tawny-blossomed azaleas lend their charm. Calycanthus, dog-woods, wild plums, maples, and buckeyes are scattered along the streams. Beneath the shrubs, and in open spots, the larkspurs, blue and white lupins, star tulips, brodiæas, gold-back ferns, yerba buena, strawberries, gooseberries, thimbleberries, orchids, columbines, and hundreds of less familiar flowers find shelter. In the shady cañons, in safe retreat, are nestled shade and water-loving plants, mosses and maidenhair ferns cling to every projection; lilies and broad-leaved plants bathe their roots in the water, while giant ferns, five or six feet high, lend dignity and elegance.

"Out in the rich valleys and upon the sloping hills nature has made her great color show. Here is the home of the famous California poppy ('Eschscholtzia'). The eye can drink from these myriad yellow cups a brilliant beauty peculiar to this State. Thousands—yes, tens of thousands—of acres of golden glory enrobe the State in early spring, a few blossoms lingering like flickering candles till the season comes again. In certain sections baby-blue-eyes ('Nemophila') claim the ground; in others yellow violets, godetias, or sunflowers have won the battle. Summer ushers in the lupins, with stately spikes of yellow, blue, white, or purple blossoms, and from the mountain tops to the sea they claim every congenial nook. In the southern counties there are the scarlet larkspur, six feet high, and the magnificent *Romneya Coulteri* with glaucous leaves and great creamy white flowers, the gorgeous 'glory pea,' and many less showy plants. In the foothills of the Sierra many interesting trees and plants are found. As one climbs higher, columbines, saxifrages, fritillarias, iris, and the calochortus grow profusely. Red and white lilies lift their chaste blossoms above the banks of the streams, and the goldenrods light up the rocky niches or cluster about dripping springs. Wild lilacs, azaleas and dogwoods are met with more frequently. Moss-cupped oaks and some firs of exceeding beauty become plentiful. Wild cherries, plums, chinquapins, gooseberries, etc., grow in thickets. Pitcher plants are tucked away in cool bogs; and little lakes and pools are fringed with glowing colors.

"The sugar pines, ten feet in diameter, and the great *Sequoia gigantea* lift their plumed heads hundreds of feet towards the sky, mute sentinels of the forests, the mightiest of living trees. . . . On

up the peaks to the verge of eternal snow Flora has carried her gifts, and the sparkling crimson snow flower pushes up its beautiful crystalline form from the frozen ground as the snow recedes in summer.

Nearly all the Eastern and foreign shade and ornamental trees are found in plenty, some sorts, like the Eucalyptus Globulus, or Blue Gum of Australia, being conspicuous objects throughout the State. California has naturally but few trees or shrubs which furnish richly-tinted leaves in autumn, but the sugar maple, the sweet and sour gums, the sumachs, etc., which make brilliant the Eastern landscape in the fall season, thrive without special care in nearly all parts of the State, when planted, and the coloring of their foliage is even more brilliant here than in their native habitat."

This introduction of the trees of another region is one of the most interesting branches of gardening. Few pleasures can be greater to the lover of nature than to wander through some well planned botanic garden or arboretum, and see the plants of many climes side by side. For the purposes of such a place the planting of foreign trees is most desirable, but the advisability of it for general purposes is questioned in the following editorial in Garden and Forest, a magazine which deserved a better fate than extinction from lack of support:

AMERICAN TREES FOR AMERICA.

"Looking at the matter broadly, comparatively little, in the northern countries at least, has been accomplished towards beautifying the earth's surface by transferring trees from one region to another, although a great dael of time energy and money has been expended during the last two hundred years in the attempt to do it. It has given to Europe from America the locust, the great southern magnolia, the negundo, the white pine, several California conifers, the arbor vitæ, one or two thorns, and the staghorn sumach, as truly permanent and valuable additions to the native sylva; China has really enriched Europe, as it has Eastern North America, with the ginkgo, the ailanthus, the paulownia, the Yulan magnolias, the weeping willow and the flowering apples; Western Asia has sent to Europe the cedar of Lebanon, the Oriental plane, the Oriental spruce and the cypress, while experiment has shown that of the trees of Europe and Western Asia only the white willows, the beech, the elm, the Norway maple, the Oriental plane, the larch, the box, the hawthorn and the mountain ash can really be depended on in the Eastern States to live out their lives in health and beauty. These results may appear small to economists, but certainly all the effort that has been expended in testing exotic trees in Europe and America has been well repaid in the stimulus it has given to the study of botany, in the increase of knowledge and in its few really important practical results. Still, the lesson to be drawn from these two centuries of effort is clearly that the best trees to plant in any particular region are those that grow and thrive naturally in that region. . . . The elms and maples taken from adjacent swamps and hillsides, which grace the streets of many New England towns and adorn many New England homesteads, and the magnolias, live-oaks and

water-oaks in the streets and gardens of the South testify to the value of native trees; and in England, too, it is the native oaks, elms and beeches which give its distinctive aspect to the land and make its parks the most dignified in the world. . . .

In the Southern United States the great evergreen magnolia, the most beautiful of the broad-leaved evergreen trees of the Northern Hemisphere, the live-oak, the water-oak, the laurel oak, the pecan and noble bay trees, are available for the planter.

. . . California will doubtless always be obliged to depend on other parts of the world for many of her ornamental plants, and it is to Australia, Mexico, and other dry countries that California planters will continue probably to derive much of the material needed for the decoration of their parks and gardens.

"It is in the Eastern and Middle States, however, where there is a greater interest in ornamental planting than in other parts of the country, that most is to be obtained from the native sylva. That of no other part of the world is richer in handsome trees. From its magnolias, oaks, hickories, walnuts, elms and ashes, its tupelo and stately tulip-tree, its rhododendrons and mountain laurels, its sourwood and sassafras, its beech, chestnut, yellow-wood and wild cherry, its catalpas, its persimmon and silverbell tree, its flowering dogwood and fringe tree, its liquidambar and hackberry, its sumachs, its wild crab and its hawthorns, planters of deciduous-leaved trees can choose material enough to satisfy every taste and fill every requirement. . . . In the past our gardens have suffered from the general ignorance with regard to the beauty and value of native trees, which appears to have been peculiar to us as a nation."

Arbor days and the consequent lessons in our schools will dispel this ignorance, and will teach the rising generation how to take care of the trees that are planted. Then such a paragraph as this from the Philadelphia Record, will be unnecessary:

TOPPING CITY TREES.

"Now begins the season when itinerant clippers and amateur nurserymen begin their rounds, bent upon their destructive errand of topping trees. The general mode of proceeding is to ring a door-bell, to tell the mistress of the house, upon whose timidity they rely, that the tree upon her sidewalk is dangerously high, and that if not judiciously pruned and topped, it may blow down in the March winds and injure passers-by. Often they succeed in frightening the poor woman into accepting their kind offer to top the tree, and so avert disaster from the household. . . . The order is given, and the poor tree, which the day before had waved its top, adorned with swelling buds, pointing heavenward, now is relentlessly lopped and cut until it looks like one of the victims of some railway accident when set free from the hospital. . . . If the householders only knew that the topers relied upon popular ignorance of horticulture they would pause before delivering a sidewalk tree over to destruction. . . . As practiced in our streets, the whole business of topping is unnatural, and would not be endured if the citizens understood the nature of growing trees."

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Do Animals Talk?.....London Spectator

If animals talk, as we are convinced that they do, to the extent of conveying wishes or facts by sounds, their speech ought to conform to the divisions of human speech. There must, in fact, be an "animal grammar," in the terms of which they express themselves. It is no bad test of the assertion that animal speech exists to apply the old formal divisions of the grammarians to the instances in which they appear to "voice" their thoughts, and ascertain by trial whether the forms into which the human speech has been divided fit the latter. The time-honored divisions of speech are (1) statement of fact; (2) request, including commands; (3) question. It is not to be supposed that the very limited range and simple character of animal wants and ideas would necessarily bring into play the whole of this category of articulate speech. But, as a fact, they do need to use all three forms of expression, but omit the last. Unlike children, animals do not ask questions. They only "look" them, and though they constantly and anxiously inquire what is to be done, how it is to be done, and the exact wishes of their masters, and occasionally even of other animals, the inquiry is made by the eye and attitude. A terrier, for instance, can almost transform his whole body into an animated note of interrogation.

Of the two remaining forms of speech—statement and request—the animals make very large use, but employ the latter in a far greater degree than the former. They use sounds for request, not only in particular cases in which they desire something to be done for them, but also in a great number of cases in which the request is a form of warning—"Come!" "Be careful!" "Look out!" "Go ahead!" "Help!" The speech which indicates danger is sufficiently differentiated. Birds, for instance, have separate notes of warning to indicate whether the danger is in the form of a hawk or cat, or of a man. If a hawk, cat, or owl is on the move the birds, especially blackbirds, always utter a clattering note, constantly repeated, and chickens have a special sound to indicate the presence of a hawk. But when disturbed by man the blackbirds have quite a different sound of alarm and the chickens also. Animals on the march are usually silent; but the hamadryad baboons use several words of command; and the cries of cranes and geese when flying in ordered flocks are very possibly signals or orders.

Specific requests are commonly made by a sound, which the animal intends to be taken as expressing a want, while it indicates what it wants by showing the object. The greatest difficulty is when the object wanted, or required to be dealt with, is not present. The animal has then to induce you to follow and see the thing, and this often leads to great ingenuity, both in the use of voice and action. This form of request is practiced more or less successfully by a considerable number of the animals kept as pets or servants of man. Various monkeys, geese, a goat, a ewe with a lamb, elephants, cats very commonly, and dogs innumer-

able are credited with "accosting" persons, and bringing to their notice by vocal means the objects they desire or the actions they wish done. A most ingeniously constructed request of this kind was made a few years ago by a retriever dog late one night in London. The streets were empty; and the dog came up and, after wagging his tail, began to bark,—using not the rowdy bark which dogs employ when jumping at a horse's head or when excited, but the persuasive and confidential kind of bark which is used in requests and reproaches. He was very insistent, especially when a small, dark passage was reached, up which he ran, still barking. As this did not answer, the dog ran back, and took the writer's hand, in which he was carrying his glove, in his mouth, and gave a gentle pull in the direction of the passage. As this did not meet with the attention desired, the dog pulled the glove out of the hand and carried it off up the passage, keeping a few yards in front and waving its tail in a friendly way; this naturally led to pursuit, when the dog, still keeping ahead, dropped the glove in front of a gate leading into a butcher's yard, and began to bark again. As it obviously wanted the gate to be opened, this was done, and it trotted in without further remark. Every one who has kept dogs knows the tone of the bark of request,—a low "wouf," very unlike the staccato bark of anger, or vexation, or remonstrance. A bulldog at the Earl's Court Dog Show made his particular part of the bench almost unendurable by this form of bark, kept up (as we heard) for nearly three hours without a stop, because he was jealous of the attentions paid to the dog next him. This had won the first prize, and consequently received all the admiration; so the other dog barked short, sharp, incessant yelps at him all day long, only stopping when some one patted him. We believe that leopards are absolutely silent creatures; but many of the felidae have a particular sound of request. In the cat a very low, short mew is commonly used when the object is near, and will almost certainly be granted, such as the opening of a door, or the giving of water or milk. Unusual food which it fancies it will not get is asked for in another note; and any request not attended to is repeated in the different key. The tiger uses the low mew in some form of conversation with the tigress; and the puma when domesticated has a considerable range of notes to ask for food, water, and society, or to return thanks; the latter being, as in the case of the cat and tiger, a kind of purr.

"Statement" in animal speech is mainly confined to indications that the creature has made a discovery, good or bad. For the former the cock has, perhaps, the most distinct set of sounds; they are quite unlike any other note he uses, and are confined to the assertion that he has found something good to eat. Cock pigeons do the same, and we imagine that geese have an equivalent sound. Dogs have two forms of sound to state a discovery, elephants only one. The dog barks loud and sharply over something new, or merely surprising. We have seen a dog barking in this way when a couple of

geographical globes were placed in a window,—objects he had never seen and wished to call attention to. But a painful discovery, such as that of a dead body, or a dangerously wounded man, is sometimes communicated by the dog howling—which marks a different form of speech. A practical acquaintance with shore shooting and the men who have learnt to imitate the notes of shore birds discloses some curious facts as to the minute differences between the “talk” of different species. The greater number have a particular note which signifies “Come;” and this note seems always to be understood and generally obeyed, almost instantly, by the birds of the same species, though no bird of another species pays the slightest attention to it. . . .

The difference between the notes of invitation made by various shore fowls—stints, grey plover, golden plover, ringed plover, knots, and sandpipers—is so slight that no one but a fowler would notice them. Yet to these men the difference is as great as that between the sound of French and English. . . . We once saw a large mixed flock of grey plover, knots, and stints, flying past on the muds, at a distance of some ninety yards. A gunner noticed that there were two or three golden plover amongst them. These are easy to call; and all fowl are more likely to answer to the call when only two or three of the same species are together. The gunner, therefore, whistled the golden plovers’ note, and out from the big flock of some sixty birds the pair of golden plovers instantly flew, wheeled round, and passed within fifty yards, answering the call in their own language. . . . Starlings, which seem almost to talk, and certainly can imitate other birds when engaged in their curious “song,” so like a conversational variety entertainment, are all the time enjoying a monologue. No other starling listens. On the other hand, starlings, when they have anything to say, as when nesting, or quarreling for places when going to roost, use quite different notes. Of all bird-voices the song of the swallow is most like human speech—not our speech, but like the songs which the Lapp or such outlandish races sing. A Lapp woman sings a song just like that of a swallow at dawn. Yet the swallows seem really to say little or nothing to one another, and never come to each other’s call. But the varieties of bird-speech, and the possibilities of interchange of ideas, are very great. If, for instance, there is any real foundation for the stories of the rook-trials and stork-trials, speech must play a considerable part in the proceedings.

The Wit of a Duck.....John Burroughs.....Youth's Companion

The homing instinct in birds and animals is one of their most remarkable traits; their strong local attachments and their skill in finding their way back when removed to a distance. It seems at times as if they possessed some extra sense—the home-sense—which operates unerringly. I saw this illustrated last spring in the case of a mallard drake.

My boy had two ducks, and to mate with them he procured a drake of a neighbor who lived two miles south of us. He brought the drake home in a bag. The bird had no opportunity to see the road along which it was carried, or to get the general

direction except at the time of starting, when the boy carried him a few rods openly.

He was placed with the ducks in a spring run, under a tree in a secluded place on the inner slope, about a hundred yards from the highway. The two ducks treated him very contemptuously. It was easy to see that the drake was homesick from the first hour, and he soon left the presence of the scornful ducks.

Then we shut the three in the barn together, and kept them there a day and a night. Still the friendship did not ripen; the ducks and the drake separated the moment we let them out. Left to himself, the drake at once turned his head homeward, and started up the hill for the highway.

Then we shut the trio up together again for a couple of days, but with the same result as before. There seemed to be but one thought in the mind of the drake, and that was home.

Several times we headed him off and brought him back, till finally on the third or fourth day I said to my son, “If that drake is really bound to go home he shall have an opportunity to make the trial, and I will go with him to see that he has fair play.” We withdrew, and the homesick mallard started up through the currant patch, then through the vine-yard toward the highway which he had never seen.

When he reached the fence, he followed it south till he came to the open gate, when he took the road as confidently as if he knew for a certainty that it would lead him straight to his mate. How eagerly he paddled along, glancing right and left, and increasing his speed at every step! I kept about fifty yards behind him. Presently he met a dog; he paused and eyed the animal for a moment, and then turned to the right along a road which diverged just at that point and which led to the railroad station. I followed, thinking the drake would soon lose his bearings, and get hopelessly confused in the tangle of roads that converged at the station.

But he seemed to have an exact map of the country in his mind; he soon left the station road, went around a house, through a vineyard till he struck a stone fence that crossed his course at right angles; this he followed eastward till it was joined by a barbed wire fence, under which he passed again into the highway he had first taken. Then down the road he paddled with renewed confidence; under the trees, down a hill, through a grove, over a bridge, up the hill again toward home.

Presently he found his clue cut in two by the railroad track; this was something he had never before seen; he paused, glanced up it, then down it, then at the highway across it, and quickly concluded this last was his course. On he went again, faster and faster.

He had now gone half the distance, and was getting tired. A little pool of water by the roadside caught his eye. Into it he plunged, bathed, drank, preened his plumage for a few moments, and then started homeward again. He knew his home was on the upper side of the road, for he kept his eye bent in that direction, scanning the fields. Twice he stopped, stretched himself up and scanned the landscape intently. Then on again; it seemed as if an invisible cord was attached to him, and he was being pulled down the road.

Just opposite a farm lane which led up to a group of farm buildings and which did indeed look like his home lane, he paused and seemed to be debating with himself. Two women just then came along; they lifted and flirted their skirts, for it was raining, and this disturbed him again and decided him to take to the farm lane. Up the lane he went, rather doubtfully I thought.

In a few moments it brought him into a barn-yard, where a group of hens caught his eye. Evidently he was on good terms with the hens at home, for he made up to these eagerly as if to tell them his troubles; but the hens knew not ducks; they withdrew suspiciously, then assumed a threatening attitude, till one old dominic put up her feathers and charged upon him viciously.

Again he tried to make up to them, quacking softly, and again he was repulsed. Then the cattle in the yard spied this strange creature and came sniffing toward it, full of curiosity.

The duck quickly concluded he had got into the wrong place, and turned his face southward again. Through the fence he went into a plowed field. Presently another stone fence crossed his path; along this he again turned toward the highway. In a few minutes he found himself in a corner formed by the meeting of two stone fences.

Then he turned appealingly to me, uttering the soft note of the mallard. To use his wings never seemed to cross his mind.

Well, I am bound to confess that I helped the drake over the wall, but I sat him down in the road as impartially as I could. How well his pink feet knew the course! How they flew up the road! His green head and white throat fairly twinkled under the long avenue of oaks and chestnuts.

At last we came in sight of the home lane, which led up to the farmhouse, one hundred or more yards from the road. I was curious to see if he would recognize the place. At the gate leading into the lane he paused. He had just gone up a lane that looked like that and had been disappointed. What should he do now? Truth compels me to say that he overshot the mark; he kept on hesitatingly along the highway.

It was now nearly night. I felt sure the duck would soon discover his mistake, but I had not time to watch the experiment further. I went around the drake and turned him back. As he neared the lane this time he seemed suddenly to see some familiar landmark, and he rushed up it at the top of his speed. His joy and eagerness were almost pathetic.

I followed close. Into the house yard he rushed with uplifted wings, and fell down almost exhausted by the side of his mate. A half hour later the two were grazing together in the pasture, and he, I have no doubt, was eagerly telling her the story of his adventures.

How the Wood Tortoise Lays Her Eggs...H. A. Wales, for Current Literature

The more common anything is, the less attention we give it. I venture to say that if I should inquire of any twenty men who were raised in the country concerning the habits of the ordinary tortoise, or "turkey" as the boys always call it, nineteen of the twenty would shake their heads in ignorance. And

yet we cannot walk through a piece of woods without meeting one on his slow perambulations. I have often thus met them, and for all their slow motions, never did I notice one idle. I have sometimes seen them upon an old log, or decayed limb of a tree, which had fallen into a still pool of water, apparently asleep and seemingly lifeless, but the most stealthy approach I could make would cause the head to protrude from the shell and the eyes to open wide toward the new comer. Then with a lazy tumble they would shuffle into the water and be lost to the sight.

I became very much interested in one which I came upon most accidentally. I was enjoying a long walk down a cart-path in a wood near my old home, when I heard a rustling of the dry leaves by the side of the rut. I stopped and looked down just as an ugly looking specimen of the wood tortoise emerged from the underbrush. I kept perfectly still while I watched her as she lumbered clumsily along across the wide, deep rut, and through the horse-path to the other side. There she found a smooth level place and paused to reconnoiter. She moved round in a circle two or three times, apparently considering some preconceived plan. Then she paused and commenced making a hole with her hind claws. The soil was a rich dark glebe, made by the decay of oak and beech and maple leaves. Digging steadily for a few moments she turned to contemplate her work. Then she reversed her attitude again and went on digging. The size of the hole was about what a half-inch augur would make. When about two inches in depth she drew out her claws and ran her tail into the hole, apparently for the purpose of taking its measure. Then she proceeded with her work until it seemed tiresome for her to stretch her elastic claws to the bottom of the hole. Again the rule of measurement was applied, and again a few more clawfuls of earth were drawn out slowly and somewhat laboriously. Then she whirled round again and surveyed the hole with keen appreciation, moving her head to one side and the other, and poking her nose into the excavation which she had made. Her survey seemed to be satisfactory, for she turned about and thrusting her tail into the hole its extreme length, she began, to my amazement, to deposit her eggs. One after the other were dropped into the hole until it was completely filled. Then the two ungainly hind claws were placed softly upon the elastic yielding shells, until they were pressed closely together and were sunken to within a half inch of the top. And now the warmest, softest glebe she could find was put in upon the eggs, and tamped by the same uncouth claws into a surface hard and even as the surrounding earth. When all was done she took a long, lingering, satisfied view of the deposit, and clumsily and deliberately took her way back whence she came.

I had learned a new lesson in natural history. The next day I wended my way with a friend to the same spot, but neither of us could discover the nest of eggs. The tortoise had so cleverly imitated the soil and the dead leaves and the earth that keener eyes than ours were needed to uncover the previous day's deposit.

SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

The Contagion of Golf.....Louis Robinson.....North American Review

It must be evident to every one who has watched a golfer's progress that there must be some remarkable affinity between the human mind and the royal and ancient game. Every golf club becomes a mission centre for the surrounding district and one continually sees that those who come to scoff remain to play.

It would be easy to justify the game of golf on rational grounds and to show that it affords one of the most beneficial forms of relaxation for brain workers who are not able to indulge in violent or fatiguing sports. But, as is generally the case in human affairs, the tyro's impelling motive is seldom based upon reason.

At present, although the game is played the whole world over, one finds that it has not obtained a firm foothold except where the English language is spoken. Hence, if we wish to inquire into the psychic idiosyncrasies which conduce to golf contagion—in the way that physicians inquire into the predisposing causes of disease—we must seek them among the mental peculiarities of the Anglo-Saxon race. Now, to the outsider who has never handled a club the game looks ridiculously easy. The object which has to be struck is stationary; hence the man who has played cricket, or fives, or baseball, thinks that it is the simplest thing in the world to hit it in the direction in which he wishes it to go. He takes hold of a club (which he generally handles as if it were a cricket bat) and strikes at the ball. As often as not he misses it altogether, and even if he chances to aim correctly he finds himself completely outdriven by men whose athletic capabilities he holds in contempt. On following up his first attempt with the stern determination to better it, our beginner, after striking with all his might three or four times and plowing up the ground around his ball, manages at length to move it fully two yards. The difficulties seem unaccountable. Although the ball sits still to be hit, he cannot hit it; and the more he sets his teeth and exerts his muscles in attempts to send it soaring forward after the manner of his opponent, the more complete is his humiliation.

Now, I think we have discovered the first element of golf-mania in the stiff-necked and pig-headed Caucasian. After such a defeat it is absolutely impossible for him, consistently with retaining his self-respect, to leave things as they are. To give up golf at this stage is to acknowledge that he cannot do something which is obviously and ludicrously simple. He must either go on or else acknowledge himself an impotent paralytic. Yet, the more he concentrates his soul upon the game, the greater becomes the contrast between his miserable attempts and the feats of the players whom he lately despised. Although in the very slough of despond he grimly (and literally) plows his way onwards, determined not to be beaten. At length—usually when his humiliation is complete—by a lucky chance he makes an effective stroke, and the ball springs away from his club-head like a thing of life and flies an incredible distance. It was the one thing needed to weld the fetters of golf slavery. He

goes home with blistered hands and aching shoulders, and before he sleeps he has restruck that miraculous stroke a hundred times. Next morning finds him again upon the links. Ere a week is out he is armed with all the complex paraphernalia of the game, which he formerly regarded as contemptible superfluities, and is practising "approach shots" in his garden to the ruination of the sacred turf. He buys sundry handbooks on golf and spends a small fortune in lessons from the club professional. All his thoughts and conversation are saturated with golf, and his friends sum up his condition by saying that he has "got it badly."

Boxing with Gloves in England.....Chambers's Journal

What is described in the slang of its votaries as "the noble art" is an institution that may be called peculiarly English. The Greeks included boxing amongst the contests at their great athletic festivals; but it was something entirely different from what we understand by the term. It was chiefly a matter of hard hitting with stout gloves of dried ox-hide, and there is nothing in the records of the sport which indicates the clever tactics of attack and defence which English boxers have developed. An Englishman seems to have a natural instinct for the use of his fists; and for at least two centuries it has been an accomplishment by which a certain portion of the community have set great store. There is a list of champions of the English prize-ring since the very early days of last century, and its combats have enjoyed the patronage of numerous members of the aristocracy, in addition to their large and motley following of the lower orders. The better judgment of the nation has for many years past been offended by the brutality of these encounters; but open disapproval has always been qualified by a large element of secret interest in their results. The most historic meeting of the kind was that which took place at Farnborough, just over thirty years ago, between Tom Sayers, an English pugilist of extraordinary pluck and endurance, and an American named Heenan, who was popularly known as "The Benicia Boy." Those who remember the circumstances will admit that few events in the world of sport have roused such great or widespread excitement amongst all classes. As an evidence of interest in unexpected quarters, it was pointed out that one of the church papers, published on the following day, contained a paragraph which, while condemning the whole affair with unstinting displeasure, did, nevertheless, not omit to inform its readers of the result.

Prize-fighting has always been illegal, and so vigilant are the authorities now in carrying out the law that a "mill" of the old-fashioned sort is rather uncommon. But, although other times bring other manners, pugilism itself is still with us in altered guise. The Rules of the London Prize-Ring still survive as a curiosity in sporting handbooks, but side by side with them will be found the Marquis of Queensbury's Rules, under which boxing contests are still carried out regularly in different parts of the country. These "glove fights," as they are

called, are less prolonged and more humane in their conditions than the prize fights of old; but their real character is often essentially the same. The men fight, not in the open air as formerly, but in some building, such as a club, and the spectators are comparatively select, by reason of the high prices charged for admittance. Five or ten guineas is the usual cost of a ticket for any encounter which is regarded with particular interest, and there are always hundreds willing to see the entertainment upon such terms. Betting and racing men, doctors, lawyers, members of the stock exchange, sprigs of nobility, merchants and manufacturers, may all be recognized at the functions held by the National Sporting Club or the Bolingbroke Club in London, or the Olympic Club in Birmingham; while the general public await at the doors, in a more or less unwashed multitude, the earliest tidings of victory. The combatants meet in a fenced ring of fourteen by twenty-four feet square. A few hours previously they have been weighed, for it is one of the conditions that neither shall exceed a certain figure, and they have spent weeks of training with a view to "getting off flesh" as well as developing muscle. They are supplied with gloves of four ounces each (considerably lighter than the boxing gloves found in a gymnasium), and these are the only coverings to be found on the upper part of their bodies. They are required to box a certain number of rounds, and at the close the referee will decide which has gained the majority of points over his opponent. Each round lasts for three minutes, and there is an interval of one minute, during which both are rubbed down and fanned and receive other stimulating attentions from their seconds. Very often the contest is brought to an end in summary fashion long before the stipulated number of rounds have been transacted. If either should be knocked down by a blow, he is allowed ten seconds in which to regain his feet and resume the struggle; if he should fail to do so he is "counted out," and his opponent is declared the victor. This is what is meant by the often-used expression, "the knockout," and the pugilists are always on the alert to effect such a "coup." There are three special blows which are relied on to disable an opponent in this way, and the man who is taken unawares by any of them can seldom regain his footing. One is delivered under the heart, another just on the midriff, and the third on either side of the chin. The collapse caused by either of the first two can be readily understood; the effects of a heavy blow on the jaw are not so generally known. Each side, however, is the seat of an important collection of nerve-centres, and a shock transmitted to these inevitably leaves the victim in a dazed condition, placing him quite at the mercy of his antagonist.

The position held by the "knock-out" is alone sufficient to give these affairs a character which must be described as brutality. Yet for people of strong nerves they seem to be not without a keen fascination. The physique of the men is often magnificent, and evokes the highest admiration; their quickness and endurance both testify to perfect training, which also renders the effects of "punishment" much lighter than they appear on the surface. The skill attainable in boxing is marvellous

and beautiful to watch, and the coolness of temper which is a vital requisite is not without a certain moral quality. All the feelings of animal enthusiasm, which is not necessarily vicious, are abundantly called forth in the spectators. But after everything has been said in its favor, "glove-fighting" is really prize-fighting revived with very slightly modified conditions and less repulsive associations. It is the same in substance, and whatever justifies the suppression of the one applies equally to the other. It may be asked why the law distinguishes between them. While displays of scientific boxing are quite harmless and unaffected by anything in the statute-book, it is clearly recognized that a "glove-contest" is on the same legal footing as a prize-fight as soon as it develops the same characteristics of excessive violence; yet these contests are held regularly and publicly with practically no hint of interference. The explanation lies in those secret inclinations of the popular mind to which reference has already been made. An attempt was made to prosecute the principals in one notorious case ten years ago; and although the evidence was as clear as possible, the London jury would not agree to a conviction. There is little doubt that the same result would follow other attempts to put the law in force; and, recognizing the strong and evident bias of a section of public feeling, the authorities have allowed the question to drop. There is, therefore, in most large towns a considerable number of professional pugilists, who earn their living by such exhibitions, as well as by teaching boxing and by giving protection occasionally to persons who think themselves in danger of assault. On most race courses they are to be found in attendance on betting men who carry large sums of money on their persons, and they are often privately employed by those responsible for entertainments where a rowdy element is to be expected amongst the audience. It is their due to say that they are generally to be found on the side of law and order, and they are for the most part on excellent terms with the police.

Apart from these questions, the justification of boxing both as a useful accomplishment and as a healthful exercise is complete. That a man should be able to defend himself is not only reasonable, but in less civilized conditions would be a matter of constant necessity. The value of a scientific knowledge of fisticuffs is recognized both in the army and in the police service, and there is no walk of life (as may be illustrated from the House of Commons!) in which it may not help at a pinch. Amongst our rougher city populations a good deal of physical violence is still intermingled with daily life, and it has been remarked from the magistrates' bench and other quarters that, if disputes are to be settled by personal combat, a manly and straightforward use of the fists would be far preferable to the employment of boots, belts, missiles, and lethal weapons, to which the denizens of the slums resort with appalling readiness. So forcibly is this consideration felt in some quarters that a high church clergyman in a mission district in Birmingham has devoted himself with much energy to the instruction of his young roughs and embryo criminals in boxing, and reports encouraging results in the improvement of temper, self-control, sense of fairness, and

peaceable disposition generally. As a physical training it stands amongst the very finest of sports. It engages every part of the body, and is the severest test of agility and concentration. It reveals most wonderfully the resources of human physique, and in its true functions well merits a tribute of praise and encouragement.

Ride on an Avalanche.....Colorado Springs Gazette

Joe Bradley, a miner and proprietor of Cripple Creek, was brought into the city in a half frozen condition, after undergoing a series of hardships and accidents on Pike's Peak, in which he nearly lost his life. He was caught in a snowslide or avalanche, together with a companion, whose name he does not know, and was carried down the mountain side at the rate of fifty miles an hour until he was hurled against a large stump. Crippled, severely bruised, and nearly frozen, he remained unconscious for several hours, and was finally rescued by a prospector who lives in a cabin on the mountain side. Bradley's companion could not be found after the fearful plunge, and it is thought that he has perished.

Lying in his bed with hands and feet bandaged, Bradley told the story of his awful experiences while endeavoring to reach this city from Cripple Creek by way of Pike's Peak.

"I started out from Cripple Creek for Colorado Springs last Friday noon," said Bradley, "and as I had some business at the Strickler tunnel I thought I would climb over Pike's Peak and then walk down the cog road into Manitou. At Gillett I met a man whose name I do not know, and as he said he wanted to secure work at Lake Moraine, I invited him to accompany me on my journey. The day was a beautiful one and I did not anticipate any trouble. We climbed the Peak from Gillett and experienced no difficulty in reaching the western end of the Strickler tunnel. We then climbed on nearly to the summit, but as we did not know the trail and the snow was so deep we wandered away from it. We climbed to the top of an eminence and were discussing the best way to proceed, when suddenly it seemed as if the entire side of the mountain was falling. We realized that a snowslide had occurred and we were caught by it, but we could do nothing, I lost sight of my partner in the blinding snow, and though it must have been a very short time before I struck a big stump, yet it seemed an age. The avalanche shot down the mountain side at a terrific rate of speed, and when I struck I lost consciousness. When I regained my senses, which must have been several hours later, I saw a small cabin a short distance away, and started toward it. I found that I could not walk, but managed to crawl to it and summon assistance. I was taken in the cabin, bruised, bleeding, and half-frozen. I must have lost a gallon of blood by a hemorrhage, and was too weak to walk. I remained in the cabin all day Saturday and was kindly treated and cared for by the prospector, who searched faithfully for my companion, but his body must have been buried under the mass of snow, as no trace of him could be found. The prospector went to Gillett for assistance, and returned with Mr. Fred Harding, the marshal of that place. They started with me Sun-

day morning for Cascade, and there I found Dr. White, who brought me to this city. I suffered terribly from the biting cold, and thought that I could never reach the prospector's cabin after I regained consciousness. At one time I prayed that I might die."

Water Polo and Its Regalia.....New York Herald

Water polo has been played indoors in large tanks, but the idea of gliding over the rippling surface of lakes, rivers and even old ocean, is an entirely new proposition. The invention that makes this delightful possibility a reality is nothing more or less than a huge, boat-shaped shoe. The inventor of this unique footgear, Captain A. J. Miller, of Chelsea, Mass., in speaking of his shoes yesterday, said: "There have been similar inventions, but nothing like this. I can walk on water with these with as much ease and comfort as you can walk on land."

These water polo shoes are a trifle over four feet long, six inches wide and six inches deep. The place for the foot is in the centre. After it is placed in position and the shoe strapped to it, the top of the shoe is covered, rendering the shoe perfectly airtight. The covering is of white cedar wood. The bottom is of white hickory, to give strength to the shoe. The whole thing is shaped like a small sized canoe. The main feature of Miller's odd invention, and by which he claims great speed is possible, is a set of fins on each shoe. These are located on either side and at the bottom. They operate in a peculiar way and solely by the action of the water. When the wearer takes a step forward with one foot, the fins close. When he steps with the other foot the fins on the shoe remaining in the water open. In this way a resistance to the water is secured, preventing him from slipping backward or losing his balance. The inventor says he has thoroughly tested his invention. He claims to have walked down the Hudson river from Albany to New York. The most remarkable test of his invention, he says, was on Lake Ontario last fall. He went out on the lake one hundred miles by boat. Strapping on his shoes, he put off from the boat and made his way to shore in sixty-five hours. On this occasion he was extremely fortunate and did not encounter any rough weather. He guided himself to shore by means of a compass and carried provisions on his back.

The athlete or lover of outdoor sports who desires to be in proper style the coming season, will do well to lock up his bicycle, golfing outfit, etc., and fit himself out with a pair of water polo shoes. When this is done he should hie away to some secluded lake or unfrequentd portion of the beach and take a few quiet lessons unobserved. For he will find it just a little difficult at first to manipulate the shoes, as they are big and awkward to the beginner. After a few trials in private, however, the knack of walking on the water can be acquired and the rest is easy. The costumes that are worn in water polo are a mixture of the golf and regulation bathing outfits—bloomers and stout stockings for the water polo girl and the regular knickerbocker costume for the men. Both are required to wear a cap modelled on the lines of the yachting headgear, usually of some brilliant color.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

—The human heart is six inches in length, four inches in diameter, and beats on an average of 70 times per minute, 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, and 36,792,000 times in the course of the year, so that the heart of an ordinary man eighty years of age has beaten 3,000,000,000 times.

—A horse will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.

—Careful measurements prove that the average curvature of the earth is 6.99 inches to the statute mile.

—It is estimated that the amount of water precipitated on this globe annually in the form of rain, snow, etc., is 29,000 cubic miles.

—The wonderful part of the Maxim gun is that it has only one barrel, and yet it can discharge 600 shots in one minute.

—The tomb of Mohammed is covered with diamonds, sapphires and rubies valued at \$12,500,000.

—New York's zoölogical garden will be the largest in the world, comprising within its boundaries no less than 261 acres. The next largest is at Washington, which has 168 acres. The Berlin garden has 60, the Paris garden 50, and the London garden 31 acres.

—About 180,000,000 bunches of bananas are consumed annually in the United States.

—The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, 20 broad and 250 feet in thickness.

—The triangular bridge at Croyland, Lincolnshire, is the oldest bridge in England and one of the greatest curiosities.

—The Cymric, the largest freight steamer afloat, can carry about 20,000 tons of dead weight; that is, about what 625 freight cars can carry. The displacement of the Cymric is 23,000 tons; she carries thus about twenty-twenty-thirds of her weight.

—Gray horses are the longest-lived and cream-colored ones are the most delicate, being unable to stand very warm weather.

—The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. The telegram would cross North America, Newfoundland, the Atlantic, Britain, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatic), China, Japan, Java and Australia. It would make nearly a circuit of the globe, and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.

—One-fourth of the people on the earth die before the age of six, one-half before the age of sixteen, and only one person in each hundred born lives to the age of sixty-five. The deaths are estimated at sixty-seven a minute, 97,790 a day, 35,639,835 a year; and the births at seventy a minute, 10,080 a day, 36,792,000 a year. The world's population, therefore, gains about 1,100,000 every year.

—There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep-sea dwellers, and crawl about the rocks, using their tails and fins as legs.

—The oldest paper in the world is the Kin Pan

of Pekin. For nearly a thousand years it has been published regularly, first as a monthly, up to the year 1361, when it became a weekly, and for the last ninety years as a daily.

—About 10,000 pounds of eiderdown are collected annually in Iceland, 7,000 being exported to foreign countries. Formerly the peasants used to receive over twenty-one shillings a pound for it, but the price has now fallen to half that amount.

—The largest waves are seen off Cape Horn, rising to 46 feet in height and 765 feet long from crest to crest. Waves in the North Atlantic have been observed to rise 43 feet in height. In the German Ocean the height does not exceed 13½ feet, and in the Mediterranean 14½ feet.

—It is estimated by a competent foreign authority that only 900 persons out of 1,000,000 die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

—One of the most taxing of the bee industries is the making of wax. Bees gorge themselves with honey, then hang themselves up in festoons or curtains to the hive, and remain quiescent for hours; after a time wax scales appear, forced out from the wax pockets. The bees remove these scales with their natural forceps, carry the wax to the mouth, chew it for a time, thus changing it chemically. Thus it may be seen that wax-making is a great expense to the colony, for it costs not only the time of the workers, but it is estimated that twenty-one pounds of honey is required to make one pound of wax.

—The shooting fish is a native of the East Indies. It has a hollow cylindrical beak. When it spies a fly sitting on the plants that grow in shallow water, with remarkable dexterity it ejects out of a tubular mouth a single drop of water, which seldom misses its aim, and striking the fly into the water, the fish makes it its prey.

—The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient, which still exists, was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every twenty-four hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel. This fire, in the village of Oodwada, near Bulsar, is visited by Parsees in large numbers during the months allotted to the presiding genius of fire.

—The total area of Government lands in the Hawaiian Islands is fixed at 1,782,500 acres, divided as follows: Valuable building lots, 145 acres; coffee, 76,270 acres; cane, 25,626 acres; rice, 977 acres; Government interest in homesteads, 20,000 acres; grazing, 451,200 acres; high forest lands, 681,282 acres; rugged mountain tracts, 227,000 acres; barren lands, 300,000 acres.

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

Old Ironsides.....*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

The Cumberland.....*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarm of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies:
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.

Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam.

A Ballad of the Armada.....*Austin Dobson*

King Philip had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main;
But we had bold Neptune to back us—
And where are the galleons of Spain?

His carakes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames
He had thought like an eggshell to crack us;
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus—
For where are the galleons of Spain?

Let His Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain;
Alas! that His Greatness should lack us!—
But where are the galleons of Spain?

ENVOY.

Gloriana!—the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain;
He must reach us before he can rack us,
And where are the galleons of Spain?

Peace That Sneers at War.....*Alfred Tennyson*

Peace sitting under her olive and slurring the days
gone by,
When the poor are hooved and hustled together each
sex, like swine,
When only the Ledger lives and when only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the
wine.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's
bones;
Is it peace or war? better war! loud war, by land and by
sea—
War with a thousand battles and shaking a hundred
thrones.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder 'round by the
hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker
out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from
his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating
yard-wand—home.

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

The Modern Novelist and Medical Subjects.....Medical Record

Erroneous statements on medical subjects are very frequent in the modern novel, and appear to be becoming more so. Impossible and contradictory descriptions of the symptoms and course of a disease, together with a display of ignorance of medical matters in general, are a feature of up-to-date fiction. One would imagine in this age of realism that writers would try to be fairly accurate, or at least not make glaring mistakes. The latest literary production emanating from the fertile and imaginative brain of Mr. Hall Caine is a startling example of this slipshod tendency on the part of modern romancists. The Christian has raised a storm of criticism on all sides. Its accuracy as to details has been severely questioned, both from a lay and from a medical standpoint, and certainly the misstatements to be found in the work in respect to matters medical are extraordinary and amusing. The word pictures of hospital life and of a nurse's duties as portrayed in the description of Nurse Glory, while exhibiting the author's powers of imagination in a favorable light, also tend to show that his real knowledge of the subject is very little. To one who is acquainted from practical experience with the internal management of large hospitals, the accounts of the doings therein as set forth in The Christian will appear wonderfully funny. The entire book, indeed, is full of amusing perversions of medical knowledge, of which perhaps the most comical is Mr. Caine's definition of a stillborn child as one that has breathed but never cried.

The writer of fiction of the present day does not appear to advantage with many of the novelists of the past generation in his acquaintance and handling of medical subjects, although it must be confessed that even among the dead giants of romance there were but few whose description of a disease was absolutely correct. George Eliot is without doubt entitled to first place in this list; her sketches of doctors and her statements in regard to the diseases of which she treats are drawn with a masterly hand, and are as accurate as if written for a medical text-book. Charles Kingsley, again, in Two Years Ago, traces the history of a cholera epidemic with the utmost attention to technical minutiae. Thackeray also described the course of a malady as correctly as he did the treatment pursued by the physicians of his time. Of modern novelists, Besant, in the Ivory Gate, gives an interesting study of an obscure brain disease, and as he informs us in the preface that he procured his medical information from a competent doctor it may be taken for granted that his statements are correct. Putting on one side, however, the comparatively few instances in which the diseases dealt with by novelists are to be depended upon as being correctly described, the majority of the medical statements in fiction can be divided into two classes: those in which the accounts of diseases given are false in every respect; and those in which the author, not being "au fait" with his subject, is careful not to commit himself, and therefore wisely confines himself to vague generalities.

Another point worthy of notice is the small number of diseases brought into the service of the novelist. At one time brain fever was the universal favorite, with typhoid a good second, and although within recent years neurosis has to a certain extent banished brain fever from its proud position, yet the latter disease still holds its own in fiction. That nervous prostration is much more likely to attack the hero or heroine suffering from the storm and stress of life, as depicted in the ordinary modern novel, than is brain fever, cannot be denied. Nevertheless, there are occasions when an author, in order to extricate himself from a complicated situation, is compelled to fall back upon disease of an acute nature; and in such a predicament, what so suitable as brain fever or what so convenient as its delirious ravings? The fact has been more than once pointed out that there is a disease which has been strangely overlooked, and which certainly deserves to find more favor in the eyes of the novelist than has hitherto been the case. This complaint is pneumonia, for, while it fulfills all the conditions required by the novelist, and to a fuller extent than brain fever, it has none of the disagreeable associations connected with typhoid. Pneumonia may be termed an aristocratic disease, while typhoid, though no respecter of persons, still has a certain plebeian flavor savoring of foul-smelling drains and tainted water. In novels acute diseases invariably end suddenly. Pneumonia terminates by crisis; the onset of the attack is sudden, the temperature is always high; delirium, stupor, or complete unconsciousness is a feature in its progress. Thus in this disease there is a choice of dramatic climax found in no other malady. A wicked man can be cut off in the midst of his sins, or a good one can be made to provide an edifying deathbed scene. Pneumonia may be recommended to authors as a disease whose merits as an aid to fiction have not as yet received the appreciation from them which is undoubtedly its due. Consumption is a disease of such a nature that most novelists fight shy of it, and are very chary of relating its tedious course. William D. Howells, in his latest work, has been bold enough to introduce a family all of whose members but one are afflicted with phthisis; and Gilbert Parker, in an interesting book he has lately written, has succeeded in rendering his consumptive hero a most fascinating and attractive personality. In connection with consumption in fiction, it is instructive under the present circumstances to note that Smollett, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, draws attention in The Expedition of Humphry Clinker to the prevailing opinion then existing that consumption was contagious. Heart disease is naturally a favorite with writers of romance when a character gets rather too obtrusive and it is deemed advisable to remove her or him from the scene. Marion Crawford, in a Rose of Yesterday, has drawn a graphic picture of the life and death of a fast man; but the most powerful sketch of the stages of syphilis was that of Samuel Warren, entitled Man About Town, included in his Diary of a Late Physician. In present and past fiction too

many examples have been afforded of the manner in which eminent writers can err when they enter upon descriptions of technical matters without taking the trouble to verify their statements. It cannot be expected of a novelist, however talented he may be, that he should be conversant with a disease by mere intuition, and if he trusts to his imagination and to some superficial observation he will surely fall into grievous errors.

*The Fluorometer—A New Surgical Device.....*Scientific American**

The function of the instrument which we describe is to establish with precision the location of any foreign object within the human organism which is impermeable or comparatively so to the X-rays. In other words it is the province of the "fluorometer" to enable observers to form an exact and certain diagnosis of the presence of bullets, needles, calculi or any other substance which is comparatively more dense in its fluoroscopic shadow than the subject in which it is contained. It is also its function, by eliminating the distortion of position and the distortion caused by the divergence of the rays, to provide the surgeons with absolute and reliable measurements in case of dislocations, fractures or any abnormal conditions of the anatomy susceptible of reproduction in the Roentgen ray shadow.

It is a feature of prime importance in the fluorometer that the observations, diagnosis and measurements are made without the aid of photography, while at the same time, in case it is desired to preserve a record of the existing conditions, the fluorometer admits of producing in the form of a fluorograph exactly the conditions, including the measurements, which were shown by observations with a fluoroscope. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the importance of this instrument as an adjunct in the use of the Roentgen rays in surgery.

The fluorometer consists of a set of metallic angle pieces which in their use with the X-rays are capable of being squared with an adjustable table. The patient is laid on the table, and a fluorometer appliance is adjusted. The fluorometer is brought with the body into parallelism with the rays; that is, when the proper position of the cross section is obtained, the two arms of the fluorometer will present a characteristic single shadow on the field of the fluoroscope. Adjustable to the arms of the fluorometer are two pins or sights. The foreign object having been brought in line with them and the proper adjustment having been made, a correct line is produced with the sights and the foreign object coincident. Attached to the table is a metallic grating with meshes of exactly one inch. This grating when in position is square with reference to the table upon which the patient is placed, and the normal position is close to the side of the patient opposite to the source of the energy. The fluoroscope is placed against this grating, and it will be seen at once that measuring from any point desirable on the surface of the patient to the foreign object is but the matter of a moment. The movable pins on the arms of the fluorometer now come into use. These pins are placed equidistant from the base of the fluorometer, which is, of course, squared with the table; then, when the table with its patient is adjusted so that the pins or sights coincide with

the foreign object, it will be known that all three are in the parallelism of the rays, and that the characteristic distortion caused by the angle of the rays has been eliminated, and the measurements taken with the eye, by means of the metallic grating, will thus enable the surgeon to chart unerringly the position of the foreign object with reference to the surface of the body which contains it.

How far "in" from the surface of the body it may be, however, is at this point a mystery. Now, without moving the patient or disturbing the position of the fluorometer, the second observation is taken. For convenience in using the fluoroscope a section of the top of the table is removable, and an appliance substituted by means of which the second right line of the right angle is determined. The aperture in the table is also provided with the metallic grating and the fluorometer is provided with an attachment which closes the side of the instrument which was opened during the first observation. When the surgeon takes a position below the table, he obtains a view which is exactly at right angles with the first. The pins are again brought into use, and the table, patient and fluorometer together brought into parallelism with the rays, the tube having now been placed over the patient. It will be seen at once that, while the first operation locates the foreign object on an exact cross section, the second observation shows the exact position occupied by the foreign object in that cross section. The position of the foreign object again, with reference to the points on the cross section of the subject and with reference to certain points on the fluorometer is at once charted by the aid of the meshes of the metallic grating. Necessarily, the foreign object must be situated at the point where the two lines coincide. All the elements of distortion have been eliminated—both the distortion caused by the position, also the distortion caused by the angle of the ray. Where the point is can be at once ascertained by measurements on the surface of the body.

In practice, the surgeon indicates the first cross section obtained by a line of India ink or iodine on the body, and is thus enabled to establish the position of the object by measurements from points on the exterior of the subject with as much exactness as if the body or limb were actually severed at the first cross section and presented to view. If it is desirable to preserve a record of the observations, all that is necessary is to produce a fluorograph by substituting the sensitive plate for the field of the fluoroscope back of the grating and making the necessary exposure.

In the case of a bullet in the brain cavity, elements of uncertainty of location, having in view the desirability of a possible operation for its removal, become very grave. After what has been said about the nature of the Roentgen shadow, it requires no argument to show that a very slight variation of the position occupied by the head would produce a distortion which would preclude successful exploration. By means of the fluorometer the position of a foreign object in the brain cavity is ascertained with precision, as in the case of the body already given. It becomes merely a matter of cross sections and surface measurements, a definite base line being at the service of the surgeon.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS*

Where the Miracle Came In.—“Well, Uncle Rasburry, how did you like the sermon?”

“It war a pow’ful sermon, Marse John.”

“What was it about?”

“It war ‘bout de mir’cle ob seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes bein’ fed to the twelve ‘postles.’”

“Seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes being fed to the twelve apostles? But where does the miracle come in?”

Uncle Rasburry scratched his head a few moments meditatively. Then he replied:

“Well, Marse John, de mir’cle, ‘cordin’ to my perception of de circumstances, is dat dey all didn’t bust.”

Interesting.—At a country cricket match in Lancashire a local farmer’s boy was put in to keep score, the duties of the place having been carefully explained to him. When the last man on the score, and they found the book blank. That was side had been caught, the fielders darted in to see the condition, too, of the “scorer’s” face. “The truth is,” he said, deliberately, “I was sae eenteristed in the wee sport that I quite forgot tae mak’ the crosses. But it disna matter—that wee laddie wi’ the red face is the smartest runner among ye.”

Anything But That.—A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. “Don’t you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now, what can I get for you?”

With a wan smile he answered, feebly: “Well, I seem to smell a ham a-cooking somewhere. I think I could do with a little bit of that.”

“Oh, no, John, dear,” she answered promptly, “you can’t have that. That’s for the funeral.”

At a Disadvantage.—In the old coaching days a prospector, who had spent many years in the Rocky Mountains, having made his pile, concluded he would go home to see the old folks, and, taking the “Overland” coach, was in due time landed in Omaha, the then terminus of that mode of travelling. It happened to be Sunday when he arrived, and, wandering around seeing the city, he dropped into a church whose doors stood invitingly open. The sermon was on the crucifixion of Christ by the Jews, to which the old miner listened very attentively. On leaving the sacred edifice one of the first persons he saw on the street was of the Hebrew race, and he immediately rushed upon him and began to beat him most unmercifully. A crowd gathered around, when a policeman appeared and rescued the astonished Jew, who, in a loud voice, related his grievance, said it was entirely unprovoked, etc.

“Well,” exclaimed the miner, “I was beating you because you are a Jew, and the Jews killed Christ.”

“But that was 1,800 years ago,” the man remonstrated.

“Well,” was the reply, “I just heard of it; just came in on the ‘Overland.’”

A Deed of Darkness.—An Englishman and a Frenchman once undertook, against their own inclinations, and for the satisfaction of more belligerent friends, to fight a duel in a dark room. The Englishman, anxious to shed no blood, fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman. This was a favorite story of Rogers, who used to add, in relating it: “When I tell the story in France, I put the Englishman up the chimney.”

A Way Out of the Dilemma.—Tom Reed was once to make a speech in Vermont, but was unable to do so, because the heavy rains had destroyed parts of the little railroad. Accordingly, he sent this telegram: “Cannot come; washout on the line.” In a few hours the reply came: “Never mind; come anyway. Borrow a shirt.”

Unfeeling.—A certain drill sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his troops, was putting a party of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortège between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: “Now I’m the corpse, pay attention.” Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, then remarked: “Your ‘ands is right, and your ‘eads is right, but you ‘aven’t got that look of regret you ought to ‘ave.”

A Prohibitive Tariff.—A grizzled farmer down in Mississippi went to a newspaper office to have a notice inserted about the death of a relative.

“What air your charges?” he asked of the manager.

“We charge two dollars an inch.”

“Oh, h—l!” said the farmer, “I can’t afford that. William he was six feet and three inches.”

A Cheerful Giver.—Some one once went to Dumas père for 50 sous to help bury a friend.

“What was he?” Dumas asked.

“A bailiff, sir,” replied the borrower. Dumas’ eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note which he thrust into the man’s hand.

“You say it costs 50 sous? Here are 100. Bury two of ‘em.”

A Revised Version.—Two little tots were to be put to bed, and were kneeling at their mother’s knee saying the Lord’s Prayer. The eldest one was repeating it after his mother, and when he reached the passage, “Give us this day our daily bread,” what was the mother’s surprise when the other little chap said, “Hit him for pie, brother; hit him for pie!”

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS*

—In Nowhereville, in Limbo Place,
 'Mid lurid reeking murk,
 Two aged jokes met face to face,
 Who'd died from overwork.

“Where rest thy bones, since thou hast died?”
 Each asked him of his brother,
 “In the Almanac,” the one replied,
 “Farce comedy,” the other.

—“I’m proud of you,” said the head of the firm.
 “I have letters from all over Kansas saying that
 they have seen our samples. How in the world did
 you manage it?” and he patted the traveling man on
 the back. “Cyclone.”

—They were speaking of the actress, who was
 one of those modern—very modern—blondes. “You
 know her, I believe,” said one. “Know her!” ex-
 claimed the other. “I used to know her when she
 was a brunette.”

—She—I don’t like preachers who read their
 sermons from manuscript. He—I do. If a man
 writes out his sermons he is much more likely to
 realize their length.

—Mrs. Hunt (a popular and prosperous pauper)—Now, Allbert, what’ll yer sy, when I tike yer
 into the kind lidy’s drorin’-room? Albert (a pro-
 ficient pupil)—Oh! all right, I know—put on a
 beautiful lorst look, and sy, “Oh! muvver, is this
 ‘eaven?”

—Burns (enthusiastically)—What a change a
 baby makes about a house! Hadley—Well, I don’t
 know about that. There’s been little change around
 our house since the baby’s advent.

—Mamma (to daughter who has prepared the
 turkey for dinner for the first time alone)—Alice, it
 seems to me that this turkey has a most peculiar
 flavor. What do you suppose the trouble is? It is
 like nothing I have ever tasted before. Alice—I
 don’t know, I am sure, mamma. I was very careful,
 and I know it must be clean, for I scrubbed it thor-
 oughly with soap.

—The sock and buskin he would don—
 His own ambition egged him on.
 The sock and buskin he did doff—
 The ribald public egged him off.

—She—What’s the difference between a
 woman and a saloon? I have no idea. He—The
 saloon shuts up at 12 o’clock.

—Hicks—I felt so queer last night after I went
 to bed. My head was spinning around awfully.
 Wicks—You probably slept “like a top.”

—Jones—Why, Bridget, this is a very small
 egg! Bridget—Sure, sir; it was just laid this morn-
 ing.

—Charity—Can’t you help us, Mr. Sinnick?
 We are getting up a calico ball for the benefit
 of— Sinnick—It seems to me you women are
 bound to get into print one way or another.

—Jasper—What do you think will be the last
 conflict before the millennium comes? Jumsuppe—
 It will be the one in which is settled what daily
 paper has the largest circulation.

—“Can you explain a simple question to me?”
 “Perhaps so. What is it?” “Well, I’d like to know
 how it is that, while the people board the street cars,
 it is the street cars that take all the boarders.” He
 gave it up.

—“I was terribly shocked this noon. Little
 Willie came in and said it was ‘damn cold.’ ” “What
 did his father do?” “Warmed him.”

—“Of course a woman can tell a funny story!”
 she exclaimed, indignantly. “I never tried to tell
 one yet that all the men didn’t get to laughing be-
 fore I had more than started.”

—Although to lay down law
 Would seem fair woman’s forte;
 Too oft when we propose
 We find contempt of court.

—Englishman—I have no time to waste fight-
 ing a duel. Frenchman—It only requires two sec-
 onds.

—He—Women are seldom capable of reason-
 ing. She—Don’t you believe it. He—Why not?
 She—Well—because.

—“That’s a fine, solid baby of yours, Middle-
 ton,” said a friend who was admiring the first baby.
 “Do you think he’s solid?” asked Middleton, rather
 disconsolately. “It seems to me as if he was all
 holler.”

—“And what do you think of the engagement
 ring I sent you?” “It’s splendid! It’s the most
 beautiful one that I ever received!”

—“What is the color of that dress Mrs. Birmingham
 is wearing?” asked Mr. Snaggs of his wife.
 “Electric blue,” replied Mrs. Snaggs. “I thought
 it looked shocking.” “That is not so much the result
 of its color as from the fact that it is ohm-made.”

—“I wish they sold tickets on the street car
 line I have to use,” she said. “Why?” “Well, if I
 had a street car ticket in my purse when I went on
 a shopping tour I would not be so afraid of having
 to walk home.”

—Mary Matthews, a nice little girl, lived so far
 from the schoolhouse that she rode a little blue-
 eyed, confiding mule to the hall of learning. The
 teacher thought it unwise to allow the animal to
 graze about unharmed, so he attempted to club it
 away. The rest of the story is told in these expres-
 sive little lines:

Mary had a little mule,
 It followed her to school;
 That was against the rule.
 The teacher, like a fool
 Got behind that mule
 And hit him with a rule.
 After that there was no school.

—In a hog-stealing case in a Georgia justice
 court the judge asked the prisoner what he had to
 say for himself. He hesitated a moment, then
 stepping forward, said: “I stole dat hog, jedge—yo’
 honner—but I wants you ter make de sentence
 light, kase he got ‘way fum me no less dan six
 times, an’ I sprain two legs en’ one arm fo’ I finally
 kotched him en’ got him on de fire.”

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

LOVE GROWN COLD*

BY F. F. MONTRÉSOR

[Jack Cardew is an English man of letters. His wife, Gillian, once passionately devoted to him, has of late years been given over to the exactions of fashionable London life, while he, more and more absorbed in literary pursuits, has only just been roused to the sense of their separateness and estrangement. Gillian's mother, also, has been a cause of difference between them, he through a chivalrous feeling protecting her from her daughter's indignation, when it transpires that she has kept silence, while in possession of facts that would have cleared Cardew from an unjust suspicion under which, for years, he has been placed. In executing a commission for a friend he has now found himself accidentally in the shop under the very rooms in which Gillian had been living when he came home from Africa to claim her as his bride.]

He was possessed with the desire to see them, and he found on inquiry that they were to let. They were seldom long empty, but the last tenant had died suddenly. He mounted the long flight of stairs very thoughtfully, and presently stood in the very room to which he had come to meet the woman who had waited for him.

The sitting-room was cheerless and cold. The small bedroom that Gillian had slept in had no fireplace. Cardew, who was aware how keenly Gill appreciated luxury, wondered how she had put up with such discomfort. He looked round him with a grave face, then sitting down by the window, he scribbled a few words in his pocketbook, tore out the leaf, and asked for an envelope. He enclosed his note, and directed it to Mrs. Cardew.

"I will take these rooms from to-morrow," he said.

* * * *

"So you have come. I am glad of that," said Jack.

He stood in the bare little room in the Strand, and he turned to greet Gillian with a half-deprecatory smile.

"Of course I know that you think that this is a very foolish arrangement, Gill," he said. "But I was so possessed with the desire to talk to you here! Do you remember that it was on your birthday that I came home?"

Gillian did remember very well. "Oh, was it?" she said carelessly. "My dear Jack, how badly this room needs dusting."

She was beautifully dressed; but as her velvet cloak brushed against the table it became marked with a line of dust.

"Your note amused me, Jack—and surprised me. It was very funny of you to give me these rooms for a birthday present. I ought to appreciate the sentiment, but I could wish that you had had them cleaned. Look at that!"

She walked to the window, and as she spoke she rubbed her finger along the window ledge, and held it up, coated with black.

"Yes, it was in better order, and it was full of

flowers on the day when you waited for me," said Jack.

"Twopenny bunches of berries and red chrysanthemums from the basket at the corner of the Strand," said she. "I did not know that you noticed them. I am glad that you did not try to renew that effect to-day! Don't sit on that chair. I can see that its left leg is going to give way under you. I never thought much of the furniture here, and it is in worse condition now than it was in my time. Besides, you don't grow lighter with advancing years, and neither for the matter of that do I—and after all there is no particular reason why we should be here at all, is there?"

Jack kicked the chair aside, and seated himself on the table. "Never mind the dust. I'll buy you a new gown," he said. "Sit on the window seat. That's safe. Well, yes; I have a sort of reason. It seemed to me I should get at you better in this room. I daresay it appears absurd, but I don't know that what a thing appears ever matters in the least. You cannot say you hear some one ringing at the bell here. Thank goodness! no one knows where we are! Gillian, have you and I quarreled?"

He saw the color come into her face, but she answered lightly: "Good gracious, I trust not! That would be such a highly unoriginal thing for a husband and wife to do." Then a rather odd expression came into her eyes. "Of course, it might be interesting to find out which of us is really the strongest. But, no; quarrels are too vulgar and brutal. We will have none of them. We have agreed to differ, and that is all. You shield my mother because she is a woman, and I, because I am a woman, my dear, hate her. I have come to the conclusion that men can't hate as women can. What do you say?"

"I don't know, or care," he answered. "You are not 'Woman' in the abstract. You are *the* woman who was fool enough to fall in love with me when we were young and walked in a Fools' Paradise, and who—I suppose that was more foolish still, eh?—who stuck to me when there wasn't much paradise left, and the view had ceased to be pretty. And I am not 'Man' in the abstract, but the man who is your husband. We have agreed to differ too much. It is a bad plan. Look here, Gill, in theory it is all right, but in practice—I beg your pardon—it is damnation! It is freezing the life out of us."

"I thought that people were generally damned in a very hot place; but no doubt you know best, dear," said Gillian.

She laughed nervously. She could not, for the life of her, meet Jack's words simply. The trick of covering her emotions with a jest had grown on her, and she was strangely nervous. She did not wish to make an idiot of herself; yet she felt helpless for once. Her attempts at fencing were futile. Was she glad or sorry?

"You thought wrong, then," said he. "Fire never killed a soul yet, let the priests say what they will. It has saved some, I think."

"Have you turned preacher?" she cried. "Because

*A selected reading from *At the Cross-Roads*, by F. F. Montrésor. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., publishers; cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.

if you have, I will agree to all your arguments in advance, and save the discussion. You can consider me converted, dear! Now, don't you think that we had better be going? We have sacrificed enough to memories, I am sure! It is the sort of thing I, personally, hate doing, my dear. It is so much simpler to take each day as it comes and not remember! I only came because I am such an amenable wife—except when you try to make me overlook mamma's little peccadilloes—and because, fond as I am of Jane, the undiluted society of my own sex does bore me after a—rather short—time. Do not you think that is horrid of me?"

"Gill," he said, "you are holding me back with all your strength—why?"

Gillian stared out of the window, and a mist floated before her eyes. "Don't, Jack," she said in a low voice.

He got off the table and came nearer. "But why, Gill?"

She was physically tired, and she was sick at heart. She could not bear to feel that she was not mistress of herself and of the situation. She had meant, at any rate, to have avoided anything approaching to a scene—and yet the traitor within the gates was glad because Jack was too strong for the citadel.

"I have not had much need to do that. I have known for some time that you and I are miles apart," said she.

"By my fault, eh?"

But at that her loyalty protested. "No, no; not by your fault. I do not think exactly by my fault, either. I suppose by the natural order of life. A woman falls in love, and then she marries and bears children, and then she begins to die. Do not look startled, dear. I am remarkably strong and well. I am not going to tell you that I have an incurable disease gnawing at my vitals, like the Spartan boy's fox. But, all the same, I am beginning to die. Every one is who has passed youth. That is why everything seems on a flat level. That is why I do not enjoy anything or care for any one as I did once. Once I was happy if you were in the same room with me. Now we have grown older and more sensible. That is quite right; and when we get yet a little farther on it will not any longer seem so dull. It is all perfectly natural, and it is no one's fault."

Jack smiled in spite of himself. "That was a clever answer, but it was not the truth, Gill," he said. "It did not strike me that your emotions were wanting in vigor when you heard what your mother had left undone. We were not boy and girl when we were married, and we are not growing younger—but it hardly seems to me that we have no vitality left. It does not seem so to you, either."

"Perhaps not," said she. "But, my dear Jack, life would become impossible and barely decent, if one habitually trotted out the whole naked truth."

Cardew glanced round the room, and then looked at Gillian again. It was difficult to him to speak; he was making such an effort as he had never made before.

"You spoke the very truth once—in this room," he said; "and it saved me. It was the only thing that could have saved me then. Nothing but

your love for me stood between me and the devil, Gillian. If you had not been waiting that day—"

"Oh, do you suppose I don't know? I know, and I knew. You need not tell me that," cried she. She held up her hand to stop him, and the color flooded her face and the tears filled her eyes. "I made violent love to you, Jack—but it was not the time to hesitate; it was the only thing to be done just then. You need not remind me of that day. Do you think that—that one ever forgets? But now it is different. Whatever might happen to you you would never 'go to the devil' now. You have found your footing, and, what is more, you are climbing to heights that are far beyond me."

"Why, Gill," he interrupted, with sudden illumination—"why, Gill, I am a stupid, blundering fool; but, of course, I want you! Did you think I didn't? I have let you go, but I have wanted you all the time, and I believe that you want me. Heights that are beyond you? Nonsense! We must stick together, my dear. Look here, I have been idiotic enough to suppose that it was but fair to let you follow your own way, but I had much better have made you come mine, eh? Gill, I am trying to get at the meaning of all sorts of things—I can't understand them alone. I won't understand them alone."

She stared at him silently, with the unshed tears standing in her eyes. She saw that he flushed to the roots of his hair—that was turning gray now—with the endeavor to force himself to speak of those deeper things that underlie life and that make its reality, but which he could never talk glibly about.

"I won't understand them alone," he repeated. "My God must be your God. My dear, if He is to be found we must find Him together."

She half turned from him, because she was afraid that the tears would fall. He put his hand on her arm.

"I could not say this to any one else in all the world," he said simply, "and it is the sort of thing that it is difficult to say—even to you. But you—why won't you be yourself to me? Gill, do look at me!"

Gillian turned with quivering lips. "I wish you wouldn't," she said. "The fact is, I don't dare be myself, because—" And then, without any warning she broke down, and slipping away from his grasp, sat down on the chair by the table, and leaning her forehead on the wood, sobbed and sobbed, with long, choking sobs that frightened him.

The barriers were swept away at last.

"Oh, Jack, I could not help myself!" she gasped at last. "It was most dreadfully silly of me. But I—I am so awfully miserable about my boy still. and you seemed to have got so far off. You are getting so—so good, you see. But I—I long for my baby. I try not to give in. Other people lose their children and get over it. It is so cowardly to make a great fuss when one is hurt. I don't mean to. I did not mean to—but I do want my little boy so much, so much!"

And at that he took her in his arms and comforted her, with words that were quite illogical—broken phrases whispered for her only, that shall not be written here, being sacred—but that, after all, held consolation.

And later Gillian dried her eyes and went home with him.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

Wines for the Sedentary.....London Spectator

Glancing the other day over a little book which had just appeared on wines, we observed without surprise that its author had avoided any discussion on the effect of different wines on health. Writers on wine always make that omission. Because teetotalers condemn all wines as containing alcohol, those who admire wine praise all wines as equally beneficial, which is by no means the case, at least for sedentary persons—that is, for three-fourths of all those who live by the exercise of their brains. Men who work with their hands all day, or who live eight hours of the twenty-four in the open air, may, if otherwise decently healthy, drink, as they may also eat, what they like in moderation; but the sedentary should exercise more discrimination. For them, at all events, fermented liquors are not in the least alike. Beyond a tablespoonful of good liqueur brandy—all cheap brandies are poisons—say once a week as a tonic, they should never touch spirits at all, for if they do they will speedily ruin their digestions besides giving themselves a tendency to renal disease. Beer, which, when it is good, is the most wholesome of all potations for the hard-working and the active, is for the sedentary ruinous, as it over-stimulates the liver, and betrays its effect at once in bad temper, irritability, and a dyspeptic kind of sleepiness which takes the edge off mental power. Sherry, even when it is old and dry and costly, is for the sedentary as bad as beer. Port, if old and really good, is probably the healthiest, as it is the most delicious of all wines. It is not gouty, though it is believed to be so, and its evil repute arises solely from the fact that as its usual strength is to brandy as 23 to 50, it can only be drunk by the sedentary in the strictest moderation. Three glasses a day is the utmost we should allow to a thin, pale man, and only two to one of full habit or visible rubicundity. Many men, however, it must be admitted, who work their brains, have indulged rather more than this, and yet lived in health to eighty, but they have, it will be found on inquiry, drunk very little else. Cheap port is, of course, bad, being almost invariably too strong, even when it is not a decoction full of astringent matter. About champagne it is difficult to be precise, there are so many varieties of the wine, and its effect on different constitutions is so singularly unequal. As a rule, however, champagne is an unsafe wine for the sedentary, who, if they take it, should never mix it with other wines, and should especially avoid touching it except at dinner. One tumbler a day without other wine is the highest limit we should allow of champagne to a man who was not engaged in active exercise for at least three hours in the twenty-four.

The light white wines are little drunk here, and are supposed to be innocuous—a delusion unless they are taken in a moderation as strict as if they were heavy wines.. They never quite satisfy the palate; the temptation is to take still another glass of what seems so harmless, and a habit is set up which is nearly incurable, and which destroys the nerve and lowers the physical tone almost as badly as drinking spirits. This is most true of all the

Sauternes, and least true of fine Rhine wine, though the taste for the latter, when indulged, is recognized by all German doctors as most dangerous. Its victim is apt not to know how much he takes. There remains claret, the most delightful and, in moderation, the safest of all wines, moderation meaning half a bottle a day of a fairly good brand, or if it is swallowed only with food—not after dinner, mind—possibly a little more. That is the allowance which was suggested some years ago by the committee of experienced physicians whose report was published in the Nineteenth Century magazine. With the exception of port, restricted as aforesaid, claret is probably the only wine which is positively beneficial to the sedentary—that is, which quickens the blood, serves as a tone to the nerves, and acts as a fillip to jaded muscles without producing any dangerous or even perceptible reaction. Of course, the better the claret, the safer; but unless the wine is not claret at all, but grape-juice and water fortified with some raw Spanish stuff, even cheap claret is not injurious. All writers on wine abuse "Gladstone claret," partly from affectation, partly because they prefer something stronger, and partly from good taste; but the experience of millions is against them. The sober majority of France and Italy drink claret, or a "vin ordinaire" akin to it, every day through their whole lives, and suffer much less from it than Bavarians do from beer, or sober Hebrideans from whisky. It may not be nice stuff to drink, but that it produces no injurious effect on health is the testimony even of those who abominate every form of alcohol, and attribute to its consumption mischiefs which are due only to its consumption in excess. In excess claret, like every other liquor, is bad for everybody, and specially bad for the sedentary, shattering the nerves, as it does, as certainly and fatally as whisky or inferior brandy.

"Antispire" Bread.....Baked in Italy.....New York Herald

The demand for bread among the poorer classes of Italy, which in many districts has been quite alarming of late, has increased the interest in that country in any and every method suggested for reducing the cost of "the staff of life" to needy consumers. Were it not that even the hungry to a great extend demand white bread, the opening of shops for the sale of the new "antispire" bread, as it is called, an invention of M. Auguste Desgotte, which does away with the work of the miller, might have been attended by a greater success. For several weeks last month, however, the establishment in Rome in the Via Minghetti did a rushing business, until the novelty wore off and opposition bakers reduced their prices on white bread.

The "antispire" bread is made directly from the wheat, and a great saving in the cost of manufacture is credited to it. After the wheat has been thoroughly sifted and cleaned it is subjected to a bath in tepid water for several hours. When it has thus been soaked it is poured into a machine, which reduces it to a homogenous paste. This machine is composed of a double line of thin spirals working in opposite directions. By these spirals the softened

wheat seeds are well kneaded. At the end of the spirals is a double cylinder which receives the paste and makes it still more compact and ready for shaping into loaves and baking. The quality of the bread made by the new process is variously estimated. Excellent judges and unprejudiced practical bakers admit its excellence, and say that any taste can be suited by having due regard to the leavening, manipulation and treatment in the oven. Italian experts who have investigated the matter express themselves favorably upon its digestive properties and pronounce it most nourishing. In color the "antispire" bread is very brown; its odor is agreeable and taste quite palatable. A cardinal virtue claimed for it is that it never gets mouldy and will remain "fresh" for days. The bakery at Rome charges three cents a pound for "antispire" bread—thirty centimes per kilogramme (two pounds)—but when the establishment is opened in the morning at eight o'clock workingmen may buy it for two centimes per kilogramme cheaper.

So serious has the bread question become in Italy that many cities have suspended the local tax on bread and breadstuffs, the Milan authorities having arranged with the local bakers to reduce the price of bread to thirty-two centimes per kilogramme. At Leghorn such are the necessities of the poor that free bread is distributed by the municipality to all who ask for it. The applicants must, however, present themselves at designated bureaus at certain hours, and are not allowed to take the bread away with them, they must eat it on the premises without meat, cheese, vegetables or condiment.

The Italian journals have been quite severe of late in the criticism of the bread sold to the public. Adulteration is a common charge. The story is told that in the hills of Lombardy there is a cave owned by a bakery syndicate whence a fine mineral powder of the purest white is obtained and used to mix with flour for bread making. "Let us hope this is not true," writes one editor. "If it is we may soon expect to have our bread made from road dust. And even then it would not be much worse than that too often sold as the genuine article."

What They Eat in China,.....Pine Bluff Commercial

Although rice is generally regarded by the Chinese as the "staff of life," a large quantity of wheat has been used from the most ancient times, and in the earliest classifications wheat is mentioned as one of the five grains. In the northern provinces, where rice is not grown and can only be purchased by the well-to-do, wheat is the most common cereal, but it is of a very poor quality. Blasted heads are seen in large numbers every year, and ergotism is a too frequent cause of disease among the poor.

The wheat is ground by a very primitive process. The mill consists of two light stones, which are turned by aid of a blindfolded mule. The flour is coarse and dark, chiefly used in the form of vermicelli, and, when steamed, makes a good substitute for rice, and when mixed with a little broth, flavored with a dash of soy, it forms a very savory dish. To use the Chinese term, they are the "suspended" and the "dropped"; the former is the true vermicelli, the manufacture of which is a common sight in many northern villages, where strings of

the paste, fastened at the ends of two light sticks, are suspended before the doors of the cottages even in the main streets. The strings are generally lengthened by pulling down "little by little" the lower stick, a dozen or twenty strings being fastened to each pair of sticks. The chopped vermicelli is made by rolling out the dough and cutting it in thin strips with a knife fastened to the board like a straw chopper. Wheat flour is also used for making rolls which are lightened with leaven, and these are cooked by steaming, as are the many varieties of patties containing minced meat, molasses or a kind of jam. The steamer consists of sieves, fitting tightly one upon another, which are covered and placed over the kettle in which the meat or other food is being cooked.

The ordinary Chinese, whether in city or village, takes his breakfast at the tea house or restaurant. It consists almost entirely of these meat rolls or patties; the latter are dipped in vinegar, soy or a solution of red pepper, when eaten. Sometimes the steamed rolls, after they have grown old, are made palatable by being toasted on a grill over a charcoal fire. Another popular dish is doughnut fried in oil. Baking is almost entirely unknown, but there is a cake of the size and shape of an ox rib which is baked by being stuck on the inside of a jar-shaped furnace, in which there is a hot charcoal fire. These cakes are sometimes circular, but in every case they are covered with the seeds of the sesame, which add very much to the flavor. Another variety is a large round cake, cooked on a griddle, and which is divided into quarters when offered for sale. The Mohammedan Chinese make a similar cake, of which they are also very fond, without using any pork fat.

For the better quality of native pastry and confectionery, rice flour is used but at the treaty ports and the cities to which foreign influence has extended, many forms of sweet cake and biscuit are made of American flour. Even for purely native varieties of rolls and cakes the American flour is now preferred on account of its whiteness and wholesomeness.

Within a few years past the importation of American flour has rapidly increased. In the heart of China ten years ago it was almost unknown away from the treaty ports, but now bags of American flour may be seen in large quantities stacked in the shops of inland cities. Accurate statistics cannot be had as to the quantity of American flour imported, and the customs returns are silent on the subject, except with reference to two or three of the southern ports. In the last volume of the returns it appears that Canton takes about one-third of the whole importations of American flour. The figures for Canton in 1896 were 175,684 piculs (one picul equals 133 1-3 pounds), valued at \$439,088 in gold. This would seem to give, for the whole of China, 527,052 piculs, valued at \$1,317,264.12.

It will doubtless occur that where so much wheat is grown it is only needed to import mill machinery to manufacture on the spot all the flour that can be demanded, but unless the quality of the wheat produced in China is materially improved the demand for American flour is likely to go on increasing. The flour from America is shipped almost exclusively in bags holding twenty-five pounds.

"REMEMBER THE MAINE": PATRIOTISM AND POETRY

The Maine's Men.....Mexico Two Republics

Death came out of the black night's deep,
And steered for a battleship's side;
But never a man of the sailor clan
Looked on the Deathman's ride.

The Kansan lad and the Hampshire boy,
And the boy from Tennessee,
With never a fear that death was near,
Swung into eternity.

Nor flag, nor shot, nor battle cry,
Nor strain of the nation's air,
Broke into the gloom of the sailor's doom,
Nor yet a priestly prayer.

There looks a face from a far-away home,
With eye bent on the sea,
For the Hampshire Jack who'll ne'er come back,
Nor the lad from Tennessee.

* Not theirs was the glory of battle,
No victory crowned the day,
But a nation weeps that the dark sea keeps
Her dead beneath the bay.

Half-Mast.....Lloyd Mifflin.....Philadelphia Inquirer

On every school house, ship and staff
From 'Frisco clear to Marblehead,
Let droop the starry banner now,
In sorrow for our sailors dead.

Half-mast! Half-mast! o'er all the land;
The verdict wait; your wrath restrain;
Half-mast for all that gallant band—
The sailors of the Maine!

Not till a treachery is proved
His sword the patriot soldier draws;
War is the last alternative—
Be patient till ye know the cause.

Meanwhile—Half-mast o'er all the land!
The verdict wait; your wrath restrain;
Half-mast! for all that gallant band—
The Martyrs of the Maine!

The Martyrs of the Maine.....Rupert Hughes.....New York Sun

And they have thrust our shattered dead away in foreign
graves,
Exiled forever from the port the homesick sailor craves!
They trusted once in Spain,
They're trusting her again!
And with the holy care of our own sacred slain!
No, no, the Stripes and Stars
Must wave above our tars.
Bring them home!

On a thousand hills the darling dead of all our battles lie,
In nooks of peace, with flowers and flags, but now they
seem to cry
From out their bivouac:
"Here every good man Jack
Belongs. Nowhere but here—with us.
So bring them back."
And on the Cuban gales,
A ghostly rumor wails,
"Bring us home!"

Poltroon, the people that neglects to guard the bones, the
dust,
The reverenced reliques its warriors have bequeathed in
trust!

But heroes, too, were these
Who sentinel'd the seas
And gave their lives to shelter us in careless ease.
Shall we desert them, slain,
And proffer them to Spain
As alien mendicants—these martyrs of our Maine?
No! Bring them home!

Dies Irae.....Indianapolis News

Where is the heritage that once was Spain's—
Half the proud world with endless riches piled?
Ah, all hath vanished; nothing now remains
Save one sad island—one unhappy child—

Cuba, last daughter of the Western seas,
Gaunt victim of the she-wolf's ruthless spoil,
Whose piteous moans rise on each passing breeze,
While drop by drop her life-blood damps the soi.

Four hundred years! God's vengeance tarrieth late;
And yet, at last! the day of wrath hath come;
Columbia, bare thy steel! The nations wait
To see thee drive the keen-edged weapon home!

A MessageP. B.Army and Navy Journal

To the men who fought with Decatur,
To the men who with Lawrence died,
To the men who fell in that blazing hell
Of Mobile by Farragut's side;
Take to them our message, stern and plain,
Tell them the guns are cast loose, again,
Men of the Maine!

This to the men of the ships of oak
From the men of the ships of steel,
To the hearts that broke 'mid the flame and smoke
From the living hearts that feel,
There is no mizzen, nor fore, nor main,
But all of the flags are aloft again,
Men of the Maine!

Not against foes of our own true blood,
Nor kin across the sea,
But straight in the face of a stranger race
Who never, like you, were free.
Tell them 'tis thus that our guns we train,
And the sights are lined, and the strings astrain,
Men of the Maine!

Take them these tidings, ye who sleep
'Neath the murky waves by the Cuban town,
The blow in the night but began the fight
Which ends when the Spanish flag comes down,
And our guns shall thunder their old refrain
Tolling your knell from here—to Spain!
Men of the Maine!

In the Time of Strife.....Frank L. Stanton.....Atlanta Constitution

We may not know
How red the lilies of the spring shall grow;
What silver flood,
Sea-streaming, take the crimson tints of blood.

We may not know
If victory shall make the bugles blow;
If still shall wave
The flag above our freedom or our grave.

We only know
One heart, one hand, one country meet the foe;
On land and sea
Her liegemen in the battle of the free.

The Flag... Henry Lynden Flash.....New Orleans Times-Democrat

Up with the banner of the free!
Its stars and stripes unfurl,
And let the battle beauty blaze
Above a startled world.
No more around its towering staff
The folds shall twine again,
Till falls beneath its righteous wrath
The gonfalon of Spain.

That flag with constellated stars
Shines ever in the van!
And, like the rainbow in the storm,
Presages peace to man.
For still amid the cannon's roar
It sanctifies the fight,
And flames along the battle lines,
The emblem of the Right.

It seeks no conquest—knows no fear;
Cares not for pomp or state;
As pliant as the atmosphere,
As resolute as Fate.
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
No stain its honor mars,
And Freedom smiles, her fate secure
Beneath its steadfast stars.

The Dragon of the Seas.....Thomas Nelson Page.....Washington Post

They say the Spanish ships are out
To seize the Spanish main;
Reach down the volume, boy, and read
The story o'er again.

How when the Spaniard had the might,
He drenched the earth, like rain,
With human blood, and made it death
To sail the Spanish main.

With torch and steel, and stake and rack,
He trampled out all truce,
Until Queen Bess her leashes slip't,
And turned her sea-dogs loose.

God! how they sprang! And how they tore!
The Grenvilles, Hawkins, Drake!
Remember, boy, they were your sires!
They made the Spaniard quake.

They sprang, like lions, for their prey,
Straight for the throat, amain!
By twos, by scores, where'er they caught
They fought the ships of Spain.

When Spain, in dark Ulloa's bay,
Broke doubly-plighted faith,
Bold Hawkins fought his way through fire
For great Elizabeth.

A bitter malt Spain brewed that day—
She drained it to the lees;
Her faithless guns that morn awoke
The Dragon of the Seas.

From sea to sea he ravaged far,
A scourge with flaming breath—
Where'er the Spaniard sailed his ships
Sailed Francis Drake and Death.

No port was safe against his ire,
Secure no furthest shore;
The fairest day oft sank in fire
Before the Dragon's roar.

He made th' Atlantic surges red
Round every Spanish keel;
Piled Spanish decks with Spanish dead,
The noblest of Castile.

From Del Fuego's beetling coast
To sleety Hebrides,
He hounded down the Spanish host,
And swept the flaming seas.
He fought till on Spain's inmost lakes
'Mid orange bowers set,
La Mancha's daughters feared to sail
Lest they the Dragon met.
King Philip, of his raven reit,
As forfeit claimed his head.
The great Queen laughed his wrath to scorn,
And knighted Drake instead.

And gave him ships and sent him forth
To clear the Spanish main
For England and for England's brood,
And sink the fleets of Spain.

And well he wrought his mighty work,
Till on that fatal day,
He met his only conqueror,
In Nombre Dios Bay.

There, in his shotted hammock swung,
Amid the surges' sweep,
He waits the lookouts' signal
Across the quiet deep.

And dreams of dark Ulloa's bay
And Spanish treachery;
And how he tracked Magellan far
Across the unknown sea.

But if Spain fires a single shot
Upon the Spanish main,
She'll come to deem the Dragon dead
Has waked to life again.

Britannia to Columbia..Alfred Austin..Reported by Cable to Associated Press

What is the voice I hear
On the wind of the Western Sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
" 'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people proud
and free.
" And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be
stronger than death is strong.' "
Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none but free
men can.
Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle and rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the
war wind blows.
A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong young land and we are
lords of the main.
Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
"We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship shall last long as love doth last and
be stronger than death is strong."

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Will, Annie and I: Annie DeWitt Shaw: L. A. Shriver & Co., cloth, illus.....	
Wonder Tales From Wagner; Told for Young People: Anna Alice Chapin: Harper, 1898, cloth, illus.....	1 25
Young Blood: E. W. Hornung: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth	1 25

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR APRIL, 1898

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

A Designer of Magazine Covers: Mrs. O. B. Bunce. Art Am.
 A Landscape Artist: Olive F. Gunby.....Art Interchange.
 A Theatrical First Night: James L. Ford.....Munsey's.
 American Concert Singers, V.: Rupert Hughes....Godey's.
 Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Women: Charles H. Hart. Cen.
 Henry Arthur Jones: J. M. Bullock.....Book Buyer.
 Israels and the Dutch Painters: Mary A. Kirkup..Midland.
 Leonardo Da Vinci: Roger Riordan.....Art Amateur.
 Picture Making and Picture Judging: J. C. Vandyke. Art In.
 The Conventions of the Drama: Brander Matthews. Scrib.
 The Handel Revival in Germany: Bruno Schrader. Forum.
 The Relation of Art to Morality: Marie C. Remick..Arena.
 The Work of Maxfield Parrish: J. B. Carrington. Book Buy.
 Velasquez and His Work: Mary E. J. Kelly.....Godey's.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Andrew Jackson, VI.: Jas. H. Kyle F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Frances E. Willard: Charles J. Little. Chaut.
 Frances E. Willard: Lady Henry Somerset.....N. A. R.
 Grant's Life in the West: John W. Emerson.....Midland.
 Impressions of Björnson and Ibsen: W. H. Schofield..Atl.
 Kipling's View of Americans: G. H. McKnight..Bookman.
 Mr. Israel Zangwill: Isidore Harris Bookman.
 Recollections of the Civil War: Sir W. H. Russell. N.A.R.
 Reminiscences of the Civil War: Chas. A. Dana..McClure's.
 Sketch of Carl Semper.....Pop. Sci. Mo.

Educational Topics.

On the Teaching of English: Mark H. Liddell....Atlantic.
 Secondary Education in the U. S.: E. E. Brown. School Rev.
 Student Life in Germany: H. Zick.....Chaut.
 The Study of Modern Languages: E. H. Magill. School Rev.

Essays and Miscellanies.

Children and Their Ways, IV.: Mrs. Alice Meynell..Delin.
 Courage the Chief Virtue: Wood Hutchinson....Open Ct.
 Heroes of the Life Saving Service: Gustav Kolbe..Century.
 Mine Salting: Charles M. Dobson.Cosmopolitan.
 The Conquest of Fear: Thomas B. Reed....Cosmopolitan.
 The Significance of Language: Michel Bréal..Pop. Sci. Mo.
 What is Good English: Harry Thurston Peck....Bookman.

Historic and National.

A Famous Sea-Fight: Claude H. Wetmore.... Century.
 America's Interest in Sea Power: J. D. J. Kelley. Book Buy.
 Army and Navy: J. H. Gibbons and G. B. Duncan. N. A. R.
 At Appomattox Court House: G. A. Forsyth.... Harper's.
 Cavalry Tactics on the Plains: F. Remington.... Harper's.
 England and France in West Africa: Thos. G. Bowles. For.
 Europe and the East: Nelson A. Miles.....Forum.
 Germany's Exclusion of American Fruits: J. B. Smith. N.A.R.
 Ireland Since '98: John E. Redmond.....N. A. R.
 State Regulation of Railways: Harry P. Robinson. N. A. R.
 The Army Medical Museum: J. R. N. Kyle.....Godey's.
 The Fall of Maximilian: Sara Y. Stevenson.....Century.
 The Nation's Railroads: George B. Waldron.... McClure's.
 The Seven Wonders of the World: Benj. Id. Wheeler. Cen.
 The Siege of Paris and the Air Ships: Karl Blind.. N. A. R.
 The Story of the Revolution: Henry Cabot Lodge...Scrib.
 The U. S. Ironclad "Monitor": F. M. Bennett.... Cassier's.
 The Wives of Solomon: Moncure D. Conway..Open Court.
 Wanted—An American Aldershot: James Parker. Harper's.

Literary Criticism.

A Note on the Essay: Brander Matthews.....Book Buyer.
 My Favorite Novelist: Jerome K. Jerome.....Munsey's.
 Recent Histories of Literature: Wm. P. Trent.....Forum.
 Tennyson and Musset Once More: Wm. P. Trent. Bookman.
 The Kalevala: Charles Upson Clark.....Forum.
 The Superfluous Critic: Aline Gorren.....Century.
 Timrod the Poet: L. Frank Tooker.....Century.

Political, Financial and Legal.

Coal is King: E. Atkinson and E. W. Parker.... Century.
 Commercial Aspects of the Panama Canal: W. C. Ford. Har.
 Demands of the Interstate Commerce Commission.. Forum.
 Direct Legislation, a Symposium: W. J. Bryan and others. S.C.
 Foreign Influence in American Politics: W. J. Bryan.... Ar.
 For the Party Man: Eltweed Pomeroy.....Self Culture.
 Principles of Taxation: David A. Wells.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Studies of Our Government, I.: John Brisben Walker.. Cos.
 The Decay of Cobdenism in England: John P. Young. N.A.R.
 The English Governing Oligarchy: Sidney Low.... Forum.
 The Question of Wheat, I.: Worthington C. Ford.. P. S. Mo.
 Three Epochs of Democracy: John Clark Ridpath.. Arena.

Religious and Philosophic.

Astrological Symbolism: John Hazelbrigg .. Metaphysical.
 Evolution and Ethics: John Dewey.....Monist
 Evolution and Teleology: J. A. Zahn.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Mental Telegraphy: C. W. Hidden.....Mind.
 Münsterburg and Experimental Psychology: C. B. Bliss. For.
 Our National Attitude and Duty Toward Spain. Rel. R. of R.
 The Church and the Holy Ghost: D. L. Moody.. Rel. R. of R.
 Progressive Phenomena in Evolution: C. Lombroso. Monist.
 The Episcopalians: Wm. Stevens Perry.... F. L. Pop. Mo.
 The Holy Season in Russia: Ellen Hodgens.....Chaut.
 The Jerry McAuley Mission.... Record of Christian Work.
 The Symbolism of Nirvana: Harriet B. Bradbury.... Meta.
 The Volunteer Movement Record of Christian Work.
 What is a "Call"? Record of Christian Work.

Scientific and Industrial.

An Industrial Object Lesson: S. N. D. North.. Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Across the Chilkoot Pass by Wire Cable: W. Hewitt... Cas.
 Discovery of New Chemical Elements: C. Winkler.. P. S. M.
 Inventing for a Living: Geo. Ethelbert Walsh.... Cassier's.
 Man's Span of Life: Langdon Kain.....N. A. R.
 Migration: W. K. Brooks.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Some Byways of the Brain, I.: Andrew Wilson.... Harper's.
 Successful Tea Growing in America: La F. J. Parks.. Cosmo.
 The Building of the Ship: Minna Irving.....Home.
 The Electric Transmission of Water Power. .Pop. Sci. Mo.
 The Ethics of Applied Medicine: Wm. R. Fisher... Arena.
 The Evolution of Satellites: G. H. Darwin..... Atlantic.
 The Great Drainage Canal of Mexico: B. G. Hunt.. Cosmo.
 The New Telegraphy: A. Slaby.....Century.

Sociologic Questions.

Criminal Anthropology in Italy: Helen Zimmern.. P. S. M.
 Is There Work Enough for All? Wm. T. Harris.. Forum.
 The Employment of Convict Labor in Mass.: J. T. Codman. Ar.
 The Social Crusade: J. Stitt Wilson..... Self Culture.
 The Story of Human Progress: Malcolm Morris.. Self. Cul.
 The Workers, II.: Walter A. Wyckoff..... Scribner's.
 Women and the Labor Movement: M. E. J. Kelley. N.A.R.

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

A Nook in the Alleghanies: Bradford Torrey..... Atlantic.
 A Spring Visit to Nassau: Emma G. Cummings...P. S. Mo.
 An Artist Among the Fellahs: R. Talbot Kelly..Century.
 Ascent of Mount St. Elias: C. W. Thornton.....Overland.
 Cape Frattery and Its Light: James G. McCurdy. Overland.
 Central America: William Elroy Curtis..... Forum.
 Columbia's Athletics: J. Parmly Paret.....Outing.
 How to Cycle in Europe: Joseph Pennell..... Harper's.
 La Fiesta De Los Angeles: W. C. Patterson.. Land of Sun.
 Letreis, Brittany: Cecilia Waern..... Scribner's.
 Over the Alps on a Bicycle: Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Cen.
 The Island of Martinique: Julius G. Tucker...F. L. P. Mo.
 The L. A. W.: A. Cressy Morrison.....F. L. Pop. Mo.
 The Strangest River in America: John E. Bennett...Lipp.
 The Yellowstone National Park: John Muir..... Atlantic.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*The Defence of the Alamo**.....Joaquin Miller.....*Youth's Companion*

Santa Ana came storming, as a storm might come;
There was rumble of cannon; there was rattle of blade;
There was cavalry, infantry, bugle and drum—
Full seven thousand in pomp and parade.
The chivalry, flower of Mexico;
And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamo!

And thirty lay sick, and some were shot through;
For the siege had been bitter, and bloody, and long.
"Surrender, or die!"—"Men, what will you do?"
And Travis, great Travis, drew sword, quick and strong;
Drew a line at his feet . . . "Will you come? Will you go?
I die with my wounded, in the Alamo."

The Bowie gasped, "Lead me over that line!"
Then Crockett, one hand to the sick, one hand to his gun,
Crossed with him; then never a word or a sign
Till all, sick or well, all, all save but one,
One man. Then a woman stepped, praying, and slow
Across; to die at her post in the Alamo.

Then that one coward fled, in the night, in that night
When all men silently prayed and thought
Of home; of to-morrow; of God and the right,
Till dawn; and with dawn came Travis's cannon-shot,
In answer to insolent Mexico,
From the old bell-tower of the Alamo.

Then came Santa Ana; a crescent of flame!
Then the red "escalade"; then the fight hand to hand;
Such an unequal fight as never had name
Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan band.
All day—all day and all night, and the morning? so slow,
Through the battle smoke mantling the Alamo.

Now silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead
In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory gashed head,
All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;
And she but a nurse. Yet when shall we know
Another like this of the Alamo?

Shout "Victory, victory, victory ho!"
I say 'tis not always to the hosts that win:
I say that the victory, high or low,
Is given the hero who grapples with sin,
Or legion or single; just asking to know
When duty fronts death in his Alamo.

"You're Not the Only Pebble on the Beach".....*New York Sun†*
When you see a pretty maiden who has turned seventeen,
You think you'd like to win her for your wife,
Don't start the game by saying she's the sweetest thing
you've seen;
A young girl's heart's the strangest thing in life.
Don't let her think that you are sure to offer her your hand,
She'll like you better if you're out of reach—
No matter how you love her give the girl to understand
She's not the only pebble on the beach.

*See page 422. †Attributed to H. B. Berdan.

When on board a crowded horse-car on a warm and sultry day,

I saw a maiden overcome with heat.
She stood there fifteen minutes, while a man not far away
Was occupying twice his share of seat.
As she gazed at him with injured look, she said in accents low:

"Look here, my man, a moral I will teach.
Though you have paid your nickel, there are others, don't
you know;
You're not the only pebble on the beach."

I live opposite a maiden, and I know her steady beau,
He tells me that she loves no one but him.
He buys her all her dresses and her jewels, don't you
know
In fact, he gratifies her every whim.
He is sure to call on Sunday, through the week he's on the road,
I really think he loves the little peach.
If he could see the rush on Monday night, I think he'd
know
He's not the only pebble on the beach.

A Tale of a Bonnet.....Susan E. Gammons.....*Our Dumb Animals*

A TRAGEDY IN THREE PARTS.

Part 1. The Bonnet.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand;
Bows of ribbon and lace;
Wire sufficient to make them stand;
A handful of roses, a velvet band—
It lacks but one crowning grace.

Part 2. The Bird.

A chirp a twitter a flash of wings,
Four wide-open mouths in a nest;
From morning till night she brings and brings,
For growing birds, they are hungry things—
Ay! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a rifle, a shot well sped;
A crimson stain on the grass;
Four hungry birds in a nest unfed—
Ah! well, we will leave the rest unsaid;
Some things it were better to pass.

Part 3. The Wearer.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,
She has surely a queenly air;
The bonnet had flowers and ribbon and lace;
But the bird has added the crowning grace—
It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all,
In a lady so faultlessly fair?
The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall,
He hears when the starving nestlings call—
Can a tender woman *not care*?

A Calm Day at Sea.....William H. Payne.....*Sunday School Times*
Soothed into slumber by the breath of May,
The sea from strife and anguish seems to part,
As if in one sweet dream had passed away
The tragic memories of a mighty heart.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

399. Will you please republish in your columns or tell me where I may find it, a poem called either *My Creed*, or *My Religion*, which was published in *Current Literature* in the October or November number, 1895?—Jane Gray, St. Paul, Minn.

[The Religion of Love, by Wilfred Scawen Blunt, the first line of which reads, "So thou but love me, Dear, with thy whole heart," is probably the poem you have in mind. It is a sonnet, and appeared in the November issue of *Current Literature* for the year 1895. Back numbers can always be obtained at this office.]

400. I would be very grateful if, through the pages of your magazine, I could ascertain who is the author of the lines that follow. I have searched "quotation" books in vain, and am not certain of the accuracy of the first line.

Heed not each false accusing tongue,
As foolish persons do;
But still believe that story false,
Which ought not to be true!

—G. Darlow, Los Angeles, Cal.

401. *The Alamo*: Will you kindly tell me in what book or magazine I could find the best history and description of the Alamo.—F. K. S., Mason City, Ia.

[The fullest and best account of the Alamo we have ever seen appears on page 422, the present number of *Current Literature*, and on page 479 is a spirited poem on the same subject by Joaquin Miller. Poole's Index contains the following references to the Alamo: Magazine of Western History, Vol. IV., page 709, poem by C. K. Bolton; Magazine of American History, Vol. II., page 1, article by Captain R. M. Potter, U.S.A. This article is twenty-one pages in length, and is no doubt an authoritative utterance, owing to the fact of the writer's being stationed in the immediate vicinity at the time of the fall of the Alamo, and so in a position to obtain the most trustworthy account of the events during the siege and capture of the old mission building. The single number of the magazine containing the article (the issue of January, 1878), can be obtained from James W. Christopher's American and Foreign Magazine Depot, 47 Dey street, New York City. Also E. McQueen Gray, of Croftonhill Ranch, Florence, New Mexico, has recently issued a volume, *Alamo and Other Verses* (cloth, 75 cents), which is well spoken of by the press.]

402. Please inform reader in what books he may find *The Philanthropist* and *The Scissor Grinder*, and "Story? Bless you, sir, I have none."—S. E. Glade, Jersey City, N. J.

403. In your Open Questions for April you refer D. S. Cowan, of New Orleans, to the June issue, 1890, for Tenneyson's Crossing the Bar. I could not find it. Will you please correct the mistake, as I have all the numbers beginning 1890 and would like to find it.—Harriet A. Johnston, Marshall, Mich.

[For "June" read "February," 1890, page 100.]

404. Can any one of your contributors direct me to the author of a four-stanza poem commencing—

"Oh, let the old love wake again,
It only sleeping lies."

—I found it in an exchange, but uncredited, and diligent search has hitherto failed to discover the authorship.—F. S., Los Angeles.

405. Will you kindly tell me, if at command, who wrote the short poem entitled *For Love's Sweet Sake*. And if convenient would you please advise me where I can obtain the poem; it is very short, four verses. It begins:

"Because you have no golden hoard,
Or broad and fertile lands to show,
Or wealth in glittering caskets stored,
You fear to whisper—what I know" &c.

It appeared in a newspaper about a year ago, I think. Your kind aid in obtaining this gem will be appreciated.—W. E. Maynard, Washington C. H., Ohio.

406. *Love's Rosary*: On page 306 of *Current Literature*, Vol. XX. (October, 1896), appears a poem, *Love's Rosary*—Edgar Saltus—London Minstrel. And in *Collier's Weekly*, April 2, 1898, Edgar Saltus writes, "The dozen lines that follow, the work of Mr. Cameron Rogers, a writer unlabeled, unquoted and unknown," etc., and then quotes the verses credited to Saltus in *Current Literature*.—X. Y. Z., Xenia, O.

[Very true; but see also page 471, of *Current Literature*, Vol. XX. (November, 1896), on which appears the following. "Through an error of the London Minstrel, from which we copied it, the poem, *Love's Rosary*, which appeared on page 306 of the October number of *Current Literature*, was wrongly attributed to Edgar Saltus. Mr. Saltus, in calling our attention to the error, writes: 'I am not the author. I wish I were.' Robert Cameron Rogers is the rightful author of the poem, which is to be found in his volume of verse entitled *The Wind in the Clearing*."]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

393. In April, No. 393, you attempt to trace the authorship, but do not give the lines on the *Tabor Grand drop curtain*. They are:

"How fleet the works of man! Back to its (or the) earth
again

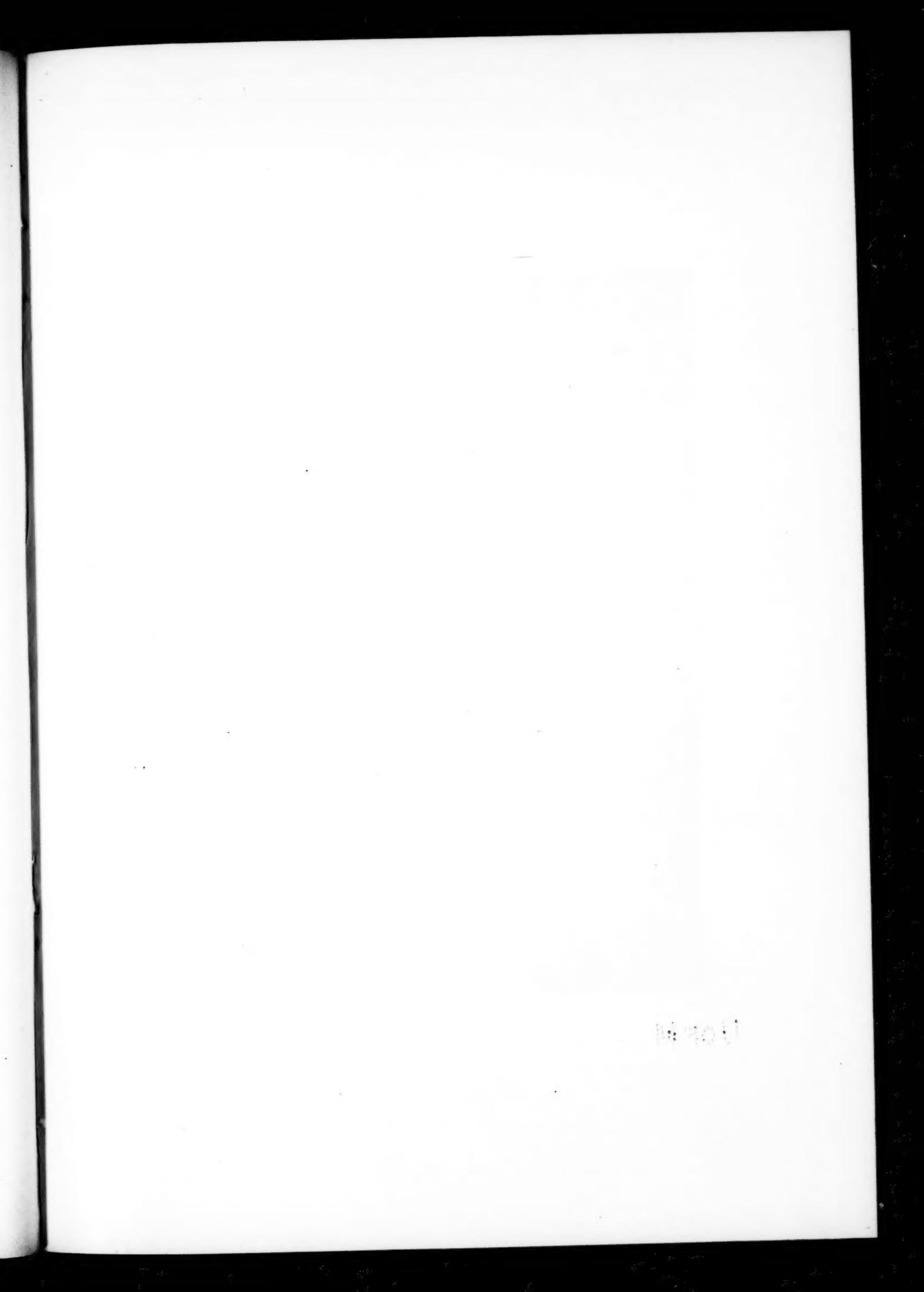
Ancient and modern things fade like a dream."

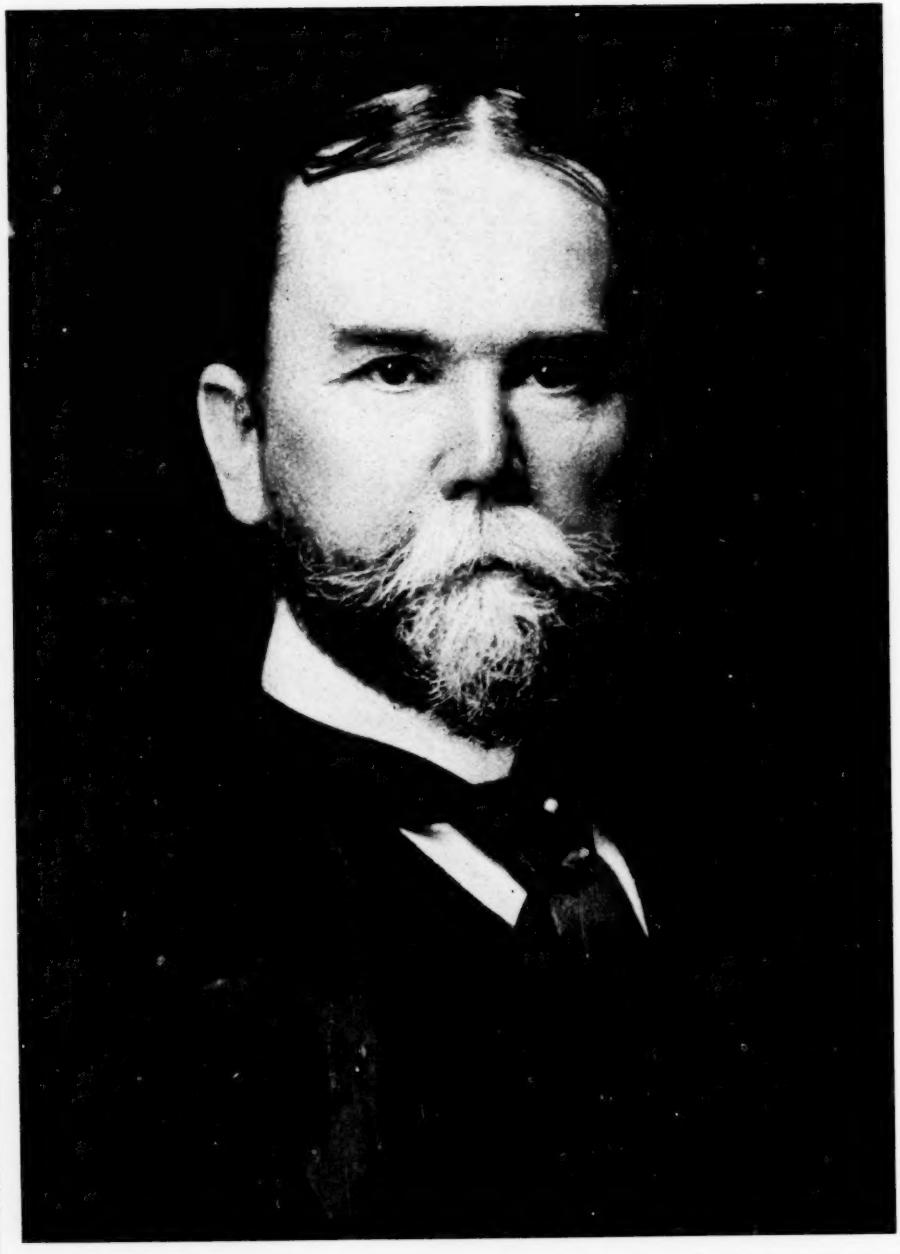
—Kingsley.

Whether or not Kingsley wrote them, the lines are expressive of the scene on the curtain and there is a fascination about them that seems to impress everyone to whom they come.—W. H. H., Cripple Creek, Col.

394. The author of *Arius the Libyan* was Nathan Chapman Kouns, a lawyer of Fulton, Mo., and for some years prior to his death, which occurred in 1890, librarian of the Missouri State Library at Jefferson City. In addition to *Arius the Libyan* he published another novel, *Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina*.—R. L. C. White, Nashville, Tenn.

[An answer to this question was also received from Mrs. Adeline Bartlett Allyn, Black Hall, Conn., who supplies the further information that Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, are the publishers of *Dorcas the Daughter of Faustina*; and from Miss Carrie Westlake Whitney, librarian of the Kansas City Public Library, who states her impression that the author died in an asylum for the insane.]





JOHN HAY

(See American Poets of To-Day, page 496.)